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It may be here noticed, that the Second Versions of the English Psalms will be found at the end, commencing at page 164.

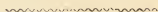
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E D I N B U R G H :

T H O R N T O N A N D C O L L I E .

1842.

SAILM DHAIBHIDH.

SALM I.—1.

- 1 'S BEANNAICHT' an duine sin
nach gluais
An comhairle nan daoib,
An slighe fhiar nam peacach baoth',
'Na sheasamh fòs nach bi;
An caithir fanoid luchd an spòrs
Nach togair suidh' gu bràth:
2 Ach 'gam bheil toil do naomh-reachd
Dhé,
'Ga smuaineach' oidhich' is là.
3 Mar chraoibh is amhluidh bithidh e
'N cois aimbhe fàs a ta,
A bheir 'na h-aimsir toradh trom,
Gun duilleach chall no blàth:
Soirbhichidh leis gach ni d'an dean:
4 Ni h-amhluidh sin do bli
Na daoine peacach; ach mar mhol
Air 'fhuadachadh le gaoith.
5 Is nìme sin cha seas a suas
Na h-aingidh anns a' bhreth,
No peacaich ann an comunn naomh
Nam fireanach air leth.
6 Oir 's fiosrach Dia air slighe ghloin
Nam fireanach air fad;
Ach slighe fhiar nam peacach baoth',
Di-mhilltear i gu grad.

SALM II.—2.

- 1 C' ARSON a ghabh na Cinnich boil',
'S na slòigh le chèile cruinn,
A' sinuaineachadh beairt dhiomhan-
Nach feudar chur an suim? [aich,
2 Rìghre na talmhainn dh'éirich suas,
'S na h-uachdarain gu léir;
'N aghaidh Iehobhah chruinnich iad;
S 'n aghaidh aoin ungta Dé.
3 'Nis briseamaid an cuibhreach dhinn,
(Sud thubhairt iad air fad,)
Na boinn a b'àill leo iadhadh oirnn,
Dhinnu tilgeamaid gu grad.
4 An Ti air nèamh 'na shuidhe ta,
Ni esan gàire riu;
Is mar chùis-mhagaidh bithidh iad
Do Thighearn àrd nan dùl.
5 'N sin labhraidh e am briathraibh
'Na chorruich riu gu garg; [borb'
Is cuiridh e gu cabhaig iad,
Le lasan is le feirg.
6 Gidheadh do dh'ungadh leam mo
Gu fìor air Sion caomh; [Rìgh
Is chuir mi e 'na uachdaran
Suas air mo thulaich naoimh.
7 Cuiridh mi 'n céill an t-ordugh ud;
Thubhairt Iehobhah rium,

PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM I.—1.

- 1 THAT man hath perfect blessed-
ness
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way,
Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair;
2 But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On his law day and night.
3 He shall be like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never:
And all he doth shall prosper well.
4 The wicked are not so;
But like they are unto the chaff,
Which wind drives to and fro.
5 In judgment therefore shall not
stand
Such as ungodly are;
Nor in th' assembly of the just
Shall wicked men appear.
6 For why? the way of godly men
Unto the Lord is known;
Whereas the way of wicked men
Shall quite be overthrown.

PSALM II.—2.

- 1 WHY rage the heathen? and vain
things
Why do the people mind?
2 Kings of the earth do set them-
selves,
And princes are combin'd,
To plot against the Lord, and his
Anointed, saying thus,
3 Let us asunder break their bands,
And cast their cords from us.
4 He that in heaven sits shall
laugh;
The Lord shall scorn them all.
5 Then shall he speak to them in
wrath,
In rage he vex them shall.
6 Yet, notwithstanding, I have
him
To be my King appointed;
And over Zion, my holy hill,
I have him King anointed.
7 The sure decree I will declare:
The Lord hath said to me,
Thou art mine only Son; this day
I have begotten thee.

- Is tu mo mhac-sa; 's ann an diugh
A ghineadh thusa learn.
- 8 Iarr orin, 's mar oighreachd bheir
mi dhuit
Na fineacha gu léir; [dhuit,
'S mar sheilbh ro-dhileas bheir mi
Fad iomall crìch' gach tìr'.
- 9 Nithear le slait do'n iarunn chruaidh,
Gu luath am briseadh leat;
'Nam bloighdibh beaga pronnar iad,
Mar phota crè le d' neart.
- 10 O rìghrean, uime sin, a nis
Gabhaibh-sa ciall gu léir;
A bhreithreamhna na talmhainn fòs,
Grad-fhoghlumaibh deadh bheus.
- 11 Do'n Tighearna Iehobhah mòr
Aoraibh-sa sìos gu ceart,
Le h-eagal deanaibh seirbhis mhaith
Do Thighearna nam feart.
'S le ball-chrith deanaibh gairdeachas.
- 12 Do'n mhac grad-thugaibh pòg,
Air eagal gu las 'fhearg-san ruibh,
G'ur milleadh anns an ròd.
- An uair a bhitheas corruich air
A' lasadh ach gu beag.
Is beannaicht' iad, gach uile neach,
An dòchas air a leag.

SALM III.—3.

- 1 NACH lionmhor iad mo naimhde,
Dhia,
Sìor-dhol am meud gach là?
Is luchd mo thrioblaid iomadh iad,
Ag éirigh rium a ghnàth.
- 2 Rì m'anam iomadh their nach 'eil
Aon fhurtachd aig an Dia:
- 3 Ach 's tu fear-togalach mo chinn,
Mo ghloir is tu, 's mo sgiath.
- 4 Air Dia do ghairm mi fèin le m'ghuth,
Dh' éisd as a thulaich naoimh:
- 5 Luidh, choidil, agus mhosgail mi,
Chum Dia mi suas gu caomh.
- 6 Cha'n eagal learn deich mìle sluagh,
Ged chuairticeadh iad mi.
- 7 Mo Thighearn éirich suas gu luath,
Is cuidich learn, a Dhé:
Mo naimhde bhuail thu air an gial;
Bhris fiacla fòs nan daoib.
- 8 'S le Dia an fhurtachd: air do shluagh
Do bheannachd tha gun dìth.

SALM IV.—4.

- O THUSA Dhia ud m'ionracais,
Eisd rium tràth éigheam riut;
'S tu dh' fhuasgail orm 's mi ann an
teinn;
Fòir orin, is éisd mo scread.
- 2 Mo ghloir cia fhad, a chlann nan
daoib',
Gu nàire chaochl'eas sibh?

- 8 Ask of me, and for heritage
The heathen I'll make thine;
And, for possession, I to thee
Will give earth's utmost line.
- 9 Thou shalt, as with a weighty rod
Of iron, break them all:
And, as a potter's sherd, thou shalt
Them dash in pieces small.
- 10 Now, therefore, kings, be wise, be
taught,
Ye judges of the earth:
- 11 Serve God in fear, and see that ye
Join trembling with your mirth.
- 12 Kiss ye the Son, lest in his ire
Ye perish from the way,
If once his wrath begin to burn:
Bless'd all that on him stay.

PSALM III.—3.

- 1 O LORD, how are my foes increas'd?
Against me many rise.
- 2 Many say of my soul, For him
In God no succour lies.
- 3 Yet thou my shield and glory art,
Th' uplifter of mine head.
- 4 I cry'd, and, from his holy hill,
The Lord me answer made.
- 5 I laid me down and slept, I wak'd;
For God sustained me.
- 6 I will not fear though thousands ten
Set round against me be.
- 7 Arise, O Lord; save me, my God;
For thou my foes hast stroke
All on the cheek-bone, and the teeth
Of wicked men hast broke.
- 8 Salvation doth appertain
Unto the Lord alone:
Thy blessing, Lord, for evermore
Thy people is upon.

PSALM IV.—4.

- 1 GIVE ear unto me when I call,
God of my righteousness:
Have mercy, hear my pray'r; thou
hast
Enlarg'd me in distress.
- 2 O ye the sons of men! how long
Will ye love vanities?

- A' tabhairt gràidh do dhlomhanas,
Is leanas breugan ruibh?
- 3 Biodh agaibh fios gu'n d' ròghnuich
Dha féin an duine naomh; [Dia
'Nuair dh'éigheas mi, bheir e gu
beachd
Sàr-éisdeachd do mo ghlaodh.
- 4 Biodh eagal oirbh 's na deanaibh
lochd:
Labhraibh ri 'ur cridh' fein;
Gu h-uaigneach air 'ur leabaichibh
Bibh tosdach mar an ceudn'.
- 5 Deadh lobairt thaitneach thugaibh
Do'n ionracas a ghnàth; [uaibh,
'S 'ur dòchas cuiribh ann an Dia,
Ag earbsadh as gach là.
- 6 Ni maith co nochdas duinn a nis?
Tha mòran ac' ag ràdh;
Ach dealradh glan do ghnùise, Dhé,
Tog oirnne suas a ghnàth.
- 7 'S mò chuir thu dh' aoibhneas ann
am chridh',
No'n uair a's lionmhoir' coire,
No, aca sud, a's saoihbhe fion
A' cinneachduinn gun airc.
- 8 An sìth-shàimh luidhidh mi faraon,
Is coidlidh mi le suain: [Dhé,
Oir's tusa mhàin bheir dhomh, a
Fo dhìdean, còmhnuidh bhuan.

SALM V.—5.

- 1 DO m' bhriathraibh tabhair aire, Dhé,
Is beachdaich air mo smuain.
- 2 Eisd guth mo ghlaoidh, mo Rìgh 's
mo Dhia,
Oir guidheam ort gu dian.
- 3 Mo ghuth do chluinnear leat, a Dhé,
Air maduinn gach aoin là:
Gu moch do dheanam urnuigh riut,
Is dearcam ort a ghnàth.
- 4 Cha tus' an Dia le 'm miann an t-olc;
Is lochd cha chaidir thu;
- 5 Cha seas an t-amadan a'd' làth'r;
'S fuath leat luchd-uile nach fu.
- 6 Do sgriosar leat luchd-labhairt
Is gràin le Dia faraon [bhreug:
An duine fuileachdach, 's an ti
Chum cealgaireachd a chlaon.
- 7 Ach mise, thig mi chum do theach,
Thaobh meud do ghràsa caomh':
Is ann ad eagal aoraidh mi,
M'aghaidh ri d'theampull naomh.
- 8 Fa chùis mo naimhde, trèoraich mi,
A'd' cheartas naomh, a Dhé,
Is dean-sa romham, air gach ball,
Do shlighe dìreach réidh.
- 9 Oir cha 'n 'eil cinnt no ceart 'nam
Fìor-aingeachd annta ta; [beul,

How long my glory turn to shame,
And will ye follow lies?

- 3 But know, that for himself the Lord
The godly man doth choose:
The Lord when I on him do call,
To hear will not refuse.
- 4 Fear, and sin not; talk with your
heart
On bed, and silent be.
- 5 Off'rings present of righteousness,
And in the Lord trust ye.
- 6 O who will show us any good?
Is that which many say:
But of thy countenance the light,
Lord, lift on us alway.
- 7 Upon my heart, bestow'd by thee,
More gladness I have found
Than they, ev'n then, when corn
and wine
Did most with them abound.
- 8 I will both lay me down in peace,
And quiet sleep will take;
Because thou only me to dwell
In safety, Lord, dost make.

PSALM V.—5.

- 1 GIVE ear unto my words, O Lord,
My meditation weigh.
- 2 Hear my loud cry, my King, my God,
For I to thee will pray.
- 3 Lord, thou shalt early hear my
voice;
I early will direct
My pray'r to thee; and looking up,
An answer will expect.
- 4 For thou art not a God that doth
In wickedness delight;
Neither shall evil dwell with thee;
- 5 Nor fools stand in thy sight.
All that ill-doers are thou hat'st;
- 6 Cutt'st off that liars be:
The bloody and deceitful man
Abhorred is by thee.
- 7 But I into thy house will come
In thine abundant grace;
And I will worship in thy fear
Toward thy holy place.
- 8 Because of those mine enemies,
Lord, in thy righteousness,
Do thou me lead; do thou thy way
Make straight before my face.
- 9 For in their mouth there is no truth,
Their inward part is ill;

- An sgornan fosgailt' tha mar uaigh,
Le miodal teangaidh tlàth.
- 10 Le'n comhairlibh leig tuiteam
dhoibh ;
Sgrios iad, a Dhé, 'nan lochd :
'Nam peacaibh lionmhor fuadaich
Oir rinn iad ceannairc ort. [iad,
- 11 Ach aoibhneas air gach neach gu
robh
Ni barrant dhiot 'nan airc :
Is deanadh iad buan ghairdeachas,
Oir ni thu doibh cùl-taic' :
Biodh annad ait, le'n ionmhuinn
t' aium,
- 12 Oir beannaichidh tu, Dhé,
Am firean : ni thu le do ghràs
A chuairteach', mar le sgéith.

SALM VI.—6.

- 1 A THIGHEARN, ann ad chorruih
Na cronuich mi gu garg ; [mhòir
Na dean mo smachdachadh gu geur,
An uair a lasas t'shearg.
- 2 Dean tràcair orm, a Dhia nan gràs,
Oir lag tha mi gun cheisd :
Dhia, slànuich mi a nis a'm' fheum,
Oir tha mo chnàmhan brist'.
- 3 Tha m'anam air a chràdh gu geur :
Ach thusa, Dhé, cia shad ?
- 4 Pill, fuasgail m'anam ; agus fòir
Le tràcair orm gu grad.
- 5 Oir ort, a Thighearna, sa' bliàs,
Cha chuimhnichear gun cheisd :
Cò bheir dhuit buidheachas sau
uaigh,
No bheir ort lnaidh am feasd ?
- 6 Le m' osnaich tha mi sgìth ; san
oidhch' :
A' cur mo leab' air snàmh : [eam
Le m'dheuraibh m'uirigh visgich-
San àm bu chòir dhomh tàmh.
- 7 Mo shùil a ta air fàilneachadh
Fa chùis mo bhròin gach tràth ;
Is tha i dol gu h-aois, air son
M' uil' eascairde a ghnàth.
- 8 A luchd na h-aingidheachd gu léir,
Imichibh uam am fad :
Oir chuala Dia gu tràcaireach
Ard-ghuth mo chaoidlh gun stad.
- 9 An athcluinge a chuir mi suas,
Chuala Iehobhah i ;
Is gabhaidh e gu toileach uam
An urnuigh a ni mi.
- 10 Air m' eascairdibh gu robh air fad
Nàir' agus cùradh geur :
Is pilleadh iad air ais gu luath
Le masladh mòr gu léir.

- Their throat's an open sepulchre,
Their tongue doth flatter still.
- 10 O God, destroy them ; let them be
By their own counsel quell'd :
Them, for their many sins, cast
out,
For they 'gainst thee rebell'd.
- 11 But let all joy that trust in thee,
And still make shouting noise ;
For them thou sav'st : let all that
love
Thy name in thee rejoice.
- 12 For, Lord, unto the righteous man
Thou wilt thy blessing yield ;
With favour thou wilt compass him
About, as with a shield.

PSALM VI.—6.

- 1 LORD, in thy wrath rebuke me not ;
Nor in thy hot rage chasten me.
- 2 Lord, pity me, for I am weak :
Heal me, for my bones vexed be.
- 3 My soul is also vexed sore :
But, Lord, how long stay wilt thou
make ?
- 4 Return, O Lord, my soul set free :
O save me for thy mercy's sake.
- 5 Because those that deceased are
Of thee shall no remembrance
have ;
And who is he that will to thee
Give praises lying in the grave ?
- 6 I with my groaning weary am,
I also all the night my bed
Have caused for to swim ; and I
With tears my couch have wa-
tered.
- 7 Mine eye, consum'd with grief,
grows old,
Because of all mine enemies.
- 8 Hence from me, wicked workers all ;
For God hath heard my weeping
cries.
- 9 God hath my supplication heard,
My pray'r received graciously.
- 10 Sham'd and sore vex'd be all my
foes,
Sham'd and back turned suddenly.

(Second Version, see page 164.)

- 1 O DHIA, mo Thighearn, earbam riut:
Orm furtaich agus fòir,
Is saor mi fòs o shàruchadh
Mo nàmh tha orm an tòir.
- 2 Air eagal, mar ni leòmhnan treun
Gu'n reubar m'anam leis:
A' deanamh loidairt air gu min,
Gun neach ga m' shuasgladh as.
- 3 Iehobhah Dhé, ma rinn mi so;
Ma tha lochd air mo làimh:
- 4 Ma dh'òc mi olc do'n fhear a bha
An sìochaint dhomh, 's an dàimh;
(Ni h-amhluidh sin, ach rinn mi'n ti
A theasairginn gu blàth,
A bha gun aobhar is gun chùis
'Na nàmhaid dhomh gach là:)
- 5 Leanadh an nàmhaid m'anam féin,
Glacadh se e, 's gu làr
Saltradh mo bheatha, leagadh fòs
M'urram san dus le tair.
- 6 Eirich, a't'fheirg, tog suas thu féin,
Fa chorruich m' eascair thréin;
Is chum na breth a dh'orduich thu
Mosgail fa'm chùis, a Dhé.
- 7 Mar sin ni coimhthional an t-sluaigh
Do chuairteachadh gun tàmh;
Is uime sin fa'n cùis, a Dhé;
Pill féin gu ionad àrd. [Dia:]
- 8 Breth air an t-sluaigh gu léir bheir
Réir m'ionracais dean breth,
A réir mo neòchiont féin, a Dhé
Gu teann cuir as mo leth.
- 9 O thigeadh crìoch air olc nan daoì,
Ach daingnich daoine còir:
'S fear-sgrudaidh cridh', is rannsaich
airn'
Dia cothromach na glòir'.
- 10 'S e Dia mo sgiath, 's e dh'fhurt-
aicheas
Air luchd a' chridhe cheirt. [là]
- 11 Breitheamh luchd-còrach Dia, gach
Am feirg ri luchd droch bheirt.
- 12 Ma 's e 's nach pill an daoì air ais,
A chlaidheamh liomhaidh Dia:
Air lagh a bhogha chuir gu teann,
Gu caitheamh ullamh dian.
- 13 Fìor-acuin agus innil bàis
Sin dheasaich e dha féin;
'S a shaighde guineach leig e mach
An aghaidh luchd dhroch bheus.
- 14 Mar mhnai ri saoth'r is amhluidh
An daoì ri olc a ta; [sin,
Feuch aimhleasghabh mar thorachas,
Breug rugadh leis gun stà.
- 15 Chladhaich e slochd, is threachail e,
Le thuit sa' chlais a rinn:

- 1 O LORD my God, in thee do I
My confidence repose:
Save and deliver me from all
My persecuting foes.
- 2 Lest that the enemy my soul
Should, like a lion, tear,
In pieces rending it, while there
Is no deliverer.
- 3 O Lord my God, if it be so
That I committed this;
If it be so that in my hands
Iniquity there is:
- 4 If I rewarded ill to him
That was at peace with me:
(Yea, ev'n the man that without
My foe was, I did free;) [cause]
- 5 Then let the foe pursue and take
My soul, and my life thrust
Down to the earth, and let him lay
Mine honour in the dust.
- 6 Rise in thy wrath, Lord, raise thyself,
For my foes raging be; [hast
And, to the judgment which thou
Commanded, wake for me.
- 7 So shall th' assembly of thy folk
About encompass thee: [turn
Thou, therefore, for their sakes, re-
Unto thy place on high.
- 8 The Lord he shall the people judge:
My judge, Jehovah, be,
After my righteousness, and mine
Integrity in me.
- 9 O let the wicked's malice end;
But stablish stedfastly
The righteous: for the righteous God
The hearts and reins doth try.
- 10 In God, who saves th' upright in
Is my defence and stay. [heart,
- 11 God just men judgeth, God is wroth
With ill men ev'ry day.
- 12 If he do not return again,
Then he his sword will whet;
His bow he hath already bent,
And hath it ready set:
- 13 He also hath for him prepar'd
The instruments of death;
Against the persecutors he
His shafts ordained hath.
- 14 Behold he with iniquity
Doth travail, as in birth:
A mischief he conceived hath,
And falsehood shall bring forth.
- 15 He made a pit, and digg'd it deep,
Another there to take;
But he is fall'n into the ditch
Which he himself did make.
- 16 Upon his own head his mischief
Shall be returned home;

- 16 Thig 'aibheas air a chloigionn féin,
Is 'fhòirneart air a cheann.
17 A réir a cheartais molaidh mi
An Tighearn, air gach àm :
Do ainm Iehobhab seinnidh mi,
Oir 's e a's àirde th'ann.

SALM VIII.—8.

- 1 IEHOBBAB Dhia, cia mòr tha t'ainm
Air feadh gach uile thír !
Do ghlòir do shocraich thu os ceann
Nam flaitheas is nan speur. I maoth
2 A beul nan naoidh 's nan cìochran
Bhrìgh t'èascair dh'orduich neart,
An nàmhaid chum gu coisgeadh tu,
'S an dioghaltach mi cheart.
3 Do speuran tràth thug mi fa'neart,
Obair do mheura féin ;
A' ghealach is na reulta glan',
A dh'orduich thu le chéil' :
4 Duine cìod e, gu'n cuimhnichteadh ?
No 'mhac gu'm fiosraicht' leat ?
5 An inbhe 's beag nach d' rinn thu e,
Mar ainglibh àrd an neart ;
Oir chuir thu coron àluinn air,
Le maise 's glòir thar chàch.
6 Air oibribh fòs do làmh thug thu
Dha nachdranachd air fad.
Gach dùile chuir fo 'chosaibh dha,
A chruthaich thusa riamh :
7 Caoraich, is buar, 's gach ainmhidh
Tha 'g imeachd air an t-sliabh. [fòs,
8 An eunlaith tha san athar shuas,
An t-iasg a ta sa' chuan,
'S na shiubhlas fòs air slighe tuinn,
Sin thug thu dha gu buan.
9 A Dhia, ar Tighearn is ar Dia,
T'ainm-sa cia h-uasal e !
Air feadh gach talinhainn agus tìr
Is mòr e sud, a Dhé.

SALM IX.—9.

- 1 LE m'uile chridhe bheir mi dhuit,
Ard-mholadh binn, a Dhé ;
Is t'oibre mìorbhuileach air fad
Sior-chuiridh mi an céill.
2 Fòs nì mi annad aoibhneas ait,
Is gairdeachas gu mòr :
Do t'ainm-sa seinnidh mise cliu,
O Thì a's àirde glòir.
3 A ris tràth phillleair air an ais,
Mo naimhde, théid gu làr ;
Oir tuitidh iad is théid doibh as,
A'd' fhianuis féin gun dàil.
4 Mo chòir riun thusa sheasamh
dhomh,
Gu daingean is gu treun : [shuas
A'd' chaithir chothrom shuidh thu
Mar bhreitheamh ceart am binn.

- His vi'lent dealing also down
On his own pate shall come.
17 According to his righteousness
The Lord I'll magnify ;
And will sing praise unto the name
Of God, that is most high.

PSALM VIII.—8.

- 1 HOW excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is thy name !
Who hast thy glory far advanc'd
Above the starry frame.
2 From infants and from sucklings'
mouth,
Thou didest strength ordain,
For thy foes' cause, that so thou
might'st
Th' avenging foe restrain.
3 When I look up unto the heav'ns,
Which thine own fingers fram'd,
Unto the moon and to the stars,
Which were by thee ordain'd ;
4 Then say I, What is man that he
Remember'd is by thee ?
Or what the son of man, that thou
So kind to him should'st be ?
5 For thou a little lower hast
Him than the angels made ;
With glory and with dignity
Thou crowned hast his head.
6 Of thy hands' works thou mad'st him
lord,
All under's feet didst lay ;
All sheep and oxen, yea, and beasts
That in the field do stray ;
8 Fowls of the air, fish of the sea,
All that pass through the same.
9 How excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is thy name !

PSALM IX.—9.

- 1 LORD, thee I'll praise with all my
heart,
Thy wonders all proclaim.
2 In Thee, most High, I'll greatly
joy,
And sing unto thy name.
3 When back my foes were turn'd,
they fell,
And perish'd at thy sight :
4 For thou maintain'dst my right and
cause ;
On throne sat'st judging right.
5 The heathen thou rebuked hast,
The wicked overthrown ;
Thou hast put out their names, that
they
May never more be known.

- 5 Is thug thu air na cinnich smachd,
Sgrìos thu na daoine daoi:
An ainm do chuir thu as gu glan,
O linn gu linn a chaidh.
- 6 (Air sgrìos an nàmh chaidh crìoch
am feasd:)
Leag thu am bailte treun';
An iomradh-san 's an cuimhne fòs
Do theirig sin leo féin.
- 7 Ach mairidh Dia gu bunaiteach:
Chuir caithir suas chum breth.
- 8 Bheir air an domhan cothrom ceart,
Le còir do'n t-sluagh fa leth.
- 9 Mar dhaingneach bithidh Dia nam
Do'n tì a ta fo leòn: [feart
An trioblaid, tearmunn dileas c,
Ri faicinn neach fo bhròn.
- 10 Gach neach 'gam bheil air t'ainm-sa
Ni dòchas dhìot, is bun: [fios
Oir mheadh 's a ta ga d'iarraidh, Dhé,
Cha tréig thu iad gu tur.
- 11 Do'n Triath d'an còmhnuidh Sion
Seinnibh-sa cliu gu binn: [naomh,
Aithrisibh fòs am measg an t-sluaigh
Na gnìomharan a rinn.
- 12 Tràth ni e rannsachadh air fuil,
'N sin cuimhneach orra ta:
Cha leig air dearmad glaoth nam
A ghairmeas air a ghnàth. [bochd,
- 13 Fòir orm, a Dhé, is amhaire air
Mo thrioblaid o luchd m'fhuath':
A Dhé, a ta ga m' thogail suas
O dhorsaibh bàis gu luath.
- 14 An dorsaibh nighinn Shìoin chaoimh
Gu sgaoilinn t'uile chliu:
Is ni mi gairdeachas air sgàth
Na slàinte dheònaich thu.
- 15 Thuit sìos na cinnich anns an t-slochd
A chladhaibh iad do chàch;
Is ann an lion a dh'fholuich iad,
Tha'n cosa féin an sàs.
- 16 Aithnichear Dia sa' bhreth a ni,
'Nuair thuiteas daoi san drip;
Is aun an gnìomh a làmhha féin
Teann-ghlacar e san rib.
- 17 Pillear luchd-uile is aingidheachd
Gu h-ifrinn sìos gu léir;
'S na fineachan nach cuimhnich Dia,
Pillear iad sìos le chéil'.
- 18 An t-ainnis truagh cha téid am
Air dearmad no air dìth; [feasd,
Air dòchas fòs an duine bhochd
Gu bràth cha'n fhaicear claidh.
- 19 A Thighearn, éirich, 's na leig buaidh
Le neach d'an dual am bàs;
Breth thugar air na ciuneachaibh
A' d' fhuais anns gach càs.

- 6 O en'my! now destructions have
An end perpetual:
Thou cities raz'd, perished with
them
Is their memorial.
- 7 God shall endure for aye; he doth
For judgment set his throne;
- 8 In righteousness to judge the world,
Justice to give each one.
- 9 God also will a refuge be
For those that are oppress'd;
A refuge will he be in times
Of trouble to distress'd.
- 10 And they that know thy name, in
thee
Their confidence will place:
For thou hast not forsaken them
That truly seek thy face.
- 11 O sing ye praises to the Lord
That dwells in Sion hill;
And all the nations among,
His deeds record ye still.
- 12 When he inquireth after blood,
He then rememb'reth them:
The humble folk he not forgets
That call upon his name.
- 13 Lord, pity me; behold the grief
Which I from foes sustain;
Ev'n thou, who from the gates of
death
Dost raise me up again;
- 14 That I, in Sion's daughters' gates,
May all thy praise advance;
And that I may rejoice always
In thy deliverance.
- 15 The heathen are sunk in the pit
Which they themselves prepar'd;
And in the net which they have
hid
Their own feet fast are snar'd.
- 16 The Lord is by the judgment
known
Which he himself hath wrought:
The sinners' hands do make the
snares
Wherewith themselves are caught.
- 17 They who are wicked into hell
Each one shall turned be;
And all the nations that forget
To seek the Lord most high.
- 18 For they that needy are shall not
Forgotten be alway;
The expectation of the poor
Shall not be lost for aye.
- 19 Arise, Lord, let not man prevail;
Judge heathen in thy sight:

20 Cuir eagal orra-san gu mòr,
Iehobhah Dhia nam fear;
Gu'n aithnicheadh na slòigh gu léir
Iad féin nan daoine meat'.

SALM X.—10.

- 1 CÌOD uime 'n seas thu fad o làimh,
Iehobhah làidir thréin?
An aimsir teinn is trioblaid mhòir
An dean thu d'fholach féiu?
- 2 An droch dhuin' tha 'na àrdan borb
Gu dian air tòir a' bhoichd:
Ach glacar iad sna h-innleachdaibh
A dhealbh iad féin chum lochd.
- 3 Oir ni an droch dhuin' ràiteachas
A miann a chridhe féin;
'S na daoine sanntach molaidd e,
Ge beag air Dia am méin.
- 4 An droch dhuin' a'm' fìor-àrdan
gruaidh'
Cha ghoir e air an Triath;
'Na chridhe cha 'n 'eil uair air bith
Gné smuaineachaidh air Dia.
- 5 Tha 'uile shlighe doilghiosach,
O 'shealladh 's àrd do bhreth:
A' séideadh pluic gu faoideach,
Mu 'eascairdibh gach leth.
- 6 'Na chridhe féin do labhair e,
Am feasd cha ghluaisear mi:
Oir cha tig àmhghar orm gu bràth,
No trioblaid fàs g'am chlaoidh.
- 7 Do'n iogan, mhallachadh, 's do ghò,
A bheul-san làn a ta:
Tha aimhleas mòr is diomhanas
Fo 'theangaidh-san a ghnàth.
- 8 An diomhaireachd nam bailte beag'
Gnàth-suidhidh e gun fhios;
Tha 'shùil air bochd 's air nedchiont-
Ga'm mort an uaiguidheas. [ach,
Tha 'shùile nimhneach mar an
ceudn'
Ro-ghuineach geur gu lochd,
A' dearcadh ann an diomhaireachd
Chum sgrìos an fhìreinn bhoichd.
- 9 Mar leòmhnan luidh' am foill a ta,
'Na thàmh an garaidh dìon,
Ghabhail nam bochd: is ghlac e iad
'Gan tarruing ann a lion.
- 10 Crùbaidh is cromaidh e gu làr,
Chum dha nach mothaich neach:
Le 'laochraibh chum gu'n leagadhe
Am bochd a' gabhail seach.
- 11 Is thubhairt e 'na chridhe féin,
Dhichuimhnich Dia gun cheisd:
Seadh dh'fholuich e a ghnùis an céin,
Cha léir dha sud am feasd.
- 12 Iehobhah, éirich suas an àird,
A Dhia ta neartmhor treun,

20 That they may know themselves
but men,
The nations, Lord, affright.

PSALM X.—10.

- 1 WHEREFORE is it that thou, O
Dost stand from us afar? [Lord,
And wherefore hidest thou thyself
When times so troublous are?
- 2 The wicked in his loftiness
Doth persecute the poor:
In these devices they have fram'd
Let them be taken sure.
- 3 The wicked of his heart's desire
Doth talk with boasting great;
He blesseth him that's covetous,
Whom yet the Lord doth hate.
- 4 The wicked, through his pride of
On God he doth not call; [face,
And in the counsels of his heart
The Lord is not at all.
- 5 His ways they always grievous are;
Thy judgments from his sight
Removed are; at all his foes
He puffeth with despight.
- 6 Within his heart he thus hath said,
I shall not moved be;
And no adversity at all
Shall ever come to me.
- 7 His mouth with cursing, fraud, de-
Is fill'd abundantly; [ceit,
And underneath his tongue there is
Mischief and vanity.
- 8 He closely sits in villages;
He slays the innocent:
Against the poor that pass him by
His cruel eyes are bent.
- 9 He, lion-like, lurks in his den;
He waits the poor to take;
And when he draws him in his net,
His prey he doth him make.
- 10 Himself he humbleth very low,
He croucheth down withal,
That so a multitude of poor
May by his strong ones fall.
- 11 He thus hath said within his heart,
The Lord hath quite forgot;
He hides his countenance, and he
For ever sees it not.
- 12 O Lord, do thou arise; O God,
Lift up thine hand on high;
Put not the meek afflicted ones
Out of thy memory.

- Tog suas do làmh : 's na dearmad
chaoidh
Na deòraidh bochd 'nam feum.
13 Na daoine dona c'uim' an dean
lad tarcuis ort, a Dhé ?
An neach ud thubhairt 'na chridh'
Cha'n fhiosraichear leat e. [féin,
14 Chunnaic thu sin, oir dhuit is léir
Gach dochair is gach spid,
A chum le d'làimh gu toir thu dhoibh.
Comain an uile a ni'd :
'S ann ortsa dh'fhàg an duine bochd
E féin a chur fo dhion,
O's tu fear-cuidich agus neart
Nan dilleachdan gun mhaoin.
15 Gairdean an droch dhuin' is an
Leòd thus', is bhris, a Dhé ; [dao
Is rannsaich 'uile lochd gu geur,
Gu ruig nach faighear e.
16 Gu suthain is gu siorruidh fòs,
Iehobhah ta 'na Rìgh :
Sgrìosadh na cinnich as gu tur,
Is ghlanadh as a thir.
17 Miann nan daoine 'umhalchual tu,
An cridhe ni thu gleust ; [Dhé,
Is bheir thu air do chlais gu beachd
An gearan-san gu'n éisd :
18 A chumail ceirt ri dilleachdain,
'S ri daoineibh brùite truagh',
A chum nach tugadh duin' o'n tìr
Ni 's mò air fòirneart luaidh.

SALM XI.—11.

- 1 MO dhèchas chuir mi ann an Dia ;
Cìod uime 'n abradh sibh
Rim'anam, chum mo chur air gheilt,
Teich as mar eun gu d' shliabh ?
2 Feuch chuir na h-aingidh bogh' air
lagh,
Air sreing an saighead ghleus,
Thilgeadh san dorch' an tì ta ceart
'Na chridhe fòs 's 'na bheus.
3 Ma théid na bunaite air dhìth,
Cìod ni an duine còir ? [nèamh,
4 Tha Dia 'na theampull naomh, air
Tha 'chaithir làn do ghloir :
Is léir d'a shùilibh-san gach dùil,
San domhan mhòr a ta :
Le 'rosgaibh clann nan daoine' air
Rannsaichidh e a ghuath. [fad
5 Rannsaichidh Dia na fireanaich ;
Ach luchd na h-aingidheachd
Is fuath le 'anam, is gach neach
Thug spéis do ragaireachd. [Dia
6 Air daoineibh droch-mhuinnt' dòirtidh
Nuas ribeachan gun dìth ;
Is teine, pronnusc, 's doineoun
gharbh,
Cuibhrioun an cup' do ni.

- 13 Why is it that the wicked man
Thus doth the Lord despise ?
Because that God will it require
He in his heart denies.
14 Thou hast it seen ; for their mis-
chief
And spite thou wilt repay :
The poor commits himself to thee ;
Thou art the orphan's stay.
15 The arm break of the wicked man,
And of the evil one ;
Do thou seek out his wickedness,
Until thou findest none.
16 The Lord is king through ages all,
Ev'n to eternity ;
The heathen people from his land
Are perish'd utterly.
17 O Lord, of those that humble are
Thou the desire didst hear ;
Thou wilt prepare their heart, and
thou
To hear wilt bend thine ear ;
18 To judge the fatherless, and those
That are oppressed sore ;
That man, that is but sprung of
earth,
May them oppress no more.

PSALM XI.—11.

- 1 I in the Lord do put my trust ;
How is it then that ye
Say to my soul, Flee as a bird,
Unto your mountain high ?
2 For, lo, the wicked bend their bow,
Their shafts on string they fit,
That those who upright are in
heart
They privily may hit.
3 If the foundations be destroy'd,
What hath the righteous done ?
4 God in his holy temple is,
In heaven is his throne :
His eyes do see, his eyelids try
5 Men's sons. The just he proves :
But his soul hates the wicked man,
And him that violence loves.
6 Snares, fire and brimstone, furious
storms,
On sinners he shall rain :
This, as the portion of their cup,
Doth unto them pertain.
7 Because the Lord most righteous
doth
In righteousness delight ;

- 7 Oir Dia tha cothromach is ceart,
Is ionmhuinn leis a' chòir:
Ag amharc air na fireanaibh
Le deadh ghnùis làn do ghlòir.

SALM XII.—12.

- 1 NIS fòir, is cuidich leam, a Dhé,
'S gun deadh dhuin' idir ann:
Na treibhdhìrich measg chloinn nan
daoin'
Ri 'm faghail tha ro-ghaun.
2 Labhraidh gach neach r'a choimh-
A' bhreug le mìodal béil; [earsuach
Le cridhe dùbailt' làn do cheilg,
Sior-labhraidh iad ri chéil'.
3 Gach beul tha làn do ghabhann
D'an gnàth bhi leam is leat; [tlàth,
An teagadh bhruidhneach àrdanach
Sgathar le Dia nam feart.
4 A thubhairt, Orra bheir sinn buaidh
Le'n teagaidh féin a mach;
'S leinn féin ar beul: cò e an triath
A chuireas sinn fo smachd?
5 Ri sàruchadh nan deòradh truagh',
Ri osnaich dhaoine bochd,
Nis éiridh mi, (ars' Dia,) g'an dìon,
O'n dream ta bagradh lochd.
6 Is fìorghlan focal Dhé gu dearbh;
Amhluidh mar airgid e,
A leaghadh is a ghlanadh fòs
Seachd cuairt an suacan crè.
7 Coimhididh tus' iad uile, Dhé,
Dionaidh tu iad a ghnàth;
O'n ghinealach so nis a th'ann,
'S o sin a mach gu bràth.
8 Gluaidh gach aon taobh luchd an
Is togaidh iad an ceann; [uilc,
An t-àm san cuirear suas gu h-àrd
Na daoine' a's suaraich' t'ann.

SALM XIII.—13.

- 1 CIA fhad a dhearmadar mi leat,
A Dhia, an ann gu bràth?
Cia fhad a cheileas tu do ghnùis
O m'anam truagh gach tràth?
2 Cia fhad bhios imcheist ann am
chom,
Le cridhe trom gach là?
Cia fhad a chuirear tharum suas
An ti bha dhomh 'na nàmh?
3 Tabhair fa'near, is freagair mi,
A Thighearna mo Dhia;
Soillsich mo shùile, codol trom
Chum bàis nach coidil mi.
4 Eagal gu'n abair rium mo nàmh,
Chaidh agam air a nis;
'S gu'n dean mo naimhde gaird-
eachas,
An uair a dh' aomar mis'.

- And with a pleasant countenance
Beholdeth the upright.

PSALM XII.—12.

- 1 HELP, Lord, because the godly
man
Doth daily fade away;
And from among the sons of men
The faithful do decay.
2 Unto his neighbour ev'ry one
Doth utter vanity:
They with a double heart do speak,
And lips of flattery.
3 God shall cut off all flatt'ring
lips,
Tongues that speak proudly thus,
4 We'll with our tongue prevail, our
lips
Are ours: who's lord o'er us?
5 For poor oppress'd, and for the
sighs
Of needy, rise will I,
Saith God, and him in safety set
From such as him defy.
6 The words of God are words most
pure;
They be like silver tried
In earthen furnace, seven times
That hath been purified.
7 Lord, thou shalt them preserve and
keep
For ever from this race.
8 On each side walk the wicked,
when
Vile men are high in place.

PSALM XIII.—13.

- 1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Shall it for ever be?
O how long shall it be that thou
Wilt hide thy face from me?
2 How long take counsel in my soul,
Still sad in heart, shall I?
How long exalted over me
Shall be mine enemy?
3 O Lord my God, consider well,
And answer to me make:
Mine eyes enlighten, lest the sleep
Of death me overtake:
4 Lest that mine enemy should say,
Against him I prevail'd;
And those that trouble me rejoice,
When I am mov'd and fail'd.
5 But I have all my confidence
Thy mercy set upon;

- 5 Ach dh'earb mi á do ghràs; is bidh
Mo spiorad ait a'd' shlàint':
6 Is seinnidh mi gu binn do Dhia
Air son a phailteis ghuà'icht'.

SALM XIV.—14.

- 1 'NA chridhe deir an t-amadan,
Cha'n 'eil ann Dia air bith:
'Taidtruailidh, 'soillteil fòsangniomh:
Cha'n 'eil ann neach ni maith.
2 An Tighearn dh'amhairc e o nèamh,
Air cloinn nan daoine nuas;
A dh'sheuchainn an robh tuigs' aig
Na dh'iarradh Dia nan gràs.[neach
3 Ach chlaon an t-tiomlan diubh a
Ro-shalach 'taid gu léir: [thaobh,
Cha'n 'eil aon neach a'deanamh maith,
Cha'n 'eil fiu aon fo'n speur.
4 Am bheil aig droch-dhaoin' tuigs' air
Tha 'g itheadh suas gu dian [bith
Mo phobuill-sa, mar aran blast',
'S nach 'eil a' gairm air Dia.
5 An sin do ghabh iad eagal mòr,
Air son gu bheil gu fìor
Dia ann an ginealach is linn,
Nam fireanach do shìor.
6 Comhairl' an truaghain nàraich sibh,
Chionn Dia 'na thearmunn da:
7 A Sion O gu tigeadh mach
Slàint Israel gach là!
An uair bheir Dia air ais o bhruid
A phobull féin le chéil',
Air Jacob bithidh aoibhneas mòr,
'S aiteas air Israel.

SALM XV.—15.

- 1 CO dh'fhanas ann ad phàillion shuas?
A Thighearna, có e?
Air do chnoc naomh có 'n ti sin leat
A chòmhnuicheas gach rè?
2 An ti a ghluais gu treibhdhireach,
Is ionracas a chleachd,
Labhras an fhirinn sin a mach
A ta 'na chridhe steach.
3 An ti nach dean air neach air bith,
Cùl-chàineadh 'm feasd le 'bheul,
Nach dean aon lochd d'a choimhears-
nach,
'S nach tog air fòs droch sgeul.
4 A ni trom-thailceas air an daoi:
Ach urram dhoibh a bheir
D'an eagal Dia; 's nach caochail mionn
Ged thigeadh calldach air.
5 Airgiod air ocar nach do chuir;
An aghaidh fòs nan saoi
Duais nach do ghabh: cha ghluais-
ear e
Gu bràth mar sin a ni.

- My heart within me shall rejoice
In thy salvation.
6 I will unto the Lord my God
Sing praises cheerfully,
Because he hath his bounty shown
To me abundantly.

PSALM XIV.—14.

- 1 THAT there is not a God, the fool
Doth in his heart conclude:
They are corrupt, their works are
vile,
Not one of them doth good.
2 Upon men's souls the Lord from
heav'n
Did cast his eyes abroad,
To see if any understood,
And did seek after God.
3 They altogether filthy are,
They all aside are gone;
And there is none that doeth good,
Yea, sure there is not one.
4 These workers of iniquity,
Do they not know at all
That they my people eat as bread,
And on God do not call?
5 There fear'd they much; for God is
with
The whole race of the just.
6 You shame the counsel of the poor,
Because God is his trust.
7 Let Isr'el's help from Zion come:
When back the Lord shall bring
His captives, Jacob shall rejoice,
And Israel shall sing.

PSALM XV.—15.

- 1 WITHIN thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with thee?
And in thy high and holy hill
Who shall a dweller be?
2 The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express.
3 Who doth not slander with his
tongue,
Nor to his friend doth hurt;
Nor yet against his neighbour doth
Take up an ill report.
4 In whose eyes vile men are despis'd;
But those that God do fear
He honoureth; and changeth not,
Though to his hurt he swear.
5 His coin puts not to usury,
Nor take reward will he
Against the guiltless. Who doth
thus
Shall never moved be.

- 1 DHIA, coimhid mi, oir annad féin
A ta mo dhèigh gu fìor;
2 O m'anam, thubhairt thu ri Dia,
Is tu mo Thriath gu sìor.
3 Mo mhaitheas ort gu dearbh cha ruig;
Ach air na naoimh a ta
Air thalamh, 's air na fhaithibh fìor,
'Gan bheil mo ghean 's mo ghràdh.
4 Mòr-mheudaichear an doilgheas
A dheifricheas gu luath [doibh,
Air lorg dhée eile choimbeach bhréig',
A' cur ri cràbhadh truagh:
An lobairt-dhibhe tha do fhuil
Cha 'n ofrail mi gun cheisd,
Is air an ainmibh ann am bheul
Cha toir mi luaidh am feasd.
5 Cuibhrionn mo chup' is m' oigh-
reachd Dia:
'S tu sheasas dhomh mo chrann.
6 An àitibh aoibhneach thuit mo lion:
'S leam oighreachd bhreagh nach
gann.
7 Bheir mise buidheachas do Dhia,
Thug combairl' orm a'm' fheum
Tha m'airne fòs an àm na h-oidhch'
Ga m' theagasg mar an ceudn'.
8 Do chuir mi romham, anns gach cùis,
An Tighearn mòr a ghnàth;
Chionn air mo dheas làimh gu bheil e,
Cha ghluaisear mi gu bràth.
9 Mo chridh' ni aoibhneas uime sin,
Ni gairdeachas mo ghlòir;
Ni m' fheoil fòs còmhnuidh fhoistin-
Le diou an dòchas mòr. [each.
10 Oir anns an uaigh cha'n fhàgar leat
Shìos m'anam, air aon achd:
'S cha leig thu fòs do d' sheircinn
naomh
Gu'm faic e truailidheachd.
11 Dhomh sligh' na beatha nochdaidh
A'd' làth'r làn aoibhneas ta, [tu:
Is aig do dheas làimh féin, a Dhé,
Mòr shubhachas gu bràth.

SALM XVII.—17.

- 1 EISD thus', a Tighearn, ris a' chòir,
Mo ghlaodh thoir aire dha;
Is cluinn an urnuigh thig a mach
O m' bheul gun bhreug, gun ghò.
2 Mo bhreth o' d' fhianuis thigeadh i:
Le d' shùilibh léirsinneach,
Seall air na nithibh sin, a Dhé,
Ta ceart is cothromach.
3 Dhearbhu thu mo chridh', is dh'fhios-
raich thu
San oidhche; dh'fhionn gu geur;
Cha d'fhuair thu maoin: oir b'e mo rùn
Nach peacaichinn le m' bheul.

- 1 LORD, keep me; for I trust in thee.
2 To God thus was my speech,
Thou art my Lord; and unto thee
My goodness doth not reach:
3 To saints on earth, to th' excellent,
Where my delight's all plac'd.
4 Their sorrows shall be multiplied
To other gods that haste:
Of their drink-offerings of blood
I will no offering make:
Yea, neither I their very names
Up in my lips will take.
5 God is of mine inheritance
And cup the portion;
The lot that fallen is to me
Thou dost maintain alone.
6 Unto me happily the lines
In pleasant places fell;
Yea, the inheritance I got
In beauty doth excel.
7 I bless the Lord, because he doth
By counsel me conduct;
And in the seasons of the night
My reins do me instruct.
8 Before me still the Lord I set:
Sith it is so that he
Doth ever stand at my right hand,
I shall not moved be.
9 Because of this my heart is glad,
And joy shall be express
Ev'n by my glory; and my flesh
In confidence shall rest.
10 Because my soul in grave to
dwell
Shall not be left by thee;
Nor wilt thou give thine holy One
Corruption to see.
11 Thou wilt me show the path of life:
Of joys there is full store
Before thy face; at thy right hand
Are pleasures evermore.

PSALM XVII.—17.

- 1 LORD, hear the right, attend my cry,
Unto my pray'r give heed,
That doth not in hypocrisy
From feigned lips proceed.
2 And from before thy presence forth
My sentence do thou send:
Toward these things that equal are
Do thou thine eyes intend.
3 Thou prov'dst mine heart, thou
visit'st me
By night, thou didst me try,
Yet nothing found'st; for that my
Shall not sin, purpos'd I. [mouth

- 4 Mu thimchioll oibre dhaoine fòs,
Ghléidh mi mi féin gu beachd,
Le guth do bheil, o cheumannaibh
Luchd-braid is ragaireachd.
- 5 Cum m' imeachd suas, a Dhia nam
feart,
A' d' shlighibh ceart gu treun;
A' d' ròidibh dìreach cum mi suas,
Nach sleamhnuich uam mo cheum.
- 6 Oir ghairm mi ort, a Dhé, a chioun
Gu'n éisdear leatsa rium;
Do chluas a m' ionnsuidh crom a
Is fòs mo ghearan chuinn. nuas,
- 7 Taisbein do chaoimhneas iongant-
Tha gràdhach làn do chliu; [ach,
O thus' a shaoras le d' dheas-làimh,
An droing d'an dòchas thu,
O'n dream 'nan aghaidh thogas ceann.
- 8 O coimhid mi gu treun,
Mar chloich do shùl: dean folach
Fo sgàil' do sgiathan féin. [orm,
- 9 O'n droch dhuin' tha ri fòirneart orm,
O naimh-dibh sgriosach treun,
A ta ga m' chuairteachadh gach
Mo choimhead uatha dean [taobh,
- 10 'Nan saill a ta iad druidte suas,
Cainnt uaibhreach tha 'nam beul.
- 11 Chrom iad gu làr, is dhearc le'n
Is chuairtich iad ar ceum. [sùil;
- 12 Mar leòmhann gionach togarach
Chum cobhartaich a ghuàth:
Mar leòmhann òg an diomhaireachd
A' luidh am foill a ta.
- 13 Eirich, a Dhé, is caisg mo nàmh,
Leag sìos gu talamh e:
O'n droch dhuin' ta 'na chlaidheamh
Saor m'anam uaith', a Dhé. [dhuit,
- 14 O'n dream tha dhuit-sa, Dhé, mar
O dhaoineibh saogh 'ta dàn' [làimh,
'G am bheil an cuibhrionn is an cuid
Sa' bheatha so a mhàin.
D'am bheil thu tabhairt làn am bronn
A t'ionmhas diomhair fòs:
Tha'n gineil lionmhor, is am maoin
Fàgaidh d'an leanbaibh òg'.
- 15 Ach air mo shon-sa, dearcam air
Do ghnùis am fireantachd:
Air moisgladh dhomh làn-dhiolar mi,
A Dhé, le d'chosamhlachd.

SALM XVIII.—18.

- 1 MO chion ort féin, a Dhia, mo threis.
2 MO charraig Dia gu ceart,
MO dhaingneach, is mo Shlànuighear:
MO Thighearn, is mo neart:
An ti san cuir mi dòchas fòs,
MO thargaid is mo sgiath,
Adharc mo shlàinte e gu beachd,
MO bhaideal àrd 'se Dia.

- 4 As for men's works, I, by the word
That from thy lips doth flow,
Did me preserve out of the paths
Wherein destroyers go.
- 5 Hold up my goings, Lord, me
guide
In those thy paths divine,
So that my footsteps may not slide
Out of those ways of thine.
- 6 I called have on thee, O God,
Because thou wilt me hear;
That thou may'st hearken to my
speech,
To me incline thine ear.
- 7 Thy wondrous loving-kindness show,
Thou that, by thy right hand,
Sav'st them that trust in thee from
those
That up against them stand.
- 8 As th' apple of the eye me keep;
In thy wings shade me close
- 9 From lewd oppressors, compassing
Me round, as deadly foes.
- 10 In their own fat they are inclos'd;
Their mouth speaks loftily.
- 11 Our steps they compass'd; and to
ground
Down bowing set their eye.
- 12 He like unto a lion is
That's greedy of his prey,
Or lion young, which lurking doth
In secret places stay.
- 13 Arise, and disappoint my foe,
And cast him down, O Lord:
My soul save from the wicked man,
The man which is thy sword.
- 14 From men, which are thy hand, O
Lord,
From worldly men me save,
Which only in this present life
Their part and portion have.
Whose belly with thy treasure hid,
Thou fill'st: they children have
In plenty; of their goods the rest
They to their children leave.
- 15 But as for me, I thine own face
In righteousness will see;
And with thy likeness, when I wake,
I satisfied shall be.

PSALM XVIII.—18.

- 1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength.
2 My fortress is the Lord,
My rock, and he that doth to me
Deliverance afford:
My God, my strength, whom I will
A buckler unto me, [trust,
The horn of my salvation,
And my high tow'r, is he.

- 3 Nis gaiream air an Tighearna,
D'an dlighear moladh sior;
Mar sin o m'eascairdibh gu léir
Coimhideal mi gu fíor.
- 4 Chuir tuilte dhroch dhaoine eagal
Chaidh umam guin an éig. [orm,
- 5 Pian ifrinn agus liontan báis,
Romham 's gach áite feuch.
- 6 A'm' éigin ghoir mi air mo Thriath,
Dh'éigh m'gu h-árd le m'ghlaodh:
Is as a theampull naomha féin
Dh'éisd e mo ghuth gu caomh.
'Na fhianuis is 'na éisdeachd féin,
Mo ghlaodh do ráinig suas;
- 7 An talamh air gach ceum an sin
Do chríoithnuich, chrathadh,
ghluais:
- Bunaitcan nan cnoc 's nam beann,
Do ghluaiseadh sin gu garg,
Do chríoithnuicheadh is chrathadh iad,
A chionn gu robh air fearg.
- 8 Chaidh deatach as a shroin a mach,
Is teine loisgeach mòr
Chaidh as a bheul, is lasadh leis
Do eibhlibh ní bu leòr.
- 9 Is lùb e fòs na nèamha fuaidh',
'S a nuas do thùirling e:
Fíor-dhorchadas is dubh-aigein
Bha sin fo chosaibh Dhé.
- 10 Air cherub mharcaich e gu h-árd,
Air iteig fòs do chaidh;
Is bha e luath ag itealaich,
Air bharraibh sgiath na gaoith'.
- 11 Dubh-dhorchadas mar dhlomhair
Do chuir e uime féin: [eachd
Bu pháillun da na h-uisgean dorch',
Is neulta tiugh' nan speur.
- 12 Do chaidh a neulta tiugh' le chéil',
Is clacha-meallain fòs,
Is eibhlean tein' air thoiseach air,
O'n dealradh bha 'na ghnùis.
- 13 Rinn Dia sna speuraibh tairnean-
Is leig an Tì a's àird' [ach,
A ghuth a mach, le cloich-shneachd
chruidh,
Is eibhlibh teith 's gach àit.
- 14 A shaighde leig e uaith' a mach,
Is sgaoil e iad air fad,
Tein-athair orra thilg gu mòr,
Is chlaoidheadh iad gu grad.
- 15 Aigein an uisge chunncas ris,
Bha stéidh an domhain nochdt';
Le séideadh anail t'fheirge, Dhé,
Le t' achmhasan 's do smachd.
- 16 As 'ionad árd do chuir e nuas,
Is bhuin e mise mach,
Is rinn mo tharruing mar an ceudn'
A h-uisgibh iomarcach.

- 3 Upon the Lord, who worthy is
Of praises, will I cry;
And then shall I preserved be
Safe from mine enemy.
- 4 Floods of ill men affrighted me,
Death's pangs about me went;
- 5 Hell's sorrows me environed;
Death's snares did me prevent.
- 6 In my distress I call'd on God,
Cry to my God did I;
He from his temple heard my voice,
To his ears came my cry.
- 7 Th' earth as affrighted then did
shake,
Trembling upon it seiz'd:
The hills' foundations moved were,
Because he was displeas'd.
- 8 Up from his nostrils came a smoke,
And from his mouth there came
Devouring fire, and coals by it
Were turned into flame.
- 9 He also bowed down the heav'ns,
And thence he did descend;
And thickest clouds of darkness did
Under his feet attend.
- 10 And he upon a cherub rode,
And thereon he did fly;
Yea, on the swift wings of the wind
His flight was from on high.
- 11 He darkness made his secret place:
About him, for his tent,
Dark waters were, and thickest
clouds
Of th' airy firmament.
- 12 And at the brightness of that light,
Which was before his eye,
His thick clouds pass'd away, hail-
stones
And coals of fire did fly.
- 13 The Lord God also in the heav'ns
Did thunder in his ire;
And there the Highest gave his
voice,
Hailstones and coals of fire.
- 14 Yea, he his arrows sent abroad,
And them he scattered;
His lightnings also he shot out,
And them discomfited.
- 15 The waters' channels then were
seen,
The world's foundations vast
At thy rebuke discover'd were,
And at thy nostrils' blast.
- 16 And from above the Lord sent down,
And took me from below;
From many waters he me drew,
Which would me overflow.

- 17O m'eascar thul-chuiseach is threun:
Thug e dhomh fuasgladh deas,
'So luchd mo mhi-ruin agus m'fhuath,
Bu treis' gu mòr na mis'.
- 18 An là mo thrioblaid is mo theinn,
Thug ionnsuidh orm gun fhios:
Ach bha mo Dhia 'na thaice dhomh,
Cha sleamhnuich uam mo chos.
- 19 Gu ionad farsuinn agus réidh
Thug esan mi a mach:
Mo theasairginn do rinneadh leis,
Oir ghabh e annam tlachd.
- 20 Réir m'ionracais, is gloine làmh,
Do chuitich Dia maith rium: [mi;
21 Air seachran uaith' cha deachaidh
A shlighe choimheadh leam.
- 22 Oir 'uile bhreth a'm' shianuis tha:
A statuin nam nior chuir.
- 23 Bu treibhdhireach 'na làthair mi:
O m' aing'eachd féin do sguir.
- 24 Réir m'ionracais is gloine làmh,
An sealladh beachd a shùl,
Do rinneadh mise chuiteachadh
Gu caomh le Dia nan dùl.
- 25 Do'n duine ghràsail, gràmhòr thu,
Direach do'n treibhdhireach.
- 26 Glan thu do'n duine ghlan, is fiat'
Do'n duine shiat' fa seach.
- 27 Na daoine tha fo thrioblaid mhòir,
Làn-shaoraidh tu 's gach àit;
Ach bheir thu nuas a' mhuinntir sin
'G am bheil an sealladh àrd.
- 28 Oir lasaidh tu mo choinneal domh,
Is ni mo Dhia 's mo Rìgh
Mo dhorchadas a shoillseachadh,
Chum soilleir glan gu 'm bi.
- 29 Mòr bhuidheann sluagh, le d'
threis', a Dhé,
Do bhriseadh leam air fad:
Le neart mo Dhia thar balla leum,
Is chaidh mi féin gun stad.
- 30 Ach Dia, a ta a shlighe ceart:
Is dhearbhadh focal Dé;
Do'n uile dhream a dh'earbas as,
G'an dìon 'is targaid e.
- 31 Oir cò is Dia, ach thusa, Dhé?
Cò's carraig ach ar Triath?
- 32 An neach a ni mo shlighe ceart,
'S a bheir dhomh neart, 'se Dia.
- 33 Mar chosaibh féidh ta luath chum
ruithe,
Mo chosa do rinn e,
Air m'aitibh àrd' ga m' shocrachadh,
A chum nach gluaisteadh mi.
- 34 Gu comhrag theagaisg e mo làmh,
Ionnus gu'n d'thug mi buaidh,
A' briseadh le mo ghairdeinibh
Bogha do'n stàilinn chruaidh.

- 17 He me reliev'd from my strong foes,
And such as did me hate;
Because he saw that they for me
Too strong were, and too great.
- 18 They me prevented in the day
Of my calamity;
But even then the Lord himself
A stay was unto me.
- 19 He to a place, where liberty
And room was, hath me brought;
Because he took delight in me,
He my deliv'rance wrought.
- 20 According to my righteousness
He did me recompense,
He me repaid according to
My hands' pure innocence.
- 21 For I God's ways kept, from my God
Did not turn wickedly.
- 22 His judgments were before me, I
His laws put not from me.
- 23 Sincere before him was my heart,
With him upright was I:
And watchfully I kept myself
From mine iniquity.
- 24 Alter my righteousness the Lord
Hath recompensed me,
After the cleanness of my hands
Appearing in his eye.
- 25 Thou gracious to the gracious art,
To upright men upright:
- 26 Pure to the pure, froward thou
Unto the froward wight. [kyth'st
- 27 For thou wilt the afflicted save
In grief that low do lie:
But wilt bring down the countenance
Of them whose looks are high.
- 28 The Lord will light my candle so
That it shall shine full bright:
The Lord my God will also make
My darkness to be light.
- 29 By thee through troops of men I
And them discomfit all; [break,
And, by my God assisting me,
I overleap a wall.
- 30 As for God, perfect is his way:
The Lord his word is tried;
He is a buckler to all those
Who do in him confide.
- 31 Who but the Lord is God? but he
Who is a rock and stay?
- 32 'Tis God that girdeth me with
strength,
And perfect makes my way.
- 33 He made my feet swift as the hinds',
Set me on my high places.
- 34 Mine hands to war he taught, mine
arms
Brake bows of steel in pieces.

- 35 Thug thusa sgiath do shlàinte dhomh,
Do dheas làmh chum mi suas;
Thug orm do chaoimhneas is do ghràdh
Gu h-inbhe mhòir gu'n d'fhàs.
- 36 Mo cheuma rinn thu farsuinn fo'm,
Sin domh mar fhuaradh thus';
Ionnnus gur socrach sheasas mi,
Cha sleamhnuich uam mo chos.
- 37 Lean mi mo naimhde anns an
Is orra rug gu cas: [ruaig,
Is gus 'n do chlaoidheadh iad gu léir
Nior phill mi féin air m'ais.
- 38 Gun chomas éirigh lot mi iad,
Is thuit iad sìos fo m' chois.
- 39 Le neart chum cath' 's tu chrios-
laich mi;
Na dh'éirich rium leag thus'.
- 40 Air mhuineal thug thu dhomh mo
nàmh;
Luchd m'fhuath' gu'n claidh gu léir.
- 41 Ghlaodh iad, 's d'am furtachd cha
robh neach:
Air Dia, 's cha d'fhreagair e.
- 42 Amhluidh mar dhus a' dol legaoi'h,
Gu mìn do phronn mi iad;
Is thilg mi iad a mach a ris
Mar chlàbar air an t-sràid.
- 43 O strì nan daoine shaor thu mi;
Rinn ceann nan cinneach dhìom;
Na daoine riamh nach b' aithne
dhomh,
Ri seirbhìs dhomh do chim'.
- 44 Air cluinntinn dhoibh-san iomradh
orm,
Géillidh iad dhomh gun stad;
Is nì dhomh coigrich mar an ceudn'
An isleachadh air fad.
- 45 Làn-sheargaidh is dubh-chrionaidh
Na coigrich ud gu léir; [as,
A' teachd le h-eagal 's uamhunn
mhòr
A mach o'n garaidh féin.
- 46 Dia beò a ta, beannaicht' gu robh
Mo charraig féin gu bràth:
Is Dia mo shlàinte bitheadh e
Air 'ardachadh a ghnàth.
- 47 Mo dhioghaltas, 's mo leasachadh,
'S e Dia a bheir a mach:
'S e fòs a chuireas dhomh fo smachd
Na slòigh gu h iomadach.
- 48 'Se dh'fhuasglas mi o m' eascair-
dibh:
'S tu thog mi thar gach neach
A dh'éirich rium; is thug mi saor
O fhear na h-eucorach.

- 35 The shield of thy salvation
Thou didst on me bestow:
Thy right hand beld me up, and
great
Thy kindness made me grow.
- 36 And in my way my steps thou
hast
Enlarged under me,
That I go safely, and my feet
Are kept from sliding free.
- 37 Mine en'mies I pursued have,
And did them overtake;
Nor did I turn again till I
An end of them did make.
- 38 I wounded them, they could not
rise;
They at my feet did fall.
- 39 Thou girdedst me with strength for
war;
My foes thou brought'st down all:
- 40 And thou hast giv'n to me the
necks
Of all mine enemies;
That I might them destroy and
slay,
Who did against me rise.
- 41 They cried out, but there was
none
That would or could them save;
Yea, they did cry unto the Lord,
But he no answer gave.
- 42 Then did I beat them small as
dust
Before the wind that flies;
And I did cast them out, like dirt
Upon the street that lies.
- 43 Thou mad'st me free from people's
strife,
And heathen's head to be:
A people whom I have not known
Shall service do to me.
- 44 At hearing they shall me obey,
To me they shall submit.
- 45 Strangers for fear shall fade
away,
Who in close places sit.
- 46 God lives, bless'd be my Rock: the
God
Of my health praised be.
- 47 God doth avenge me, and subdues
The people under me.
- 48 He saves me from mine enemies;
Yea, thou hast lifted me
Above my foes; and from the man
Of vi'lence set me free.

49 Am measg nan cinneach, uime sin,
Bheir mise dhuit, a Dhé,
Mòr-bhuidheachas; do t'ainm-sa
Ard-mholadh seinnidh mi. [fòs
50 Bheir ean suasgladh mòr d'a rìgh:
Le pailteas nì e gràs
Air Daibhidh, neach a dh' ungasd
Is air a shliochd gu bràth. [leis

SALM XIX.—19.

1 GLOIR Dhé làn-rhoillsichidh na
nèamh,
'S na speura gnìomh a làmh.
2 Tha là a' deanamh sgeil do là,
Is oidhche dh'oidhch' gun tàmh
A' teagasg eòlais, anns gach àit.
3 Oir cha'n 'eil ionad ann,
No cainnt, no uirghioll fòs air bith,
Nach cual an guth gach àm.
4 Chaidh'm fuaim air feadh gach tìre
Am focal chaidh an cèin [mach,
Gu crìch na cruinne, chuir e ann't
Buan-phàillìun àrd do'n ghrèin:
5 Neach tha mar nuadh fhear pòsda
O 'sheòmar féin a mach, [teachd
Ta àit, mar ghaisgeach treun a' ruith
A réis' gu togarach.
6 A' dol a mach o chrìch nan speur,
Mu'n cuairt g'an crìch a ghnàth:
'S cha'n fhluichear o theas na grèin',
Aon nì sa' chruinne ta.
7 Is iomlan lagh Iehoblah mhòir;
An t-anam iomp'chidh e;
Teistean an Tighearna tha dearbh;
An simplidh glic 'se nì.
8 Tha statuìn fòs an Tighearn ceart,
'G cur aoibhneis anns a' chrìdh';
Glan-àithte Dé a' soillseachadh,
Nan sùl nach maith a chì.
9 Eagal an Tighearn fìor-ghlan e,
Buan-mhaireannach a ghnàth:
Fìor agus cothromach air fad,
A bhreitheanais a ta.
10 Is fearr r'an iarraidh iad na'n t-òr,
An t-òr a's fearr air bith:
Nì 's mìlse na a' mhìl ta iad,
No cìr mheala r'a h-ith.
11 A' faotainn rabhaidh fòs a ta
T'òglach-sa uath' a ghnàth,
'S 'nan coimhead cùramach gu dearbh
Mòr-thuarasdal a ta.
12 Cò thuigeas uile sheachrain féin?
Glan o lochd dìomhair mi.
13 O pheacaibh dānadais air ais
Cum t'òglach féin, a Dhé;
Na bitheadh ac' àrd cheannas orm:
An sin biom treibhdhireach,
Is fòs o'n pheacadh mhòr bidh mi,
Fìor-ionraic neòchiontach.

49 Therefore to thee will I give thanks
The heathen folk among;
And to thy name, O Lord, I will
Sing praises in a song.
50 He great deliv'rance gives his king:
He mercy doth extend
To David, his anointed one,
And his seed without end.

PSALM XIX.—19.

1 THE heav'ns God's glory do declare,
The skies his hand-works preach:
2 Day utters speech to day, and night
To night doth knowledge teach.
3 There is no speech nor tongue to
which
Their voice doth not extend:
4 Their line is gone through all the
earth,
Their words to the world's end.
In them he set the sun a tent;
5 Who, bridegroom like, forth goes
From's chamber, as a strong man
doth
To run his race rejoice.
6 From heav'n's end is his going forth,
Circling to th' end again;
And there is nothing from his heat
That hidden doth remain.
7 God's law is perfect, and converts
The soul in sin that lies:
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.
8 The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart:
The Lord's command is pure, and
Light to the eyes impart. [doth
9 Unspotted is the fear of God,
And doth endure for ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true
And righteous altogether.
10 They more than gold, yea, much
fine gold,
To be desired are;
Than honey, honey from the comb
That droppeth, sweeter far.
11 Moreover, they thy servant warn
How he his life should frame:
A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same
12 Who can his errors understand?
O cleanse thou me within
13 From secret faults. Thy servant
keep
From all presumptuous sin:
And do not suffer them to have
Dominion over me:
Then, righteous and innocent,
I from much sin shall be.

14 O Dhia, mo neart, 's mo Shlànuigh-
ear,
An deadh thoil gabh uam féin,
Na smuainte ta a'm' chridhe stigh,
Is briathra glan mo bhéil.

SALM XX.—20.

- 1 GU freagradh Dia thu ann an là
Do thrioblaid, is do phéin !
Gu deanadh ainm Dhé Iacoib fòs
Sior-choimhead ort a'd' fheum :
- 2 Gu'n cuireadh thugad cuideachadh,
Tràth, as a theampull naomh :
Is deanadh e do neartachadh
A Sion féin gu caomh.
- 3 Cuimhnichheadh e gu gràsmhor dhuit
T'uil' ofraile gu grad,
Is gabhadh e gu taitneach uait
T'lobairte loisgt' air fad.
- 4 A réir deadh rùin do chridhe féin,
Tiùbhradh e dhuit gu maith ;
Coimhlionadh e gach comhairle
Tha ann ad chridhe stigh.
- 5 Ni sinne aoibhneas ann ad shlàint',
Is ann an ainm ar Dia,
Suas togaidh sinn ar brataichean :
Dia dheònach' t'uille mhiann !
- 6 Nis 's fiosrach mi gu teasaig e
An ti a dh' ungadh leis :
Is le neart-saoraidh deas làimh' Dhé
O nèamh gu'n éisdear ris.
- 7 Tha cuid ag earbs' á carbadaibh,
Is cuid á h-eachaibh àrd' ;
Ach ainm an Tighearna ar Dia
Cuimhnichidh sinn 's gach àit.
- 8 Dh' islicheadh iadsan, 's thuit iad
Ach dh'éirich sinn is sheas. [sios :
- 9 Dhia, foir, is éisdeadh ruinn an Rìgh,
Tràth ni sinn gearan ris.

SALM XXI.—21.

- 1 AM meud do neirt-sa, Dhé nan dùl,
Bidh aoibhneas air an Rìgh :
Is ann ad shlàinte thròcairich
Sòlas cia mòr do ni ?
- 2 Làn mhiann is rùn a chridhe féin
Thug thusa dha gu seth :
Aon athchuinge a dh'iarr a bheul
Cha d' rinn thu air a cleith.
- 3 Oir beannachadh do mhaithéis mhòir'
Sin thug thu dha gu moch :
Is chuir thu coron àrd m'a cheann,
Do'n òr a's deirge dreach.
- 4 Do dh' iarr e ortsa beatha bhuan,
Sin thug thu dha gu fìor :
Is thug thu sineadh saoghail dha,
A chum bhi beò gu sior.
- 5 A thaobh na slàinte thug thu dha,
Is mòr a ghlòir gach àm ;

14 The words which from my mouth
proceed,
The thoughts sent from my heart,
Accept, O Lord, for thou my strength
And my Redeemer art.

PSALM XX.—20.

- 1 JEHOVAH hear thee in the day
When trouble he doth send :
And let the name of Jacob's God
Thee from all ill defend.
- 2 O let him help send from above,
Out of his sanctuary :
From Sion, his own holy hill,
Let him give strength to thee.
- 3 Let him remember all thy gifts,
Accept thy sacrifice :
- 4 Grant thee thine heart's wish, and
fulfil,
Thy thoughts and counsel wise.
- 5 In thy salvation we will joy ;
In our God's name we will
Display our banners : and the Lord
Thy prayers all fulfil.
- 6 Now know I God his king doth save ;
He from his holy heav'n
Will hear him, with the saving
strength
By his own right hand giv'n.
- 7 In chariots some put confidence,
Some horses trust upon :
But we remember will the name
Of our Lord God alone.
- 8 We rise, and upright stand, when
they
Are bowed down, and fall.
- 9 Deliver, Lord ; and let the King
Us hear, when we do call.

PSALM XXI.—21.

- 1 THE king in thy great strength, O
Shall very joyful be : [Lord,
In thy salvation rejoice
How veh'mently shall he !
- 2 Thou hast bestowed upon him
All that his heart would have ;
And thou from him didst not with-
Whate'er his lips did crave. [hold
- 3 For thou with blessings him pre-
Of goodness manifold ; [vent'st
And thou hast set upon his head
A crown of purest gold.
- 4 When he desired life of thee,
Thou life to him didst give ;
Ev'n such a length of days, that he
For evermore should live.
- 5 In that salvation wrought by thee
His glory is made great ;

Ard-urram agus mòralachd

Chuir thusa air a cheann.

6 Oir rinneadh leat ro-bheannaicht' e
Air feadh gach ré gu beachd ;
Is rinn thu e làn-aoibhneach fòs
Le d' ghnùis an tròcaireachd.

7 Oir ann an Dia Iehobhah mòr
Earbaidh an rìgh a ghnàth :
Tre thròcair fòs an Ti a's àird',
Cha ghluaisear e gu bràth.

8 Aimsidh do ghlaic air t'uile nàmh ;
Air t'eascar do làmh dheas.

9 Mar àmhuinn theinntich nì thu iad,
An aimsir t'fheirg' g'an sgrios :

'Na chorruidh mhòr nì Dia gu fìor,
An slugadh sìos air fad,
Is nìthear orra milleadh fòs
Le teine mòr gu grad.

10 An toradh sgriosaidh tu o'n tìr,
'S an sìol o dhaoineibh as.

11 Oir rinn iad feall a'd' aghaidh : 's
dhealbh

Do-bheart nach d'fheud' cur leis :

12 Bheir thusa orra, uime sin,
Gu'n tionndaidh iad an cùl,
Oirsaidhe geur do bhogh' air sreing
Ri'n aghaidh gleusaidh tu.

13 Ardaich thu fèin, a'd' chumhachd.
A Thighearna nam fear : [aibh,
Mar sin sìor-chanaidh sinn do chliù,
Is molaidh sinn do neart.

SALM XXII.—22.

1 MO Dhia, mo Dhia, c'uim' thréig
thu mi ?

Le d'fhurtachd uam an céiu ;
O bhriathraibh goirt mo bhùiridh
àird,
Gun shuasgladh orm a'm' fheum ?

2 Mo Dhia, cha d' thug thu freagradh
dhomh,
San là 'n do ghairm mi ort ;
An uair bu chòir dhomh tàmh san
oidhch',
Cha'n 'eil mi fèin a'm' thosd.

3 Gidheadh tha thusa fìor-ghlan naomh,
A Dhé, os ceann gach sgéil,
A'd' chòmhnuidh anns an àros sin,
Am bheil cliù Israeil.

4 Do rinn ar sinnsir dhiot-sa bun ;
Is shaor thu iad mar dh'earb.

5 Do ghlaodh iad riut, is shaoradh iad :
Dh'earb riut, gun aghaidh dhearg.

6 Ach mise fòs cha duin', ach cnuimh :
Gràin dhaoin', is tàir nan slògh.

7 Cùis crathaidh cinn, is casaigh béil,
Spòrs do na chi mo dhòigh.

8 Ag ràdh, Do rinn e bun á Dia,
Chum fuasgladh air 'na fheum :

Honour and comely majesty

Thou hast upon him set.

6 Because that thou for evermore
Most blessed hast him made ;
And thou hast with thy countenance
Made him exceeding glad.

7 Because the king upon the Lord
His confidence doth lay ;
And, through the grace of the most
Shall not be mov'd away. [High,

8 Thine hand shall all those men find
That en'mies are to thee ; [out
Ev'n thy right hand shall find out
Of thee that haters be. [those

9 Like fiery ov'n thou shalt them make,
When kindled is thine ire ;
God shall them swallow in his wrath,
Devour them shall the fire. [stroy,

10 Their fruit from earth thou shalt de-
Their seed men from among :

11 For they beyond their might 'gainst
Did plot mischief and wrong. [thee

12 Thou therefore shalt make them
turn back,

When thou thy shafts shalt place
Upon thy strings, made ready all
To fly against their face.

13 In thy great pow'r and strength, O
Be thou exalted high ; [Lord,
So shall we sing with joyful hearts,
Thy power praise shall we.

PSALM XXII.—22.

1 MY God, my God, why hast thou me
Forsaken ? why so far

Art thou from helping me, and from
My words that roaring are ?

2 All day, my God, to thee I cry,
Yet am not heard by thee ;
And in the season of the night
I cannot silent be.

3 But thou art holy, thou that dost
Inhabit Isr'el's praise.

4 Our fathers hop'd in thee, they hop'd,
And thou didst them release.

5 When unto thee they sent their cry,
To them deliv'rance came :
Because they put their trust in thee,
They were not put to shame.

6 But as for me, a worm I am,
And as no man am priz'd.

Reproach of men I am, and by
The people am despis'd.

7 All that me see laugh me to scorn ;
Shoot out the lip do they ;

They nod and shake their heads at
And, mocking, thus do say, [me,

8 This man did trust in God, that he
Would free him by his might :

- Nis deanadh e a theasairgiun,
O thug e dha làn-speis.
- 9 Ach 's tus' an ti a bhuin a mach
A broinn mo mhàthar mi;
Is tu bu bharrant dèchais dhomh,
'Nuair bha mi air a' chìch.
- 10 O'n bhroinn do thilgeadh ortsa mi;
Air bliith dhomh òg is maoth;
O thàinig mi o'n bhroinn a mach,
Is tu mo Dhia ro-chlaomh.
- 11 A Dhé, na bi-sa fada uam,
Oir 's dlùth dhomh trioblaid theann;
'S gun agam neach gu m' chuideach-
No aon a chuireas leam. [adh,
- 12 Do chuairtich umam mòran tharbh,
Mu m' thimchioll air gach làimh;
Dh'iadh umam tairbh ro-làidir bhorb'
Am Basan bha 'nan tàmh.
- 13 Gu farsuinn dh'fhosgail iad am
Mar leòinhan allta garg; [beul,
A' tabhairt sìthidh reubaidh orm,
Le bùireadh fiadhaich borb.
- 14 Mar uisge dhòirteadh mise mach,
Mo chnàmhan sgàint' o chéil':
Mo chrìdh' a'n' chom an taobh a
Air leaghadh ta mar chéir. [stigh,
- 15 Air tiormachadh mar phota cré
A ta mo neart, a Dhé;
Mo theangadh leantuinn tha ri m'
Gu h-ùir-bhàis thug thu mi. [ghial,
- 16 Oir dh'iadh mu'n cuairt orm mad-
raidh gharb',
Bhuail umam thall 's a bhos
Mòr-bhuidheann luchd na h-aing-
idheachd;
Lot iad mo làmh 's mo chos.
- 17 Mo chnàmhan uile feudaidd mi
An àireamh aon is aon;
Gu gear tha iad ag amharc orm,
A dearcadh orm gach taobh.
- 18 Mo thrusgan eatorra do roinn,
Croinn thilg iad air mo bhrat.
- 19 Ach fad o m' chabhair, Dhia mo
Na fan, ach deifrich ort. [neirt,
- 20 Do m'anam tabhair fuasgladh deas
O'n chlàidheamh sgaiteach gheur;
Is m'aon-ghràdh caomh gu saorar
O neart nam madradh treun'. [leat,
- 21 O bheul nan leòmhnan làidir borb',
Dhé, fuasgail orm gun stad:
O adharcaibh nam buabhall treun';
Oir chual thu mi gu grad.
- 22 Do m' bhràithribh cuiream t'ainms'
San èireachd molam thu. [an céill;
- 23 Shìl Iacoib, 's a luchd eagail Dé,
Glòir thugaibh dha is chiu:
Oirbhs', Iarmad Israeil air fad,
Biodh 'eagal san gu mòr:

- Let him deliver him, sith he
Had in him such delight.
- 9 But thou art he out of the womb
That didst me safely take;
When I was on my mother's breasts
Thou me to hope didst make.
- 10 And I was cast upon thy care,
Ev'n from the womb till now;
And from my mother's belly, Lord,
My God and guide art thou.
- 11 Be not far off, for grief is near,
And none to help is found.
- 12 Bulls many compass me, strong
bulls
Of Bashan me surround.
- 13 Their mouths they open'd wide on
me,
Upon me gape did they,
Like to a lion ravening
And roaring for his prey.
- 14 Like water I'm pour'd out, my
bones
All out of joint do part:
Amidst my bowels, as the wax,
So melted is my heart.
- 15 My strength is like a potsherd
dried;
My tongue it cleaveth fast
Unto my jaws; and to the dust
Of death thou brought me hast.
- 16 For dogs have compass'd me about.
The wicked, that did meet
In their assembly, me inclos'd;
They pierc'd my hands and feet.
- 17 I all my bones may tell; they do
Upon me look and stare.
- 18 Upon my vesture lots they cast,
And clothes among them share.
- 19 But be not far, O Lord, my
strength;
Haste to give help to me.
- 20 From sword my soul, from pow'r
of dogs
My darling set thou free.
- 21 Out of the roaring lion's mouth
Do thou me shield and save:
For from the horns of unicorns
An ear to me thou gave.
- 22 I will show forth thy name unto
Those that my brethren are;
Amidst the congregation
Thy praise I will declare.
- 23 Praise ye the Lord, who do him
Him glorify all ye [fear,
The seed of Jacob; fear him all
That Isr'el's children be.

- 24 Oir tarcuis riamh cha d'rinn air
bochd,
'S nìor ghabh e gràin d' a leòn :
Cha d'fholuich, 's cha do cheil a
ghnùis,
G'a thréigsinn ann a theinn ;
'Nuair rinu e glaoth is gearan ris,
Thug éisdeachd dha gu binn.
- 25 'S ann ortsa bhios mo mholadh àrd
San èireachdas, a Dhé :
Mo bhòidean iocam fòs an làth'r
Na dream d'an eagal e.
- 26 Na daoine sin tha macanta
Ithidh, is gheibh an sàth :
Na dh'iarras Dia àrd-mholaidh e ;
Bhur cridh' bidh beò gu bràth.
- 27 Pillidh ri Dia gach iomall tìr',
Is cuimhnichidh iad air :
Seadh sluagh nam fineacha gu léir
Dhuit géill is urram bheir.
- 28 Air son gur le Iehobhab mòr
An rioghachd le còir cheart :
'S an measg nam fineachan air fad
'S leis uachdranachd is neart.
- 29 Na daoine reamhar agus gach tìr,
Ithidh, is géillidh dha : [uaigh,
Dha cromaidh sìos na théid san
Cha chum neach 'anam beò.
- 30 Thig sliochd is seirbhis ni do Dhia,
Dha measar iad mar linn.
- 31 Innsidh a cheart do'n àl ri teachd,
Gu 'm b'esan sud a rinn.

SALM XXIII.—23.

- 1 Is e Dia féin a's buachaill dhomh,
Cha bhi mi ann an dith.
- 2 Bheir e fa'near gu'n luidhinn slos
Air cluainibh glas' le sìth :
Is fòs ri taobh nan aimhnichean
Théid seachad sìos gu mall,
A ta e ga mo threòrachadh,
Gu min réidh agus gach ball.
- 3 Tha 'g aigis m'anam' dhomh air ais ;
'S a' treòrachadh mo cheum
Air sghìbhl glan' na fireantachd,
Air sgàth 'dheadh ainme féin.
- 4 Seadh fòs ged ghluaisinn eadhon
trid
Ghlinn dorchas sgàil' a' bhàis,
Aon olc no urchuid a theachd orm
Ni h-eagal leam 's ni 'n càs ;
Air son gu bheil thu leam a ghnàth ;
Do lorg, 's do bhata treun,
Tha iad a' tabhairt comhshurtachd
Is tuasglaidh dhomh a'm' fheum.
- 5 Dhomh dheasaich borb air beul mo
uamh,
Le h-oladh dh'ung mo cheann ;

- 21 For he despis'd not nor abhorr'd
Th' afflicted's misery ;
Nor from him hid his face, but heard
When he to him did cry.
- 25 Within the congregation great
My praise shall be of thee ;
My vows before them that him fear
Shall be perform'd by me.
- 26 The meek shall eat, and shall be
fill'd ;
They also praise shall give
Unto the Lord that do him seek :
Your heart shall ever live.
- 27 All ends of th' earth remember shall,
And turn the Lord unto ;
All kindreds of the nations
To him shall homage do :
28 Because the kingdom to the Lord
Doth appertain as his ;
Likewise among the nations
The Governor he is.
- 29 Earth's fat ones eat, and worship
shall :
All who to dust descend
Shall bow to him ; none of them can
His soul from death defend.
- 30 A seed shall service do to him ;
Unto the Lord it shall
Be for a generation
Reckon'd in ages all.
- 31 They shall come, and they shall de-
His truth and righteousness [clare
Unto a people yet unborn,
And that he hath done this.

PSALM XXIII.—23.

- 1 THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not
want.
- 2 He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth
me
The quiet waters by.
- 3 My soul he doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteous-
ness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk in death's dark
vale,
Yet will I fear none ill :
For thou art with me ; and thy
rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 5 My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes ;
My head thou dost with oil
anoint,
And my cup overflows.

22 SALM XXIV. XXV.

- Cur thairis tha mo chupan fòs,
Aig meud an làin a t'ann.
- 6 Ach leanaidh maith is tràcair rium,
Au cian a bhios mi beò ;
Is còmhnuicheadh an àros Dé,
Ri fad mo rè 's mo lò.

SALM XXIV.—24.

- 1 'S le Dia an talamh, is a làn ;
An domhan, 's na bheil ann.
- 2 Oir shocraich e air cuantaibh e,
Air sruthaibh leag gu teann.
- 3 Cò e am fear sin a theid suas
Gu tulaich naomha Dhé ?
Is fòs 'na ionad naomha-san,
Cò sheasas ann gu réidh ?
- 4 An ti 'g am bheil na làmhan glan',
Is cridhe neòchiontach ;
'Anam nior thog ri diomhanas,
'S nior lùgh mionn loganach.
- 5 An ti sin beannachadh o Dhia
Gheibh e gu saoi bhir pailt,
Is ionracas faraon o'n Dia
'S bun slàinte dha 'na airc.
- 6 'S i sin a' ghinealach 's an dream
A dh'iaras e gu mòr ;
Ta 'g iarraidh d'aghaidh is do ghnùis,
O Iacoib, mar is còir.
- 7 Togaibh, O gheatacha, bhur cinn,
Is éiribh suas gu h-àrd,
O dhorsa sìorruidh ; Rìgh na glòir'
Gu'n tigeadh e g'a àit.
- 8 Cò e sin féin Ard-Rìgh na glòir' ?
An Tighearn làidir treun,
Iehobhah neartmhor, cruaidh an
cath,
Bheir buaidh a mach dha féin.
- 9 Togaibh, O gheatacha, bhur cinn,
Is éiribh suas gu h-àrd,
O dhorsa sìorruidh : Rìgh na glòir'
Gu'n tigeadh e g'a àit.
- 10 Cò e sin féin Ard-Rìgh na glòir' ?
Iehobhah mòr nan slògh,
'Se féin a's Rìgh na glòir' a t'ann,
Gu'n choimeas idir dha.

SALM XXV.—25.

- 1 DHIA, togam m'anam riutsa suas.
- 2 Mo Dhia, mo mhuinghinn dheas ;
A m' ionnsuidh na leig aobhar nàir' :
Do m'eascar gairdeachas.
- 3 Fo nàir' is mhasladh na leig neach
D'an gnàth bhli feitheamh ort :
Ach nàire gu robh air an dream
A ni gun aobhar lochd.
- 4 Foillsich do shlighe dhomh, a Dhé ;
A'd' cheumaibh teagaisg mi :

PSALM XXIV. XXV.

- 6 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me :
And in God's house for ever-
more
My dwelling-place shall be.

PSALM XXIV.—24.

- 1 THE earth belongs unto the Lord,
And all that it contains ;
The world that is inhabited,
And all that there remains.
- 2 For the foundations thereof
He on the seas did lay,
And he hath it established
Upon the floods to stay.
- 3 Who is the man that shall ascend
Into the hill of God ?
Or who within his holy place
Shall have a firm abode ?
- 4 Whose hands are clean, whose heart
And unto vanity [is pure,
Who hath not lifted up his soul,
Nor sworn deceitfully.
- 5 He from th' Eternal shall receive
The blessing him upon,
And righteousness, ev'n from the God
Of his salvation.
- 6 This is the generation
That after him inquire,
O Jacob, who do seek thy face
With their whole heart's desire.
- 7 Ye gates, lift up your heads on high ;
Ye doors that last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may.
- 8 But who of glory is the King ?
The mighty Lord is this ;
Ev'n that same Lord, that great in
And strong in battle is. [might
- 9 Ye gates, lift up your heads ; ye doors,
Doors that do last for aye,
Be lifted up, that so the King
Of glory enter may.
- 10 But who is he that is the King
Of glory ? who is this ?
The Lord of hosts, and none but he,
The King of glory is.

PSALM XXV.—25.

- 1 TO thee I lift my soul :
- 2 O Lord, I trust in thee :
My God, let me not be asham'd,
Nor foes triumph o'er me.
- 3 Let none that wait on thee
Be put to shame at all ;
But those that without cause trans-
Let shame upon them fall. [gress,
- 4 Show me thy ways, O Lord ;
Thy paths, O teach thou me :

- 5 Is treòraich mi a' d' fhirinn ghloin,
'S mo theagasg dean, a Dhé :
Oir 's tu a's Tighearn ann gu dearbh,
'S tu 's slàinte dhomh a ghnàth,
Is ort a ta mi feitheamh fòs
Le foighlid mhòir gach là.
- 6 Cuimhnic, a Dhé, do thròcair
chaomh,
Do chaoimhneas làn do ghràdh :
O chian nan cian a ta iad ann,
San aimsir fad o'n là.
- 7 Na cuimhnich peacaidh ru'òige
dhomh :
'S na lochdan a rinn mi ;
A réir do thròcair cuimhnich orm,
Air sgàth do ghràis, a Dhé.
- 8 Is maith 's is dìreach Dia nan dùl :
Is air an aobhar ud
Do nithear leis na peacaich thruagh'
A theagasg anns an ròd.
- 9 Treòraichidh e na daoine citin'
An breitheanas gu ceart :
'S na daoine mìne teagaisgidh
'Na shlighe, Dia nam feart.
- 10 An tròcair is an fhirinn réidh
Sud sligh' ar Dé 's gach ball ;
Do'n dream a chumas gealladh ris,
'S nach leig a theist air chall.
- 11 Sgàth t'ainme, lagh mo chiontafòs,
Oir tha sud mòr, a Dhé.
- 12 Cò 'm fear d'an eagal Dia ? San t-
sligh'
'S ion-roghnuidh seòlaidh e.
- 13 An seasgaireachd ni 'anam tàmh,
'S le 'shliochd le ceart an tìr.
- 14 Tha rùn an Tighearn aig an dream
D'an eagal e gu tìor :
Is nithear leis a chumhnant fòs
Fhoillseachadh dhoibh gu ceart.
- 15 A ta mo shùile féin a ghnàth
Ri Tighearna nam feart ;
Air son gu'n spionar leis mo chos
Gu h-aithghearr as an rìbh.
- 16 Pill thugam, is dean tròcair orm :
A'm' aonar taim, 's fo dhrìp.
- 17 Tha 'einn mo chridh' a' dol am
meud ;
Sacr mìo m' àmhghar geur.
- 18 Seall air mo phein, is m'anshocair,
'S mo pheacaidh lagh gu léir.
- 19 Mo naimhde guineach thoir fa'near,
Oir tha iad lionmhor ann ;
Fuath nìmhneach agus mì-runach
Tha aca dhomh nach gann.
- 20 Dhia, coimhid m'anam, 's furtaich
Na leig fo nàire mi ; {orm ;
Mo dhòchas uile leig mi ort,
Air son gur tu mo Rìgh.
- 5 And do thou lead me in thy truth,
Therein my teacher be :
For thou art God that dost
To me salvation send,
And I upon thee all the day
Expecting do attend.
- 6 Thy tender mercies, Lord,
I pray thee to remember,
And loving kindnesses ; for they
Have been of old for ever.
- 7 My sins and faults of youth
Do thou, O Lord, forget :
After thy mercy think on me,
And for thy goodness great.
- 8 God good and upright is :
The way he'll sinners show.
- 9 The meek in judgment he will guide,
And make his path to know.
- 10 The whole paths of the Lord
Are truth and mercy sure,
To those that do his cov'nant keep,
And testimonies pure.
- 11 Now, for thine own name's sake,
O Lord, I thee entreat
To pardon mine iniquity ;
For it is very great.
- 12 What man is he that fears
The Lord, and doth him serve ?
Him shall he teach the way that he
Shall choose, and still observe.
- 13 His soul shall dwell at ease ;
And his posterity
Shall flourish still, and of the earth
Inheritors shall be.
- 14 With those that fear him is
The secret of the Lord ;
The knowledge of his covenant
He will to them afford.
- 15 Mine eyes upon the Lord
Continually are set ;
For he it is that shall bring forth
My feet out of the net.
- 16 Turn unto me thy face,
And to me mercy show ;
Because that I am desolate,
And am brought very low.
- 17 My heart's griefs are increas'd :
Me from distress relieve.
- 18 See mine affliction and my pain,
And all my sins forgive.
- 19 Consider thou my foes,
Because they many are ;
And it a cruel hatred is
Which they against me bear.
- 20 O do thou keep my soul,
Do thou deliver me :
And let me never be asham'd,
Because I trust in thee.

24 SALM XXVI. XXVII.

- 21 Nis deanadh ionracas is còir
Mo dhion; 's mi feitheamh ort.
22 Dhia, fuasgail air cloinn Israeil,
O'n uile àmhghar goirt.

SALM XXVI.—26.

- 1 THOIR orm-sa breth, a Dhia nan dùl,
A'm' neòchiont ghluais mi féin,
Oir riun mi dòchas maith á Dia,
Cha sleamhuuich uam mo cheum.
2 Dhia, fionn mo chridh', is m'airne
Fidir is ceasnuich mi. [fòs,
3 Oir dhearc mi air do chaoimhneas
gràidh.
A'd' fhirinn ghluais mi, Dhé.
4 Le cuideachd dhlomhain riamh nior
shuidh;
Cha siubhlam le luchd-saoibh.
5 Is beag orm coimhthional an uilc:
'S cha suidh mi sìos le bao'ibh.
6 An neòchiont glanaidh mi mo làmh,
Is cuairt'cheam t'altair, Dhé;
7 Gu'm foillsichinn le moladh àrd,
Do mhiorbhuile gu léir.
8 Còmhnuidh do theach is ionmhuinn
A Thighearn is a Dhé, [leam,
Gnàth-àite bunaidh t'onorach,
Is leam ro-ionmhuinn e.
9 Le peacaichibh, luchd-deanamh uilc,
Na cruinnich m'anam bochd,
Na cuir mo bheath' 'nan cuideachd
sud,
Tha fuileachdach gu lochd.
10 'G am bheil an t-aimhleas mòr 'nan
glaic:
Duais-bhratha 'nan làimh dheis,
11 Ach gluaisidh mi a'm' neòchiont
A'd' thròcair saor-sa mis'. [féin,
12 'Na seasamh ta mo chos gu beachd
Air ionad còmhnhard réidh:
Is ann an coimhthional nan naomh,
Beannaicheam thus', a Dhé.

SALM XXVII.—27.

- 1 'SE Dia mo sholus, is mo shlàint',
Cò chuireas eagal orm?
'Se neart mo bheatha Dia nan dùl,
Cò chuireas fait'cheas fo'm?
2 Mo naimhde, m'eascairde, luchd-
Tràth thàinig orm gu bras, [uilc,
Gu gionach dh'itheadh m'fheòla suas,
Fhuair tuisleadh, thuit gu cas.
3 Ged champaicheadh a'm' aghaidh
feachd,
Cha'n eagal le mo chridh':
Ged éireadh cogadh m' aghaidh fòs,
A so mo bhun do nì.

PSALMS XXVI. XXVII.

- 21 Let uprightness and truth
Keep me, who thee attend.
22 Redemption, Lord, to Israel
From all his troubles send.
(Second Version, see page 164.)

PSALM XXVI.—26.

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I have walk'd
In mine integrity:
I trusted also in the Lord;
Slide therefore shall not I.
2 Examine me, and do me prove;
Try heart and reins, O God:
3 For thy love is before mine eyes,
Thy truth's paths I have trode.
With persons vain I have not sat,
Nor with dissemblers gone:
5 Th' assembly of ill men I hate;
To sit with such I shun.
6 Mine hands in innocence, O Lord,
I'll wash and purify;
So to thine holy altar go,
And compass it will I:
7 That I, with voice of thanksgiving
May publish and declare,
And tell of all thy mighty works,
That great and wondrous are.
8 The habitation of thy house,
Lord, I have loved well;
Yea, in that place I do delight
Where doth thine honour dwell.
9 With sinners gather not my soul,
And such as blood would spill:
10 Whose hands mischievous plots,
right hand
Corrupting bribes do fill.
11 But as for me, I will walk on
In mine integrity:
Do thou redeem me, and, O Lord,
Be merciful to me.
12 My foot upon an even place
Doth stand with stedfastness:
Within the congregations
Th' Eternal I will bless.

PSALM XXVII.—27.

- 1 THE Lord's my light and saving
health,
Who shall make me dismay'd?
My life's strength is the Lord, of
Then shall I be afraid? [whom
2 When as mine enemies and foes,
Most wicked persons all,
To eat my flesh against me rose,
They stumbled and did fall.
3 Against me though an host encamp,
My heart yet fearless is;
Though war against me rise, I will
Be confident in this.

- 4 Aon ni do mhiannaich mi o Dhia,
Gu minic iarram e :
A bhia'm' chòmhnuidh feadh mo là
Au tigh 's an àros Dé ;
A chum gu faicinn féin gu glan
Maise lebhobhah mhòir,
Gu fiosraichinn 's gu faighinn sgeul,
'Na theampull mar is còir.
- 5 Oir ni e m' fholach 'n àm na h-airc'
'Na phàillion : dìon do ni
An diomhaireachd a phàilliuin
Air carraig cuiridh mi. [dhomh ;
- 6 Os ceann mo naimhde ta mu m'
chuairet,
Nis togar suas mo cheann :
Glan iobairt aoibhneis uime sin
D'a phàillion bheirear leam :
Is seinnidh-mi gu togarach,
Seadh, canaidh mi gu binn,
Ceòl agus moladh àrd do Dhia
Air feadh mo rè 's mo linn.
- 7 Leguth mo bheoil tràth éigheam riut,
Thoir éisdeachd dhomh, a Dhé :
Le iochd dean tròcair orm, is fòir,
Gu gràsmhor freagair mi.
- 8 Iarr m'aghaidh, 'nuair a thuir thu
An sin thuir m'anam leat, [rium,
Do ghnùis, is t'aghaidh féin, a Dhé,
Sin iarraidh mi gu h-ait.
- 9 Na folaich uam do ghnùis, am feirg
Na dìbir t'òglach féin :
'S tu chuidich leam : a Dhé mo shlàint'
Na fag-sa mi 's na tréig.
- 10 'Nuair thréigas m'athair mi gu tur,
'S mo mhàthair fòs faraon,
Do ni an Tighearna an sin
Mo thogail suas gu caoin.
- 11 Dhia, teagaisg dhomh do shlighe
Is treòraich mise, Dhé, [féin,
Fa chùis mo naimhde mi-runach,
Air ceumaibh dìreach réidh.
- 12 Do mhi-run m'eascairde ro-gheur
Na tabhair thairis mi :
Oir dh'éirich rium luchd-fianuis
bhreig',
Is dream a bhrùchdas nimh.
- 13 Rachadh mo mhisneach uil' air cùil,
Mur creidinn maithas Dé,
Gu faicinn sin an tir nam beò,
Ga m' fhuasgladh ann am fhenm.
- 14 Fuirich gu foighidneach ri Dia,
Glac thugad misneach mhór,
Is bheir e spionnadh cridhe dhuit :
Fuirich ri Dia na glòir'.

SALM XXVIII.—28.

- 1 A DHIA, mo charraig, éigheam riut,
A'd' thosd na bi-sa uam :

- 4 One thing I of the Lord desir'd,
And will seek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
Within God's house remain ;
That I the beauty of the Lord
Behold may and admire,
And that I in his holy place
May rev'rently inquire.
- 5 For he in his pavilion shall
Me hide in evil days ;
In secret of his tent me hide,
And on a rock me raise.
- 6 And now, ev'n at this present time,
Mine head shall lifted be
Above all those that are my foes,
And round encompass me :
Therefore unto his tabernacle
I'll sacrifices bring
Of joyfulness ; I'll sing, yea I
To God will praises sing.
- 7 O Lord, give ear unto my voice,
When I do cry to thee ;
Upon me also mercy have,
And do thou answer me.
- 8 When thou didst say, Seek ye my
Then unto thee reply [face,
Thus did my heart, Above all things
Thy face, Lord, seek will I.
- 9 Far from me hide not thou thy face,
Put not away from thee
Thy servant in thy wrath : thou hast
An helper been to me.
O God of my salvation,
Leave me not, nor forsake :
- 10 Though me my parents both should
leave,
The Lord will me up take.
- 11 O Lord, instruct me in thy way,
To me a leader be
In a plain path, because of those
That hatred bear to me.
- 12 Give me not to mine en'mies' will ;
For witnesses that lie
Against me risen are, and such
As breathe out cruelty.
- 13 I fainted had, unless that I
Believed had to see
The Lord's own goodness in the land
Of them that living be.
- 14 Wait on the Lord, and be thou
strong,
And he shall strength afford
Unto thine heart ; yea, do thou wait,
I say, upon the Lord.

PSALM XXVIII.—28.

- 1 TO thee I'll cry, O Lord, my rock ;
Hold not thy peace to me ;

- Eagal le d' thosd, gur cosmhuil mi
 Ri dream théid sìos do'n uaigh.
- 2 Guth m' athchuinge, tràth éigheam
 Eisd thus' an sin, a Dhé : [riut,
 'Nuair thogas mi mo làmh an suas
 Gu d' theampull naomha féin.
- 3 Le luchd an uilc 's na h-eucorach,
 Na tarruing mi gu bráth ;
 R'an coimhearsnaich a labhras sith,
 Ach olc 'nan cridhe ta.
- 4 A réir an oibre, tabhair dhoibh,
 A réir an rùin chum lochd :
 Is diol-sa riù droch ghniomh an làmh,
 Amhluidh mar thoill iad ort.
- 5 Do bhrìgh nach tuig iad oibre Dhé,
 No gniomh a làmh a fòs,
 Do nì e milleadh orr' is claoidh,
 'S cha dean an togail suas.
- 6 Air son guth m' athchuinge gu'n
 d'éisd,
 Mòr-bheannaicht' gu robh Dia.
- 7 Do chuir mo chrìdh' a dhòchas ann :
 'S e Dia mo neart 's mo sgiath :
 Tha mi a' faghail fortachd uath',
 Mar sin le h-aobhneas ait
 Mo chrìdh' a ta ; 's le m'òran binn,
 Sior-mholam e gu pailt.
- 8 'Se Dia a's neart, 's a's treise dhoibh,
 Oir tha e féin gu deas
 'Na neart, 's 'na spionnadh slàinte
 Do'n ti a dh' ungadh leis. [dlùth
- 9 Dhia, furtaich air do phobull caomh,
 Is beannaich 'oighreachd féin :
 Dhoibh tabhair beath', is teachdantir
 Tog iad am fòasd, a Dhé.

SALM XXIX.—29.

- 1 THUGAIBH, a laochraidh làidir
 threun,
 Do Thighearna nam feart,
 Thugaibh do'n Tighearna ud faraon
 Glòir, urrain, agus neart.
- 2 A' ghloir a's cubhaidh fòs d'a ainm,
 Thugaibh do'n Dia ro-threun :
 Sleuchdaibh do'n Tighearna faraon
 Am mais' a naomhachd féin.
- 3 Tha guth Dhé air na h-uisgeach-
 Is fòs nì Dia na glòir' [aibh ;
 Ard-thairneanach, is suidhidh e
 Air uisgibh làidir mor'.
- 4 Tha guth an Tighearna gu beachd
 Mòr-chumhachdach is treun :
 Tha guth an Tighearna faraon
 Làn mòralachd ann féin.
- 5 Brisidh an Tighearna le 'ghuth
 Na seudair a ta fàs ;
 Is brisear seudair Lebanon
 Le 'ghuth-san aig a chruas.

- Lest like those that to pit descend
 I by thy silence be.
- 2 The voice hear of my humble pray'rs,
 When unto thee I cry ;
 When to thine holy oracle,
 I lift mine hands on high.
- 3 With ill men draw me not away
 That work iniquity ;
 That speak peace to their friends,
 while in
 Their hearts doth mischief lie.
- 4 Give them according to their deeds
 And ills endeavoured :
 And as their handy-works deserve,
 To them be rendered.
- 5 God shall not build, but them destroy,
 Who would not understand
 The Lord's own works, nor did regard
 The doing of his hand.
- 6 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 For graciously he heard
 The voice of my petitions,
 And prayers did regard.
- 7 The Lord's my strength and shield ;
 Upon him did rely ; [my heart
 And I am helped ; hence my heart
 Doth joy exceedingly,
 And with my song I will him praise.
- 8 Their strength is God alone :
 He also is the saving strength
 Of his anointed one.
- 9 O thine own people do thou save,
 Bless thine inheritance ;
 Them also do thou feed, and them
 For evermore advance.

PSALM XXIX.—29.

- 1 GIVE ye unto the Lord, ye sons
 That of the mighty be,
 All strength and glory to the Lord
 With cheerfulness give ye.
- 2 Unto the Lord the glory give
 That to his name is due :
 And in the beauty of holiness
 Unto Jehovah bow.
- 3 The Lord's voice on the waters is ;
 The God of majesty
 Doth thunder, and on multitudes
 Of waters sitteth he.
- 4 A pow'rful voice it is that comes
 Out from the Lord most high ;
 The voice of that great Lord is full
 Of glorious majesty.
- 5 The voice of the Eternal doth
 Asunder cedars tear ;
 Yea, God, the Lord, doth cedars
 break
 That Lebanon doth bear.

- 6 Is bheir e orra leum gu clist',
Amhluidh mar ghamhuinù bò :
Sliabh Shirioin is Lebanoin,
Mar bhuabhull meargant' òg.
- 7 Sgoiltidh guth Dhé an dealanach ;
Am fàsach crathaidh e ;
- 8 Seadh fàsach Chadeis mar an ceudn'
'Se Dia a chrathas e.
- 9 Bheir guth Dhé fòs air aighibh allt'
Grad-sgarachdainn r' an laogh ;
Is lomaidh sud na coillte dlùth',
A' rùsgadh bhàrr nan craobh :
- Is ann a theampull naomha-san,
Cuiridh gach neach an céill
Glòir agus urram mòr ar Dia ;
G' a mholadh-san d'a réir. [tuil ;
- 10 Tha Dia 'na chòmhnuidh air an
'S 'na shuidh' am feasd 'na Rìgh.
- 11 Bheir Dia d'a phobull neart ; is
bheir
Dhoibh beannachadh le sìth.

PSALM XXX.—30.

- 1 DHIA, molam thu, oir thog thu mi,
Gàir' m'eascair cha d'rinn dhìom.
- 2 A Dhia mo Thighearn, ghlaodh mi
riut,
Is dh'fhurtaich orm a'm' fheum.
- 3 Do thogadh m' anam leatsa, Dhé,
Glan as an uaigh a nìos ;
Is ghléidh thu mi gu tèaruint' beò,
Do'n t-slochd nach rachainn sìos.
- 4 Do'n Tighearn àrd gu ceòlmhor binn
Seinnibh, a naomh-shluagh fèin,
Ri cuimhneach' air a naomhachd-
Sgaoilb a chliu an céin. [san,
- 5 Oir 'fhear cha mhair ach mionaid
bheag,
'Na dheadh-ghean beatha ta :
Tràth feasgair fòsged robh ann bròn,
Thig aoibhneas leis an là.
- 6 A'm' shocair thubhairt mi mar so,
Cha ghluaisear mis' am feasd :
- 7 Le d' thròcair thug thu air mo chnoc
Gu daingean suas gu'n sheas :
A Dhé, do cheil thu orm do ghnùis,
Chuir sin gu trioblaid mi.
- 8 Dhia, riut do ghlaodh : is rinn ri
Mo ghearan is mo chaoidh : [Dia
- 9 Ciod i an tairbh' a'm' shuil-sa ta,
An déigh mo chur san uaigh ?
Am molar thusa leis an tìr ?
An toir air t'fhirinn luaidh ?
- 10 Eisd rium a nis, a Dhia nan dùl,
Dean tràcair orm is gràs ;
Is bi-sa, Dhé, d'fhear-cuidich leam,
'Nuair tharlas dhomh bhi 'n sàs.
- 11 Mo bhròn gu daunsadh chaochail
Is m'eudach saic faraon [thu,

- 6 He'makes them like a calf to skip,
Ev'n that great Lebanon,
And, like to a young unicorn,
The mountain Sirion.
- 7 God's voice divides the flames of
fire,
- 8 The desert it doth shake ;
The Lord doth make the wilderness
Of Kadesh all to quake.
- 9 God's voice doth make the hinds to
calve,
It makes the forest bare :
And in his temple ev'ry one
His glory doth declare.
- 10 The Lord sits on the floods ; the
Lord
Sits King, and ever shall.
- 11 The Lord will give his people
strength,
And with peace bless them all.

PSALM XXX.—30.

- 1 LORD, I will thee extol, for thou
Hast lifted me on high,
And over me thou to rejoice
Mad'st not mine enemy.
- 2 O thou who art the Lord my God,
I in distress to thee,
With loud cries lifted up my voice,
And thou hast healed me.
- 3 O Lord, my soul thou hast brought
And rescu'd from the grave ; [up,
That I to pit should not go down,
Alive thou didst me save.
- 5 O ye that are his holy ones,
Sing praise unto the Lord ;
And give unto him thanks, when ye
His holiness record.
- 5 For but a moment lasts his wrath ;
Life in his favour lies :
Weeping may for a night endure,
At morn doth joy arise.
- 6 In my prosperity I said,
That nothing shall me move.
- 7 O Lord, thou hast my mountain made
To stand strong by thy love :
But when that thou, O gracious God,
Didst hide thy face from me,
Then quickly was my prosp'rous state
Turn'd into misery.
- 8 Wherefore unto the Lord my cry
I caused to ascend :
My humble supplication
I to the Lord did send.
- 9 What profit is there in my blood,
When I go down to pit ?
Shall unto thee the dust give praise ?
Thy truth declare shall it ?

Do sgaoil thu dhlom, is chrìoslaich mi

Le h-aoibhneas air gach taobh :

12 Mo ghluir gu seinneadh dhuit sa cliu,

Gun idir bhi 'na tosd :

A Dhia mo Thighearn, bheir mi dhuit

Mòr-bhuidheachas am feasd.

PSALM XXXI.—31.

1 ASADSA, Dhé, nì mise bun ;
Nàir' orm na leig am feasd :

Dean fuasgladh dhomh a' t'ionracas,
O thrioblaid is o cheisd.

2 Do chluas a m' ionnsuidh crom a
Is furtaich orm gu dian : [nuas,
A'd' charraig dhaingean bi-sa dhomh,
Tigh-tearmuinn chum mo dhion.

3 Oir's tu a's carraig dhileas dhomh,
'S mo dhaingneach làidir treun,
Is uime sin sgàth t'ainme, Dhé,
Treòraich, is stiùir mo cheum.

4 Saor as an rib a dh'fholaich iad
Buin mise mach, a Dhé :
Air son gur tus' an ti a mhàin
A's neart, 's a's treòir dhomh féin.

5 A'd' làimh-sa mhàin, a Dhia nan
Mo spiorad tiomnam suas : [dùl,
A Dhia na firinn, is mo Thriath,
'S tu dh'fhuasgail air mo chruas.

6 Is fuath leam iad a bheir fa'near
Na breuga diomhaineach :
Ach dòchas ann an Dia nan gràs
Chuir mi gu muinghinneach.

7 A'd' thròcair biom gu h-aoibhneach
Oir thug thu, Dhé, fa'near [ait :
Mo thrioblaid ; 's m'anam ann an
Bha thusa fìosrach air. [teinn

8 Cha d'rinneadh leat mo dhruideadh
suas

An làimh mo nàmhaid thréin :
An àite farsuinn shocruch thu
Mo chosan is mo cheum.

9 O tha mi, Dhé, an trioblaid mhòir,
Dean tròcair orm gu cas :

Mo shùile, m'anam, is mo bholg,
Le bròn air seargadh as. [bròn,

10 Oir chlaoidheadh m'anam as le
'S mo bhliadhnacha le caoidh :

Do bhrìgh mo lochd chaidh as do m'
neart,

Mo chnàghan air an claidh.

11 Mar aobhar fanoid tha mi fòs
Do m' eascairdibh gu léir,

Gu h-àraidh do mo choimhearsnaich,
Mar mhasladh tha mi féin :

Is do luchd m'eòlais fòs a taim

A'm' aobhar geilt is fuath' :

10 Hear, Lord, have mercy ; help me,
Lord :

11 Thou turned hast my sadness
To dancing ; yea, my sackcloth loos'd,
And girded me with gladness ;

12 That sing thy praise my glory may,
And never silent be.

O Lord my God, for evermore
I will give thanks to thee.

PSALM XXXI.—31.

1 IN thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Sham'd let me never be :
According to thy righteousness
Do thou deliver me.

2 Bow down thine ear to me, with
Send me deliverance : [speed
To save me, my strong rock be thou,
And my house of defence.

3 Because thou art my rock, and thee
I for my fortress take ;
Therefore do thou me lead and
guide,

Ev'n for thine own name's sake.

4 And sith thou art my strength, there-
Pull me out of the net, [fore
Which they in subtilty for me
So privily have set.

5 Into thine hands I do commit
My sp'rit ; for thou art he,
O thou, Jehovah, God of truth,
That hast redeemed me.

6 Those that do lying vanities
Regard, I have abhorr'd :
But as for me, my confidence
Is fixed on the Lord.

7 I'll in thy mercy gladly joy ;
For thou my miseries
Consider'd hast ; thou hast my soul
Known in adversities :

8 And thou hast not inclosed me
Within the en'my's hand ;
And by thee have my feet been made
In a large room to stand.

9 O Lord, upon me mercy have,
For trouble is on me :
Mine eye, my belly, and my soul,
With grief consumed be.

10 Because my life with grief is spent,
My years with sighs and groans :
My strength doth fail ; and for my
Consumed are my bones. [sin

11 I was a scorn to all my foes,
And to my friends a fear ;
And specially reproach'd of those
That were my neighbours near :

When they me saw they from me

12 Ev'n so I am forgot, [fled.

- Gach neach a chi mi air an t-sràid,
A' teicheadh uam gu luath.
- 12 Mar dhuine marbh air dol á cuimhn';
Mar shoitheach briste mi:
- 13 Oir. chualas toibheum mòran
Eagal gach taobh do bhi: [dhaoibh];
A'm' aghaidh 'nuair a chruinnich iad,
Dhealbh iad mo bheath' a sgrìos:
- 14 Ach dhiot-sa, Dhé, rinn mise bun;
Is tu mo Dhia, deir mis'.
- 15 Tha m'aimsirean a'd' làimh-sa, Dhé,
Orm furtaich agus fòir
Oláimh mo naimbdean, is o'n dream
Tha leantuinn orm an tòir.
- 16 Do ghnùis is d'aghaidh dealraich-
Air t'òglach dìleas féin: [eadh
Air sgàth do ghràsa carthannach,
Mo shaoradh dean gu treun.
- 17 Na leig fo nàire mhaslaidh mi,
A Dhia, oir ghairm mi ort:
Ach nàire biodh air luchd an uile;
Biodh iad san uaigh 'nan tosd.
- 18 Cuir béil nam breug, a Dhé, 'nan
Labhras gu h-àrdanach, [tàmh,
'N aghaidh nam firean spreigeadh
Gu spideil tarcuiseach. [cruaidh,
- 19 Cia meud do mhaith a thaisg thu
D'an eagal thu faraon; [dhoibh,
'S a rinn thu do na dh'earbas riut,
Am fianuis chloinn nan daoin'!
- 20 O àilgheas dhaoine nì thu 'n dìon,
Fo dhiùmhnaireachd do ghnùis';
'S am pàillion fòs, o strì nan teang',
Nì didean dhoibh 'nan cùis.
- 21 Dia gu ma beannaichte gu bràth;
'Oir dh'fhoillsich e dhomh féin
A chaoimhneas càirdeil iongantach,
An caithir làidir thréin.
- 22 Thuirt mi a'm' dheisr, tha mi
Scaitht'
O bheachd do shùl a mach:
Ach chual thu 'nuair a ghlaodh mi
Guth m'asluich ghearnaich. [riut,
- 23 Gràdhaichibh Dia, O naoimh, air
Oir Dia do'n treibhdhireach [fad:
Do nì sàr-dhìon, is dìol gu pailt
Do'n uaibhreach àilgheasach.
- 24 Sibhse a chuir an Dia nan gràs
Bhur dòchas mar is còir,
Bibh misneachail, is cuiridh e
Nearb ann bhur cridh' is treòir.

SALM XXXII.—32.

- 1 'S BEANNAICHT' an duine sin a
fhuair
'Na pheacadh maitheanas;
A fhuair le trècair folach air
A chiont' is 'eusaontas.

- As men are out of mind when dead;
I'm like a broken pot.
- 13 For slanders I of many heard;
Fear compass'd me, while they
Against me did consult, and plot
To take my life away.
- 14 But as for me, O Lord, my trust
Upon thee I did lay;
And I to thee, Thou art my God,
Did confidently say.
- 15 My times are wholly in thine hand
Do thou deliver me
From their hands that mine enemies
And persecutors be.
- 16 Thy countenance do shine do thou
Upon thy servant make:
Unto me give salvation,
For thy great mercies' sake.
- 17 Let me not be ashamed, O Lord,
For on thee call'd I have:
Let wicked men be sham'd, let them
Be silent in the grave.
- 18 To silence put the lying lips,
That grievous things do say,
And hard reports, in pride and scorn
On righteous men do lay.
- 19 How great's the goodness thou for
them
That fear thee keep'st in store,
And wrought'st for them that trust
The sons of men before! [in thee
- 20 In secret of thy presence thou
Shalt hide them from man's pride:
From strife of tongues thou closely
As in a tent, them hide. [shalt,
- 21 All praise and thanks be to the
For he hath magnified [Lord;
His wondrous love to me within
A city fortified.
- 22 For from thine eyes, cut off I am,
I in my haste had said;
My voice yet heard'st thou, when to
thee
With cries my moan I made.
- 23 O love the Lord, all ye his saints;
Because the Lord doth guard
The faithful, and he plenteously
Proud doers doth reward.
- 24 Be of good courage, and be strength
Unto your heart shall send,
All ye whose hope and confidence
Doth on the Lord depend.

PSALM XXXII.—32.

- 1 O BLESSED is the man to whom
Is freely pardoned
All the transgression he hath
done,
Whose sin is covered.

2 'S beannaicht' an ti nach agair Dia
'Na sheachranaibh ni's mò ;
Is ann a spiorad fòs nach 'eil
Claon-chealgaireachd no gò.

3 A' fantuinn dhomh gu fad a'm'
thàmh,

Luidh air mo chnàmhaibh aois,
Is b'ambuidh sin gach là mo chor,
Le dol do m' bhùireadh suas.

4 Oir ormsa bha do làmh gu trom,
Air feadh gach oidhch' is là :
Mo bhrìgh gu tart an t-samhraidh
theith
Air ath'rrachadh a ta.

5 Làn-fhoillsich mi mo pheacadh
dhuit,
Nior cheil mi m'aingidheachd :
Aidmheil (thuirt mi) do Dhia ni mis',
Is mhaith thu crou mo lochd.

6 So fàth mu'n guidhe riut gach
naomh,
San àm am fàighear thu :
Gu dearbh an tuil nan uisgean mòr,
Cha ruig iad air gu dlùth.

7 Tha thu a' t' ionad foluich dhomh,
Ni coimhead orm o theinn ;
Is nithear leat mo chuairteachadh
Le h-òran saorsa binn.

8 Dhuit teagaisgidh is seòlaidh mi
Am bealach is an t-iùil,
San tigeadh dhuitse triall gu ceart ;
Sin seòlam dhuit le m' shùil.

9 Na bi mar mhuileid, no mar each,
Na h-ainmhidhean gun chéill :
Ri'n cuirear, chum nach tig iad ort,
Teann-sparrag sréin 'nam beul.

10 Is lionmhor bròn aig luchd an
uile :
Ach neach d'am barrant Dia,
Tha 'thròcair dol m'a thimchioll-
san
G'a dhionadh mar ni sgiath.

11 A dhaoine treibhdhireach, an Dia
Bibh aoibhneach agus ait :
Is deanaibh gairdeachas, gach neach
'G am bheil an cridhe ceart.

SALM XXXIII.—33.

1 O SIBHSE ta 'nur fireanaibh,
Biodh aiteas oirbh an Dia :
Oir 's cubhaidh do na daoinibh coir,
Bhi tabhairt cliù do'n Triath.

2 Air clàrsaich thugaibh moladh dha :
Is air an t-saltair ghrinn,
Air inneal-ciùil nan teuda deich
Seinnibh do Dhia gu binn.

2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his sin,
And in whose sp'rit there is no guile,
Nor fraud is found therein.

3 When as I did refrain my speech,
And silent was my tongue,
My bones then waxed old, because
I roared all day long.

4 For upon me both day and night
Thine hand did heavy lie,
So that my moisture turned is
In summer's drought thereby.

5 I thereupon have unto thee
My sin acknowledged,
And likewise mine iniquity
I have not covered :
I will confess unto the Lord
My trespasses, said I ;
And of my sin thou freely didst
Forgive th' iniquity.

6 For this shall ev'ry godly one
His prayer make to thee ;
In such a time he shall thee seek,
As found thou mayest be.
Surely, when floods of waters great
Do swell up to the brim,
They shall not overwhelm his soul,
Nor once come near to him.

7 Thou art my hiding-place, thou shalt
From trouble keep me free :
Thou with songs of deliverance
About shall compass me.

8 I will instruct thee, and thee teach
The way that thou shalt go ;
And, with mine eye upon thee set,
I will direction show.

9 Then be not like the horse or mule,
Which do not understand ;
Whose mouth, lest they come near
A bridle must command. [to thee

10 Unto the man that wicked is
His sorrows shall abound ;
But him that trusteth in the Lord
Mercy shall compass round.

11 Ye righteous, in the Lord be glad,
In him do ye rejoice :
All ye that upright are in heart,
For joy lift up your voice.

PSALM XXXIII.—33.

1 YE righteous, in the Lord rejoice ;
It comely is and right
That upright men, with thankful
voice,

Should praise the Lord of might.
2 Praise God with harp, and unto
him
Sing with the psaltery ;

- 3 Is canaibh dha-san òran nuadh :
Ard-sheinnibh fonn gun stad.
- 4 Oir 's a ceart a reachd : am firinn fòs
Ta 'oibre deant' air fad.
- 5 Is ionmhuinn leis-san còir is ceart ;
Lion maitheas Dé gach tìr.
- 6 Rinn focal Dé na nèamh', 's an
sluagh
Rinn guth a bheoil gu léir.
- 7 Mar thòrr a ta e carnadh suas,
Uisge na fairge mòir' :
A' coimhead fòs na doimhne suas,
Gu dileas an tigh-stòir.
- 8 Nis roimh an Tighearna gu mòr
Biodh eagal air gach tìr ;
Is air na dh'àiticheas an saogh'l
Biodh ogluidheachd gu léir.
- 9 Oir labhair Dia, is rinneadh e :
Dh'orduich, is chuir air clois :
10 Chuir comhairle nan sluagh air cùl :
Is innleachd dhaoin' air ais.
- 11 Tha comhairle Iehobhah mhòir
Gu seasmach buan am feasd ;
Smuaintean a chridhe mar an
ceudn'
O linn gu linn gun cheisd.
- 12 'S beannaicht' an cinneach sin 'g
am bheil,
Mar Dhia Iehobhah treun :
'S am pobull fòs a ròghnaich e
Mar oighreachd bhuan dha féin.
- 13 Air chloinn nan daoine seallaidh
Dia,
O nèamh nan speur a nuas.
- 14 'S léir dha gach neach sa' chruinne-
ché
O 'ionad còmhnuidh shuas.
- 15 An cridh' air aon dòigh chumadh
leis ;
Thug e fa'near an guiomh.
- 16 Cha tèaruinn rìgh le meud a
shluaigh ;
Do'n laoch, neart mòr cha dìon.
- 17 An t-each an còmhrag 's diombain
e,
A dheanamh furtachd leis ;
No dheanamh fuasglaidh ri àm féim,
Ge mòr a lùth 's a threis'.
- 18 Feuch, sùilean Dé gu furachair
Air a luchd eagail féin,
Is air an dream sin as a ghràs,
Ni muinghinn làidir treun :
- 19 An anam chum a dhion o'n bhàs,
'S o'n ghoirt an cumail beò.
- 20 Ar n-anam, feithidh e air Dia ;
Ar neart, 's ar sgiath gach lù.
- 21 Oir ann-san nì ar cridh' a stigh
Ur-ghairdeachas gun dith :

- Upon a ten-string'd instrument
Make ye sweet melody.
- 3 A new song to him sing, and play
With loud noise skilfully :
- 4 For right is God's word, all his works
Are done in verity.
- 5 To judgment and to righteousness
A love he beareth still ;
The loving-kindness of the Lord
The earth throughout doth fill.
- 6 The heavens by the word of God
Did their beginning take ;
And by the breathing of his mouth
He all their hosts did make.
- 7 The waters of the seas he brings
Together as an heap ;
And in storehouses, as it were,
He layeth up the deep.
- 8 Let earth, and all that live therein,
With rev'rence fear the Lord ;
Let all the world's inhabitants
Dread him with one accord.
- 9 For he did speak the word, and done
It was without delay ;
Established, it firmly stood,
Whatever he did say.
- 10 God doth the counsel bring to
nought
Which heathen folk do take ;
And what the people do devise
Of none effect doth make.
- 11 O but the counsel of the Lord
Doth stand for ever sure ;
And of his heart the purposes
From age to age endure.
- 12 That nation blessed is, whose God
Jehovah is, and those
A blessed people are, whom for
His heritage he chose,
- 13 The Lord from heav'n sees and be-
All sons of men full well : [holds
- 14 He views all from his dwelling-place
That in the earth do dwell.
- 15 He forms their hearts alike, and all
Their doings he observes.
- 16 Great hosts save not a king, much
strength
No mighty man preserves.
- 17 An horse for preservation
Is a deceitful thing ;
And by the greatness of his strength
Can no deliv'rance bring.
- 18 Behold, on those that do him fear
The Lord doth set his eye ;
Ev'n those who on his mercy do
With confidence rely.
- 19 From death to free their soul, in
Life unto them to yield. [dearth

Is cuiridh sinn 'na ainm ro-naomh
Ar nuinghiun fòs gu sior.

22 Do thròcair gu robh oirnn gu
A Thighearna, gach là, [caomh,
A réir mar chuir sinn annad féin
Ar dòchas treun a ghnàth.

SALM XXXIV.—34.

1 IEHOBAH beannaicheam gu h-àrd,
Gach aimsir is gach tràth :
A chliu 's a mholadh ann am bheul
Gu h-ìomraiteach a ghnàth.

2 Is anns an Tighearna ro-threun
Ni m'anam uail is glòir :
Na daoine sèimh', tràth chluinneas
sùd,
Ni gairdeachas gu mòr.

3 Ardaichibh leamsa Dia nam feart,
Molamaid 'ainm le chèil' :

4 Dh'iarr mise Dia, chual' e, is bhuin
Mi as gach gàbhadh geur.

5 Dh'amhairc iad air, is dhealraich
Gun uaire air an gruaidh. [iad :

6 Do ghlaodh am bochd, is dh'éisid ris
Dia,
Is dh'fhuasgail as gach truaigh.

7 Tha aingeal Dé a' campachadh
Mu'n dream d'an eagal e,
G'am fuasgladh is g'an teasairginn
O'n trioblaidibh gu léir.

8 O blaisibh agus faicibh so,
Gu maith, 's gur milis Dia :
Am fear sin 's beannaicht' e gu
A dh' earbas as an Triath. [beachd

9 Fìor eagal Dé, biodh oirbh, a naoimh ;
Oir uireasbhuidh no dìth
Cha bhi air a luchd eagail-san,
Fìor-chràbhadh dha a ni.

10 Bidh easbhuidh air na leòmhnaibh
Is ocras orr' air leth ; [òg',
Ach air an dream a dh'iarras Dia
Cha cheilear aon ni maith.

11 Thigibh a chlann, is éisidibh rium :
Dhuibh nochdam eagal Dé.

12 Cò'm fear le'm b'àill bhi fada beò,
Chum maith gu faiceadh e ?

13 Coinhid do theangadh féin o'n olc,
'S o labhairt ceilg' do bheul.

14 Seachainn an t-olc, is dean am
maith :

Iarr sìochaint, 's lean gu geur.

15 Tha suile Dhé air fireanaibh,
S a chluas ri'n glaoth gu fìor.

16 Tha gnùis Dhé 'n aghaidh daoibh, a
Au cuimhne sgrios a tìr. [chum

17 Do ghlaodh na fireana ri Dia,
Is dh'éisid e riu gu grad ;

Thug furtachd agus fuasgladh dhoibh
O'n àmhgharaibh air fad.

20 Our souldoth wait upon the Lord ;
He is our help and shield.

21 Sith in his holy name we trust,
Our heart shall joyful be.

22 Lord, let thy mercy be on us,
As we do hope in thee.

PSALM XXXIV.—34.

1 GOD will I bless all times ; his
praise

My mouth shall still express.

2 My soul shall boast in God : the
meek

Shall hear with joyfulness.

3 Extol the Lord with me, let us
Exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, he heard, and did
Me from all fears deliver.

5 They look'd to him, and lighten'd
were :

Not shamed were their faces.

6 This poor man cried, God heard, and
sav'd

Him from all his distresses.

7 The angel of the Lord encamps,
And round encompasseth

All those about that do him fear,
And them delivereth.

8 O taste and see that God is good :
Who trusts in him is bless'd.

9 Fear God, his saints : none that him
fear

Shall be with want oppress'd.

10 The lions young may hungry be,
And they may lack their food :

But they that truly seek the Lord
Shall not lack any good.

11 O children, hither do ye come,
And unto me give ear ;

I shall you teach to understand
How ye the Lord should fear.

12 What man is he that life desires
To see good would live long ?

13 Thy lips refrain from speaking guile
And from ill words thy tongue.

14 Depart from ill, do good, seek
peace,

Pursue it earnestly.

15 God's eyes are on the just ; his ears
Are open to their cry.

16 The face of God is set against
Those that do wickedly,

That he may quite out from the
Cut off their memory. [earth

17 The righteous cry unto the Lord,
He unto them gives ear ;

And they out of their troubles all
By him deliver'd are.

- 18 Do'n mhuinntir 'g am bheil cridhe
brùit'
Is dlùth dhoibh Dia gun cheisd :
Ni esan furtachd fòs do'n dream
'G am bheil an spiorad brist'.
- 19 Is lionmhor trioblaid agus teinn
Thig air an fhìrean chòir ;
Ach asd' air fad ni Dia nan gràs
A theasairginn fadheòidh.
- 20 A chnàmhan uile coimhdidh e :
Cha'n 'eil a h-aon diubh brist'.
- 21 Ach marbhaidh olc an duine daoibh,
Is claidhear e gun cheisd :
Is luchd an fharmaid, a bheir fuath
Do dhaoibh còir is ceart,
Mòr-chiontach fàgar iad 'nan lochd,
Di-mhilltear iad gu beachd.
- 22 Anam a sheirbhiseach gu léir
Saor-fhuasglaidh Dia gach àm,
Cha mhilltear idir neach dhiubh sud
Chuireas an dòchas ann.

SALM XXXV.—35.

- 1 TAGAIR, a Dhia, ri luchd mo strì ;
Cuir cath ri luchd mo chath'.
- 2 Glac féin do thargaid, is do sgiath,
Eirich, dean còmhnaidh maith.
- 3 Glac fòs do shleagh, 's air luchd mo
thòir
Am bealach druid gu teann :
Ri m'anam abair féin mar so,
Is mi do chòmhuid ann.
- 4 Trom-nàir' is masladh gu robh
dhoibh
Ta 'g iarraidh m'anam' bhochd :
Is pilleadh iad le h-amhluidh geur,
Ta smuaineachadh dhomh lochd.
- 5 Biodh iad mar mhuillnein dol le
gaoith :
'Nan tòir biodh aingeal Dé :
6 Biodh aingeal Dé 'g an ruith gu
teann,
Dorch sleamhuinn biodh an ceum.
- 7 Oir liontan leag iad air mo shon,
Gun aobhar no cion-fàth ;
Is slochd gun aobhar chladhaich
iad,
Chum m'anam chur an sàs.
- 8 Gun fhios da, thigeadh dòruinn air,
Is glacer e san lion
A dh'fholuich e : san dòruinn
cheudn'
Tuiteadh e féin gu dian.
- 9 Ni m'anam gairdeachas an Dia ;
'S 'na fhurtachd sòlas mòr.
- 10 Is their mo chnàmhan uile, Dhé,
Cò choimeas riuts' is còir ?
Ni teasairginn do'n duine bhochd
O'n neach ta air ro-threun,

- 18 The Lord is ever nigh to them
That be of broken sp'rit ;
To them he safety doth afford
That are in heart contrite.
- 19 The troubles that afflict the just
In number many be ;
But yet at length out of them all
The Lord doth set him free.
- 20 He carefully his bones doth keep,
Whatever can befall :
That not so much as one of them
Can broken be at all.
- 21 Ill shall the wicked slay ; laid
waste
Shall be who hate the just.
- 22 The Lord redeems his servants'
souls ;
None perish that him trust.

PSALM XXXV.—35.

- 1 PLEAD, Lord, with those that plead ;
and fight
With those that fight with me.
- 2 Of shield and buckler take thou hold,
Stand up mine help to be.
- 3 Draw also out the spear, and do
Against them stop the way
That me pursue ; unto my soul,
I'm thy salvation, say.
- 4 Let them confounded be and sham'd
That for my soul have sought :
Who plot my hurt turn'd back be
they,
And to confusion brought.
- 5 Let them be like unto the chaff
That flies before the wind :
And let the angel of the Lord
Pursue them hard behind.
- 6 With darkness cover thou their way,
And let it slipp'ry prove ;
And let the angel of the Lord
Pursue them from above.
- 7 For without cause have they for me
Their net hid in a pit,
They also have without a cause
For my soul digged it.
- 8 Let ruin seize him unawares ;
His net he hid withal
Himself let catch ; and in the same
Destruction let him fall.
- 9 My soul in God shall joy ; and glad
In his salvation be :
- 10 And all my bones shall say, O Lord,
Who is like unto thee,
Which dost the poor set free from
That is for him too strong ; [him

- An t-ainnis is am bochd o'n ti
 Le'm b'aill a chlaoidh gu léir.
- 11 Luchd fianuis bhréige dh'éirich
 Is chuir iad as mo leth [rium,
 Na nithe sin gu h-eucorach,
 Nach b' fhiosrach mi am bith.
- 12 Olc dhiol iad rium an éirie maith,
 Chum m'anam chur fo leòn.
- 13 Ach mis', air bhi dhoibh sud gu
 tinn,
 Ghabh umam culaidh bhròin :
 M'anam le trasgadh dh'ùmhlaich
 mi,
 'S phill m'urnuigh ann am chrìos.
- 14 Mar charaid, bràth'r, no fear-caoidh
 màth'r
 Gu brònach crom ghluais mis'.
- 15 Ach chruinnich iad, is bha iad ait,
 Air bhi dhomh ann an teinn :
 Gun fhios domh, chruinnich cuid-
 eachd thair,
 Gun tàmh mo reubadh rinn.
- 16 Le cealgairibh gu fanoideach,
 'Nam féisd rinn spòrsa dhiom,
 Do chasadh leo am fiacra rium,
 Rì magadh orm gu dian.
- 17 Cia thad is léir dhuit so, a Dhé ?
 Saor m'anam fèin gu cas
 O'm milleadh-san : mo. sheircein
 fòs,
 Tèaruinn o leòmhnaibh bras.
- 18 Làn-bhuidheachas do bheir mi dhuit
 Am measg an tionail mhòir ;
 'S am measg an t-sluaigh tràth 's
 lionmhor iad,
 Ard-mholam thu le glòir.
- 19 Mo naimhde ta gun aobhar rium,
 Na biodh ac' aoibhneas dhiom :
 Do'n dream a thug dhomh fuath gun
 A'm' chaogadh sùl na biom. [chuis
- 20 Oir ann an sith cha'n 'eil an tlachd,
 Ach ann am beartaibh claon,
 An aghaidh dhaoine ciùin na tìr',
 'G am buaireadh air gach taobh.
- 21 Gu farsuinn dh'fhosgail iad am
 Is rium, ha, ha, a deir, [beul,
 Chunnaic a nis ar sùil an ni
 Bu mhiannach leinn teachd air.
- 22 Ach chunnaic thusa so, a Dhia,
 Na bi a'd' thosd a'm' fheum :
 A Thighearn is a Dhia nam feart,
 Na fuirich uam an céin.
- 23 Tog ort, is mosgail chum mo cheirt,
 Fa m' chùis, mo Dhia, 's mo Rìgh.
- 24 Dhia, dean a réir do cheartaibh breth,
 Is dhoibh na b'aoibhneas mi.
- 25 'Nan cridh' na h-abradh iad riu
 Ha, ha, 'se sud ar miann : [féin,

- The poor and needy from the man
 That spoils and does him wrong ?
- 11 False witnesses rose ; to my
 charge
 Things I not knew they laid.
- 12 They to the spoiling of my soul,
 Me ill for good repaid.
- 13 But as for me, when they were
 sick,
 In sackcloth sad I mourn'd :
 My humbled soul did fast, my
 pray'r
 Into my bosom turn'd.
- 14 Myself I did behave as he
 Had been my friend or brother ;
 I heavily bow'd down, as one
 That mourneth for his mother.
- 15 But in my trouble they rejoic'd,
 Gath'ring themselves together ;
 Yea, abjects vile together did
 Themselves against me gather :
 I knew it not ; they did me tear,
 And quiet would not be.
- 16 With mocking hypocrites, at
 feasts
 They gnash'd their teeth at me.
- 17 How long, Lord, look'st thou on ?
 from those
 Destructions they intend
 Rescue my soul, from lions young
 My darling do defend.
- 18 I will give thanks to thee, O Lord,
 Within th' assembly great :
 And where much people gather'd
 Thy praises forth will set. [are
- 19 Let not my wrongful enemies
 Proudly rejoice o'er me ;
 Nor who me hate without a cause
 Let them wink with the eye.
- 20 For peace they do not speak at all ;
 But crafty plots prepare
 Against all those within the land
 That meek and quiet are.
- 21 With mouths set wide, they 'gainst
 me said,
 Ha, ha ! our eye doth see.
- 22 Lord, thou hast seen, hold not thy
 Lord, be not far from me. [peace ;
- 23 Stir up thyself ; wake, that thou
 may'st
 Judgment to me afford,
 Ev'n to my cause, O thou that art
 My only God and Lord.
- 24 O Lord my God, do thou me judge
 After thy righteousness ;
 And let them not their joy 'gainst
 me
 Triumphantly express ;

- Is fòs na h-abradh iad a chaoidh,
Do shluig sinn e gu dian.
26 Biodh orra nàir', is tairngear iad
Gu h-amhladh mòr le chéil',
A ta gu suilbhir is gu h-ait,
Ri faicinn m'àmghair ghéir :
Is biodh iad air an sgeudachadh
Le masladh is le nàir',
Tha 'g iarraidh urraim mhòir dhoibh
A'm' aghaidh-sa gun tàmh. [féin
27 Biodh aoibhneas orra, 's gairdeach-
A sheasas dhomh mo chòir : [as,
Is abradh iad, Mòr-chliu gu robh
Do Thighearna na glòir',
Tha gabhail tlachd do shonas buan
A sheirbhisich a ghnàth.
28 Is air do cheartas thig mo bheul,
Is air do chliu gach là.

SALM XXXVI.—36.

- 1 DEIR eusaontas an droch-dhuin' so,
'Na chridhe stigh 'sna chliabh
Fior-eagal Dé am beachd a shùl
Cha 'n 'eil, is cha robh riamh.
2 Oir ni e brionnal baoth ris féin
A réir mar thaitneas ris ;
A chionta gus am foillsichear
Mar aobhar fuath d'a sgrios.
3 Fior-chluaintearachd is eucoir mhòr,
Sud cainnt a bheoil gu tric :
Is sguir e fòs o dheanamh maith,
Is leig e dheth bhi glic.
4 Airmheas 'na leabaidh tha e dealbh' ;
San t-slighe nach 'eil ceart
Shuidhich is shocruch se e féin ;
Cha'n oillteil leis droch bheart.
5 Do thròcair tha sna nèamhaibh
A Thighearn is a Dhé : [shuas,
Gu ruig na neoil, is àird nan speur,
Làn ruigidh t'fhirinn réidh.
6 Do cheartas mar na sléibhtibh àrd',
Do bhreth mar dhoimhneachd
mhòir ;
Air duine 's ainmhidh ni thu, Dhé,
Deadh-choimhead agus fòir.
7 O Dhia ! is priseil urramach
Do chaoimhneas gràdhach caoin ;
Fo sgàil do sgéith ni uime sin,
Làn dòchas clann nan daoine'.
8 Le sàill do theach is t'arois phailt
Sàsuichear iad gu mòr ;
A t'amhainn làn do shòlasaibh
Deoch bheir thu dhoibh r'a h-òl.
9 Tobar na beatha tha gu dearbh
Agadsa, Dhia nan dùl ;
Is ann ad sholas dealrach glan,
Chi sinne solus iùil.

- 25 Nor let them say within their
hearts,
Ah, we would have it thus ;
Nor suffer them to say, that he
Is swallow'd up by us.
26 Sham'd and confounded be they all
That at my hurt are glad ;
Let those against me that do boast
With shame and scorn be clad,
27 Let them that love my righteous
cause,
Be glad, shout, and not cease
To say, The Lord be magnified,
Who loves his servant's peace.
28 Thy righteousness shall also be
Declared by my tongue ;
The praises that belong to thee
Speak shall it all day long.

PSALM XXXVI.—36.

- 1 THE wicked man's transgression
Within my heart thus says,
Undoubtedly the fear of God
Is not before his eyes.
2 Because himself he flattereth
In his own blinded eye,
Until the hatefulness be found
Of his iniquity.
3 Words from his mouth proceeding
are,
Fraud and iniquity :
He to be wise, and to do good,
Hath left off utterly.
4 He mischief, lying on his bed,
Most cunningly doth plot :
He sets himself in ways not good,
Ill he abhorreth not.
5 Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heav'ns ;
Thy truth doth reach the clouds :
6 Thy justice is like mountains
great ;
Thy judgments deep as floods :
Lord, thou preservest man and
beast.
7 How precious is thy grace !
Therefore in shadow of thy wings
Men's sons their trust shall place.
8 They with the fatness of thy house
Shall be well satisfied ;
From rivers of thy pleasures thou
Wilt drink to them provide.
9 Because of life the fountain pure
Remains alone with thee ;
And in that purest light of thine
We clearly light shall see.

- 10 Maireadh do chaoimhneas gràidh, a
Do'n dream chùireòlas ort : [Dhé,
Is buanaich t'fhireantachd faraon
Do luchd a' chridhe cheirt.
- 11 Na leig do chois an àrdain bhuirb
A'm' aghaidh teachd, a Dhé :
Is làmh an droch dhuin' aingidh fòs
Gu bràth na gluaisleadh mi.
- 12 An sin do thuit luchd-deanamh
Is leagadh iad a sìos, [uile;
Ag diobhail luith cha'n fheudar leo,
Gu'n éirich iad a nìos.

SALM XXXVII.—37.

- 1 LASAN no campar na biodh ort
Mu dhaoineibh aingidh olc,
Is na gabh farmad ris an dream
A bhios a' deanamh lochd.
- 2 Oir amhluidh mar is dual do'n fheur,
Glan-sgathar iad gu grad,
Is amhluidh mar na lusa maoth'
Crìon-seargaidh iad air fad.
- 3 Cuir-sa do dhòchas ann an Dia,
Is deanar maitheas leat,
Mar sin sìor-mhealaidh tu an tìr,
'S beathaichear thu gu beachd.
- 4 Gabh tlachd an Dia, is bheir e dhuit
Làn rùn do chridh' a chaoidh.
- 5 Do shlighe tabhair suas do Dhia;
Earb ris, is bheir gu crìch.
- 6 Foillsichidh e do chòir 's do cheart,
Mar sholus glan nan tràth;
Is amhluidh mar àrd-mheadhon-là
Do bhreitheanas a ghnàth.
- 7 Gu sàmhach fan ri Dia nan dùil,
Is feith le foighid leis;
An ti 'na shligh' a shoirbhicheas,
Na gabh-sa farmad ris:
- Fa chùis an fhir a bheir gu buil
A dhroch-bheart innleachdach.
- 8 Leig corruich dhìot, tréig fearg:
Na bi-sa frionasach. [chum uile
- 9 Oir droch-dhaoin' is luchd deanamh
Glan-sgathar a gu léir: [uile
Ach lion 'g am bheil an sùil ri Dia,
Buan-mhealaidh iad an tìr.
- 10 Oir feith gu foil rè tamuill bhig,
'S an droch dhuin' cha bhi ann:
'S 'na ionad fòs, ma bheir fa'near,
Cha bhi e fèin no 'chlann.
- 11 Ach mealaidh daoine séimh am
Am fearann is an tìr: [feasd
Làn-shòlas bheirear dhoibh faraon,
An saoi-bhreachd na sìth'.
- 12 Tha 'n t-aingidh cumadh lochd do'n
'S a' casadh 'fhiacra ris. [t-saoi,
- 13 Nì Dia air fàinid: oir dha 's léir
Gur dlùth air là a sgrìos.

- 10 Thy loving-kindness unto them
Continue that thee know;
And still on men upright in heart
Thy righteousness bestow.
- 11 Let not the foot of cruel pride
Come, and against me stand;
And let me not removed be,
Lord, by the wicked's hand.
- 12 There fallen are they, and ruined,
That work iniquities:
Cast down they are, and never shall
Be able to arise.

PSALM XXXVII.—37.

- 1 FOR evil-doers fret thou not
Thyself unquietly;
Nor do thou envy bear to those
That work iniquity.
- 2 For, even like unto the grass
Soon be cut down shall they;
And, like the green and tender herb,
They wither shall away.
- 3 Set thou thy trust upon the Lord,
And be thou doing good;
And so thou in the land shalt dwell,
And verily have food.
- 4 Delight thyself in God; he'll give
Thine heart's desire to thee.
- 5 Thy way to God commit, him trust,
It bring to pass shall he.
- 6 And, like unto the light, he shall
Thy righteousness display;
And he thy judgment shall bring
Like noon-tide of the day. [forth,
- 7 Rest in the Lord, and patiently
Wait for him: do not fret
For him who, prosp'ring in his way,
Success in sin doth get.
- 8 Do thou from anger cease, and wrath
See thou forsake also:
Fret not thyself in any wise,
That evil thou should'st do.
- 9 For those that evil-doers are
Shall be cut off and fall:
But those that wait upon the Lord
The earth inherit shall.
- 10 For yet a little while, and then
The wicked shall not be;
His place thou shalt consider well,
But it thou shalt not see.
- 11 But by inheritance the earth
The meek ones shall possess:
They also shall delight themselves
In an abundant peace.
- 12 The wicked plots against the just,
And at him whets his teeth;
- 13 The Lord shall laugh at him, because
His day he coming seeth.

- 14 Na h-aingidh tharruing iad an lann;
Is chuir am bogh' air ghleus,
A leagadh aim-beartach is bhochd,
'Sa mharbhadh luchd deadh bheus.
- 15 An claidheamh théid 'nan cridhe
Théid air am bogha claidh. [féin,
16 'S fearr beagan aig an duine chòir,
Na saoibhreas mòr nan daoì.
- 17 Oir gairdeana luchd aingidheachd
Min-bhrisear air an cruas;
Ach daoine còir is fireanach
Ni Dia an cumail suas.
- 18 Air aimsiribh nam fireanach
Is fiosrach Dia gun cheisd:
An oighreachd is an seilbh faraon,
Dhoibh 's maireannach am feasd.
- 19 Cha chuirear iad gu rudhadh
gruaidh,
'S an aimsir ghàbhaidh olc:
Oir gheibh iad uil' an sàth gu leòr
An làithibh gainne 's gort'.
- 20 Ach sgriosar droch dhaoìn', naimhde
Dhè,
Bidh iad mar shailh nan uan:
Làn-mhillear iad, is théid dhoibh as,
Mar dheataich nach 'eil buan.
- 21 An iasachd gabhaidh daoine daoì,
'S cha diol a ris air ais;
Am firean tha e tròcaireach,
Is nithear pailteas leis.
- 22 Oir mheud 's a fhuair a bheannachd-
Sior-mhealaidh iad an tìr: [san,
'S an dream a gheibh a mbhallachd-
Lom-sgriosar iad gu léir. [san,
- 23 Tha Dia a' stiùireadh cheumanna
An duine naomha chòir:
Is tha e gabhail tlachd is toil'
D'a shlighe-san gu mòr.
- 24 Nan tarladh dhia gu'n tuiteadh e,
Cha tilgear tur e sìos:
Oir tha an Tighearna le 'làimh
'G a chumail suas a ris.
- 25 Bha mise òg, 's a nis an aois;
Is riamh cha'n fhaca mi
'Na dhiobrachan an duine còir,
No 'shliochd ag iarraidh bidh.
- 26 Sior-thruacant' e, is coingheallach:
Beannaicht' a shliochd a ta.
- 27 Seachainn an t-olc, is dean am maith,
Is còmhnuidh gabh gu bràth.
- 28 Is toigh le Dia ceart bhreitheanas,
A naoimh cha tréig e chaoidh;
Sior-choimhdear iad: ach sgathar sìos
Droch shliochd nan daoine daoì.
- 29 Mealaidh na fireana an tìr;
Buan-chòmhnuidh ni iad innt'.
- 30 Thig beul an t-saoi air gliocas glan,
A theang' air rogha cainnt.
- 14 The wicked have drawn out the
sword,
And bent their bow, to slay
The poor and needy, and to kill
Men of an upright way.
- 15 But their own sword, which they
have drawn,
Shall enter their own heart:
Their bows which they have bent
And into pieces part. [shall break,
- 16 A little that a just man hath
Is more and better far
Than is the wealth of many such
As lewd and wicked are.
- 17 For sinners' arms shall broken be;
But God the just sustains.
- 18 God knows the just man's days, and
Their heritage remains. [still
- 19 They shall not be ashamed when they
The evil time do see;
And when the days of famine are,
They satisfied shall be.
- 20 But wicked men, and foes of God,
As fat of lambs, decay;
They shall consume, yea, into smoke
They shall consume away.
- 21 The wicked borrows, but the same
Again he doth not pay;
Whereas the righteous mercy shows,
And gives his own away.
- 22 For such as blessed be of him
The earth inherit shall;
And they that cursed are of him
Shall be destroyed all.
- 23 A good man's footsteps by the Lord
Are ordered aright;
And in the way wherein he walks
He greatly doth delight.
- 24 Although he fall, yet shall he not
Be cast down utterly;
Because the Lord with his own hand
Upholds him mightily.
- 25 I have been young, and now am
Yet have I never seen [old,
The just man left, nor that his seed
For bread have beggars been.
- 26 He's ever merciful, and lends:
His seed is bless'd therefore.
- 27 Depart from evil, and do good,
And dwell for evermore.
- 28 For God loves judgment, and his
Leaves not in any case; [saints
They are kept ever: but cut off
Shall be the sinner's race.
- 29 The just inherit shall the land,
And ever in it dwell: [speak:
- 30 The just man's mouth doth wisdom
His tongue doth judgment tell.

31 Tha lagh a Dhé 'na chridh' a stigh :
Cha sleamhnuich uaith a cheum.

32 Tha'n droch dhuin' feitheamh air
an t-saoi,
G'a mharbhadh is g'a theum.

33 Cha 'n fhàgan Tighearne 'na làimh,
A dheanamh air droch-bheirt ;
Cha'n fhàgar ris e ann am binn,
Tràth chuirear e fo cheirt.

34 Feith thus' air Dia, 's 'na shligh'
Is àrduichear leis thu, [gluais
An tìrgu meal thu ; is droch dhaoin'
'G am milleadh chì do shùil.

35 An duine malluicht' chunnaic mi
An neart, 's an inbhe mhòir,
'Ga sgaoileadh féin a mach mar
A' fas gu dosrach ùr ; [chraoibh,

36 Ach chaidh e seach, is feuch cha
Dh'iarr, is cha d'fhuaras e. [robh ;

37 Amhaire is feuch gur sìth is crìoch
Do'n duine dhìreach réidh.

38 Ach sgriosar luchd an eusaontaís,
Is théid dhoibh as faraon :
Di-mhilltear agus sgathar sìos
Crìoch dheireannach dhroch
dhaoin'.

39 Ach furtachd fhior nam firean fòs,
Thig sin o Dhia nan dùl :
Is anns an aimsir thrioblaidich,
'S e 's barrant air an cùl.

40 Thig treis is furtachd thuc' o Dhia,
Le fuasgladh an deadh àm ;
Saorar iad leis o dhaoineibh olc,
Oir chuir iad muinghinn ann.

SALM XXXVIII.—38.

1 A THIGHEARN, ann ad chorruih
mhòir

Na cronuich mi gu garg ;
Na dean mo smachdachadh gu geur,
An nair a lasas t'fhearg.

2 Oir tha do shaighde guineach geur
Sàith' annam féin gu teann :
Is orm a ta do làmh gu trom,
'G am chumail sìos gach àm.

3 Cha'n 'eil maoin fhallaineachd a'm'
Air son do chorruih ghéir ; [fheòil,
A'm' chnàmhaibh cha 'n 'eil tàmh
no fois,
Air son mo pheacaidh féin.

4 Oir chaidh mi pheacaidh os mo
cheann ;
Taid orm 'nan eire thruim.

5 Mo chreuchda ta ro-lobhta, 's breun ;
No ghòruich 's coireach rium.

6 Tha mi gu cràiteach, euslan, crom,
A' triall gach là le bròn.

7 Mo leasraidh làn do ghalar breun :
Gun fhallaineachd a'w' fheòil.

31 In's heart the law is of his God,
His steps slide not away.

32 The wicked man doth watch the
And seeketh him to slay. [just,

33 Yet him the Lord will not forsake,
Nor leave him in his hands :
The righteous will he not condemn,
When he in judgment stands.

34 Wait on the Lord, and keep his
And thee exalt shall he [way,
Th' earth to inherit ; when cut off
The wicked thou shalt see.

35 I saw the wicked great in pow'r,
Spread like a green bay-tree :

36 He pass'd, yea, was not ; him I
sought,

But found he could not be.

37 Mark thou the perfect, and behold
The man of uprightness ;
Because that surely of this man
The latter end is peace.

38 But those men that transgressors are
Shall be destroy'd together ;
The latter end of wicked men
Shall be cut off for ever.

39 But the salvation of the just
Is from the Lord above ;
He in the time of their distress
Their stay and strength doth prove.

40 The Lord shall help, and them de-
He shall them free and save [liver:
From wicked men ; because in him
Their confidence they have.

PSALM XXXVIII.—38.

1 IN thy great indignation,
O Lord, rebuke me not ;
Nor on me lay thy chast'ning hand,
In thy displeasure hot.

2 For in me fast thine arrows stick,
Thine hand doth press me sore :

3 And in my flesh there is no health,
Nor soundness any more.

This grief I have, because thy
Is forth against me gone ; [wrath
And in my bones there is no rest,
For sin that I have done.

4 Because gone up above mine head
My great transgressions be ;
And, as a weighty burden, they
Too heavy are for me.

5 My wounds do stink, and are cor-
My folly makes it so. [rupt ;

6 I troubled am, and much bow'd
All day I mourning go. [down ;

7 For a disease that loathsome is
So fills my loins with pain,
That in my weak and weary flesh
No soundness doth remain.

- 8 Taim lag is brùit : a' bùireadh fòs
Tre an-shocair mo chridh'.
- 9 A'd' làth'r, a Dhé, tha m'uille mhiaun:
Cha'n shluicht' ort mo chaidh.
- 10 Mo chridhe ta sior-phloscartaich,
Mo neart chaidh uam gu glan;
An taic ri fradharc geur mo shùl,
Sin agam fòs cha d'fhan. [caomh
- 11 Tha luchd mo ghaoil 's mo chairde
A' seasamh fad o m' bheum,
Mo choimhearsnaich is luchd mo
A' teicheadh uam an céin. [phàirt
- 12 Sealg orm a ta luchd iarraidh
m'anm':
Luchd iarraidh m'uile a ghnàth,
A' labhairt nithe aimhleasach,
'S a' smuaineach' ceilg' gach là.
- 13 Ach mise fòs mar bhodhar mi,
Nach cluinneadh guth no sgeul:
Is cosmhuil mi ri duine balbh,
Gun chomas fosglaidh béil.
- 14 Mar sin mar dhuine mi nach cluinn,
Gun achmhasan 'na bheul.
- 15 Oir dh' earb mi riut, a Dhé, mo
Thriath:
Dhia, freagraidh tus' a'm' fheum.
- 16 Thubhairt mi, chum nach maoidh-
eadh iad,
Thoir freagradh dhomh gu cas;
Is chum nach dean iad gairdeachas
'N tràth shleamhnuicheas mo chas.
- 17 Oir 's dlùth chum claonaidh mi, 's
mo bhròn,
A'm' fhianuis tha do ghnàth.
- 18 Mo lochd do innseam, is fo m'
Mòr aimheal orm-sa ta. [chiont',
- 19 Ach mheud 's a ta 'nan naimhde
dhomh,
'S ro bheothail iad 's is treun;
Is luchd mo mhi-rùin eucorach,
Taid lionmhor mar an ceudn'.
- 20 'S iad sin a's naimhde dhomh gu
fìor,
Luchd-diolaidh maith le h-olc;
Air son gu bheil mi leantuinn air
An nì tha maith gun lochd.
- 21 Na tréig mi, Thighearna: mo Dhia,
Na bi-sa uam an céin.
- 22 Dhia, greas a chum mo chuideach-
Oir 's tu mo shlàinte féin. [aidh,

SALM XXXIX.—39.

- 1 THUBHAIRT mi, bheir mi féin fa'near
Mo shlighe; 's nì mi fòs [sréin,
Mo theangadh choimhead mar le
Air bhith do'n daoib' a'm' chòir.
- 2 Dh'fhan mi gu tosdach balbh a'm'
thàmh,
O'n nì sin féin bu mhaith;

- 8 So feeble and infirm am I,
And broken am so sore,
That, through disquiet of my heart,
I have been made to roar.
- 9 O Lord, all that I do desire
Is still before thine eye;
And of my heart the secret groans
Not hidden are from thee.
- 10 My heart doth pant incessantly,
My strength doth quite decay;
As for mine eyes, their wonted light
Is from me gone away.
- 11 My lovers and my friends do stand
At distance from my sore;
And those do stand aloof that were
Kinsmen and kind before.
- 12 Yea, they that seek my life lay
snares:
Who seek to do me wrong,
Speak things mischievous, and de-
Imagine all day long. [ceits
- 13 But as one deaf, that heareth not,
I suffer'd all to pass;
I as a dumb man did become,
Whose mouth not open'd was:
- 14 As one that hears not, in whose
mouth
Are no reproofs at all.
- 15 For, Lord, I hope in thee: my God,
Thou'lt hear me when I call.
- 16 For I said, Hear me, lest they should
Rejoice o'er me with pride;
And o'er me magnify themselves,
When as my foot doth slide.
- 17 For I am near to halt, my grief
Is still before mine eye:
- 18 For I'll declare my sin, and grieve
For mine iniquity.
- 19 But yet mine en'mies lively are,
And strong are they beside;
And they that hate me wrongfully
Are greatly multiplied.
- 20 And they for good that render ill,
As en'mies me withstood;
Yea, ev'n for this, because that I
Do follow what is good.
- 21 Forsake me not, O Lord; my God,
Far from me never be.
- 22 O Lord, thou my salvation art,
Haste to give help to me.

PSALM XXXIX.—39.

- 1 I SAID, I will look to my ways,
Lest with my tongue I sin:
In sight of wicked men my mouth
With bridle I'll keep in.
- 2 With silence I as dumb became,
I did myself restrain

- Mhosgail mo thrioblaid is mo bhròn
Annam gu mòr a stigh.
- 3 Air bhith dhomh smuaineachadh
mar so,
Do ghabh mo chridhe teas :
Is las an teine : is mar so
Le m' theangaidh labhair mis' :
- 4 Thoir fios, a Dhé, dhomh air mo
Tomhas mo là ciod e : [chrich,
Gu'm faighinn eòlas agus fios
Cia h-anmhuinn gearr mo ré.
- 5 Feuch rinn thu mar leud bois' mo
Mar neo-ni agad m'aois : [làith',
Gach neach d'a sheabhas, e gu fìor,
'S ni diomhanach gun phris.
- 6 An samhladh bréig' a' siubhal fòs
Gach duine ta gu dearbh :
Gun suaimhneas fòs 'gam buaireadh
An diomhanas gun tairbh' : [féin,
A' torradh nithe, 's cur ri chéil'
Mòr bheartais air gach dòigh,
Gun fhios co'n t-oighre chruinnich-
No mhealas iad fadheòidh. [eas,
- 7 Ciod nis ri'm feitheam féin, a Dhé ?
Mo dhòchas dhiot do nim'.
- 8 Saor mi o m'uile lochd ; 's na dean
Ball-maslaidh an-daoin' dhiom.
- 9 Dh'fhan mi a'm' thosd, gun fhosg-
Oir leatsa rinneadh e. [ladh béil,
10 Tog dhiom do bhuille, Dhé : le
beum
Do làimhe chlaoidheadh mi.
- 11 Tràth chronuichear leat neach m'a
lochd,
Mar chnuimh théid as d'a shnuadh :
Gu deimhin féin 's fìor-dhiomhanas
Gach duin' air bith do'n t-sluagh.
- 12 Dhia, éisd ri m'urruigh, is ri m'
ghlaodh ;
Ri m' dheòir a'd' thosd na bi ;
Oir 's coigreach agad, is fear cuairt,
Mar m'athraibh uile mi.
- 13 Dhia, coigil agus caomlain mi,
Gu faighinn neart ri m' bheò
Mu'n siubhail mi, a' dol do'n eug,
'S nach bi mi ann ni's mò.

SALM XL.—40.

- 1 DH'FHEITH mi le foighid mhaith ri
Dia,
Chrom thugam, dh'éisd mo ghuth :
2 Is thug se á slochd namhuinn mi,
A clabar criadha tigh :
Air carraig chòmhnaird chuir mo
Mo cheuman shocruich e. [chos ;
3 Is òran nuadh chuir e a'm' bheul,
Gu b'e sud moladh Dhé :
Chi mòran e, 's fo eagal bi'd,
Is earbaidh iad á Dia.

- From speaking good ; but then the
more
Increased was my pain.
- 3 My heart within me waxed hot ;
And, while I musing was,
The fire did burn : and from my
tongue
These words I did let pass :
4 Mine end, and measure of my days,
O Lord, unto me show
What is the same ; that I thereby
My frailty well may know.
- 5 Lo, thou my days an handbreadth
mad'st ;
Mine age is in thine eye
As nothing : sure each man at best
Is wholly vanity.
- 6 Sure each man walks in a vain show
They vex themselves in vain :
He heaps up wealth, and doth not
know
To whom it shall pertain.
- 7 And now, O Lord, what wait I for ?
My hope is fix'd on thee.
- 8 Free me from all my trespasses,
The fool's scorn make not me.
- 9 Dumb was I, op'ning not my mouth,
Because this work was thine.
- 10 Thy stroke take from me ; by the
blow
Of thine hand I do pine.
- 11 When with rebukes thou dost cor-
rect
Man for iniquity,
Thou wastes his beauty like a moth :
Sure each man's vanity.
- 12 Attend my cry, Lord, at my tears
And pray'rs not silent be :
I sojourn as my fathers all,
And stranger am with thee.
- 13 O spare thou me, that I my strength
Recover may again,
Before from hence I do depart,
And here no more remain.

PSALM XL.—40.

- 1 I WAITED for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear ;
At length to me he did incline
My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify :

- 4 'S beannaicht' an duine sin gu dearbh
Ni dòchas as an Triath,
Is nach gabh tlachd no toll air bith
Do luchd an àrdain mhòir,
No fòs do'n dream a théid a thaobh
Gu ceilg, le saobhadh glòir'.
- 5 Is lionmhor t'òibre iongantach,
A Thighearn is a Dhé,
'S do smuaintean oirnn: cha'n àir-
mhear iad
An ordugh dhuit gu rèidh:
Na'n cuirinn iad an céill gu min,
No fòs na 'n innsinn iad,
An àireamh rachadh thar mo neart,
Aig lionmhoireachd is meud.
- 6 Ofrail no iobairt leat cha mhiann,
Dh'fhosgail thu féin mo chluas:
Lochd-iobairt agus iobairt-loisgt'
Cha d'iarr thu dhuit chur suas.
- 7 An sin do labhair mise, feuch,
A nis a ta mi teachd:
An ròl' an leabhair ormsa fòs
Sud sgriobhta tha gu beachd.
- 8 'Se sud mo thlachd 's mo mhiann, a
Dhé,
Do thoil gu deantadh leam:
Do reachd gu dearbh a ta gu buan
A'm' chridhe stigh, 's a'm' chom.
- 9 Air t'fhìreantachd sa' choinneimh
mhòir,
A Dhé, rinn mise sgeul:
Oir feuch, a Dhé, mar 's aithne
dhuit,
Nior chaisg mi féin mo bheul.
- 10 A'm' chridhe t' fhìreantachd nior
cheil:
Ach t'fhirinn chuir mi'n céill;
Do shlàint', 's do chaoimhneas
ghràdhach caomh
O'n t-sluagh nior cheil mi féin.
- 11 Do thrócair chaomh na cum-sa
A Thighearna gu bràth; [uam,
Do chaoimhneas gràdhach, t'fhirinn
Gleidheadh iad mi a ghnàth. [fòs
- 12 Oir is do-àireamh iad na h-uile
Ta 'g iadhadh orm mu'n cuairt;
Doghlac mo pheacaidh mi cho teann
'S nach feud mi sealtuinn suas:
O's lionmhor' iad na folt mo chinn,
Is thréig mo chridhe mi.
- 13 Dhia, gu ma toil leat furtachd orm,
Grad-chuidich leam, a Dhé.
- 14 Biodh nàir' is amhluidh dhoibh
faraon,
Do m'anam dh'iarras claoidh:
Ruaig orr' air ais, is rudhadh
gruaidh',
Le 'm b'àill mo chur gu dìth.
- Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.
- 4 O blessed is the man whose trust
Upon the Lord relies;
Respecting not the proud, nor such
As turn aside to lies.
- 5 O Lord my God, full many are
The wonders thou hast done;
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward
far
Above all thoughts are gone:
In order none can reckon them
To thee: if them declare,
And speak of them I would, they
more
Than can be number'd are.
- 6 No sacrifice nor offering
Didst thou at all desire;
Mine ears thou bor'd: sin-off'ring
thou
And burnt didst not require:
- 7 Then to the Lord these were my
I come, behold and see; [words,
Within the volume of the book
It written is of me:
- 8 To do thy will I take delight,
O thou my God that art;
Yea, that most holy law of thine
I have within my heart.
- 9 Within the congregation great
I righteousness did preach:
Lo, thou dost know, O Lord, that I
Refrained not my speech.
- 10 I never did within my heart
Conceal thy righteousness;
I thy salvation have declar'd,
And shown thy faithfulness:
Thy kindness, which most loving is,
Concealed have not I.
Nor from the congregation great
Have hid thy verity.
- 11 Thy tender mercies, Lord, from me
O do thou not restrain;
Thy loving-kindness, and thy truth,
Let them me still maintain.
- 12 For ills past reck'ning compass me,
And mine iniquities
Such hold upon me taken have,
I cannot lift mine eyes:
They more than hairs are on mine
head,
Thence is my heart dismay'd.
- 13 Be pleased, Lord, to rescue me;
Lord, hasten to mine aid.
- 14 Sham'd and confounded be they all
That seek my soul to kill;
Yea, let them backward driven be,
And sham'd, that wish me ill.

15 Gun àird, gun àiteach' gu robh iad,
Mar thuarasdal d'an nàir',
A thubhairt rium gu fanoideach,
Aha, aha, le gàir.

16 Aoibhneas is aighear do gach neach,
Ga d'iarraidh féin a ta:
Is abradh iad le'n toigh do shláint',
Dia gu ma mór a ghnàth.

17 Ach mis' ged tha mi ainnis bochd,
Smuainichidh orm an Triath:
M'fhear cabhair thu 's mo Shlànuigh-
Moille na dean, a Dhia. [ear;

SALM XLI.—41.

1 'S BEANNAICHT' am fear a bheir
Fa'near an duine bochd: [gu glic
An uair a thrioblaid is a theinn,
Bheir Dia e saor o'n olc.

2 Nì Dia a dhìon, 's a chumail beò,
Is beannaicht' e san tìr:
Gu toil a naimhde mi-runach
Na tabhair e gu sior.

3 Air leabadh 'thinneis iarganaich
Bheir Dia dha neart is treòir:
A leabadh nì thu dha air fad
Ri h-àm a thinneis mhòir.

4 Thubhairt mi, dean-sa tròcair orm,
A Thighearn is a Dhé;
Is leighis m'anam euslan bochd,
Oir t'aghaidh pheacaidh mi.

5 Tha'n dream sin a's fìor-naimhde
A' labhairt orm le beum: [dhomh
O c'uin a sgriosar 'ainm-san as,
'S a théid e sìos do'n eug?

6 Ma thig e m'amharc, labhraidh e
Cainnt dhiomhanach le 'bheul:
Ta 'chridh' a' torradh nimh a stigh,
'S a muigh a' deanamh sgéil.

7 Sior-chogarsaich an cluais a chéil',
Luchd m'fhuath' a ta air fad:
A'smuaineachadh 's a' cumadh lochd
A'm' aghaidh féin gun stad.

8 Droch thinneas (deir iad) tha gu
A' leantuinn ris r'a bheò: [dlùth
Air bhith dha nìs 'na luidh' gu tinn,
Cha'n éirich e nìs mò.

9 Am fear bu charaid dileas domh,
Ri'n earbainn gach nì b'àill,
'S a dh'ith do m'aran air mo bhòrd,
A'm' aghaidh thog e 'shàil.

10 Ach thusa, Dhé, dean tròcair orm,
Is tog mi ris an àird, [dhoibh,
A chuim gu'n tugainn luigheachd
Is comain cheart gun dàil.

11 Tre so is fiosrach mi gu beachd
Gur ionmhuinn leatsa mi:
Air son nach d' thug mo naimhde
buaidh,

'S nach d'rinneadh leo mochlaoidh.

15 For a reward of this their shame
Confounded let them be,
That in this manner scoffing say,
Aha, aha! to me.

16 In thee let all be glad, and joy,
Who seeking thee abide;
Who thy salvation love, say still,
The Lord be magnified.

17 I'm poor and needy, yet the Lord
Of me a care doth take:
Thou art my help and Saviour,
My God, no tarrying make.

PSALM XLI.—41.

1 BLESSED is he that wisely doth
The poor man's case consider;
For when the time of trouble is,
The Lord will him deliver.

2 God will him keep, yea, save alive;
On earth he bless'd shall live;
And to his enemies' desire
Thou wilt him not up give.

3 God will give strength when he on
Of languishing doth mourn; [bed
And in his sickness sore, O Lord,
Thou all his bed wilt turn.

4 I said, O Lord, do thou extend
Thy mercy unto me;
O do thou heal my soul, for why?
I have offended thee.

5 Those that to me are enemies,
Of me do evil say,
When shall he die, that so his name
May perish quite away?

6 To see me if he comes, he speaks
Vain words: but then his heart
Heaps mischief to it, which he tells,
When forth he doth depart.

7 My haters jointly whispering,
'Gainst me my hurt devise.

8 Mischief, say they, cleaves fast to
him;
He ly'th, and shall not rise.

9 Yea, ev'n mine own familiar friend,
On whom I did rely,
Who ate my bread, ev'n he his heel
Against me lifted high.

10 But, Lord, be merciful to me,
And up again me raise,
That I may justly them requite
According to their ways.

11 By this I know that certainly
I favour'd am by thee;
Because my hateful enemy
Triumphs not over me.

12 But as for me, thou me uphold'st
In mine integrity;

12 Ach mise, ann am ionracas,
'S tu sheasas mi a ghnàth :
Am fianuis fòs do ghnùise, Dhé,
Ga m' shoeruchadh gu bràth.

13 Iehobhah Dia chloinn Israeil,
Beannaicht' gu robh e féin,
O aois gu h-aois gu suthain sìor,
Amen, agus Amen.

SALM XLII.—42.

1 MAR thogras fiadh na sruthan uisg'
Le bùireadh àrd gu gear,
Mar sin tha m'anam ploscartaich,
Ag éigheach riutsa, Dhé.

2 Tha tart air m'anam 'n geall air Dia,
'N geall air an Dia ta beò :
O c'uin a thig 's a nochdar mi
Am fianuis Dhia na glòir' ?

3 Gach là is oidhch' is iad mo dhèidh
A's cuibhrionn dhomh 's a's biadh:
An uair a deir iad rium a ghnàth,
C'àit bheil a nis do Dhia ?

4 Tha m'anam air a dhòrtadh mach,
A' cuimhneachadh gach nì ;
Oir chaidh mi leis a' chuideachd
Dol leo gu teampull Dé ; [mhòir,

Seadh chaidh mi leo le gairdeachas,
Is moladh fòs le chéil',
Seadh leis a' chuideachd sin a bha
A' coimhead làithe féill'.

5 O m'anam ! c'uin' a leagadh thu
Le dìobhail misnich sìos ?
Is c'uin' am bheil thu'n taobh stigh
Fo thrioblaid is fo sgìos ? [dhlom

Cuir dòchas daingean ann an Dia,
Oir fathast molam e,
Air son na furtachd is na slàint'
Thig dhomh o 'eudan rèidh.

6 Thuit m'anam annam sìos, a Dhé,
Ghrad-chuimhnich mi 'n sin ort :
O thalamh Iordain, Hermoin àird,
O Mhìtsar fòs nan cnoc.

7 Le fuaim do shruthan uisge féin,
Ta doimhn' air dhoimhne gairm :
Do stuaidhean, is do thonnan àrd'
Dol tharum tha le toirm.

8 Orduichidh Dia d'a ghrasaibh dhomh,
A chaoimhneas anns an lò :
San oidhche nì mi guidhe 's ceòl
Ri Dia a chum mi beò.

9 Mo charraig, c'uin' a thréig thu
Ri Dia a deir mi féin : [mi ?
Is c'uin' am bheil mi triall fo bhròn,
Bhrìgh fòirneirt m'eascair thréin ?

10 Mar lann a'm' chnàmhaibh, m'eas-
cairde
Toirt toibheim dhomh a ta :
Tràth their iad rium gu fanoideach,
C'àit bheil do Dhia ? gach là.

And me before thy countenance
Thou sett'st continually.

13 The Lord, the God of Israel,
Be blessed for ever, then,
From age to age eternally.
Amen, yea, and amen.

PSALM XLII.—42.

1 LIKE as the hart for water-brooks
In thirst doth pant and bray ;
So pants my longing soul, O God,
That come to thee I may.

2 My soul for God, the living God,
Doth thirst ; when shall I near
Unto thy countenance approach,
And in God's sight appear ?

3 My tears have unto me been meat,
Both in the night and day,
While unto me continually,
Where is thy God ? they say,

4 My soul is poured out in me,
When this I think upon ;
Because that with the multitude
I heretofore had gone :

With them into God's house I went
With voice of joy and praise ;
Yea, with the multitude that kept
The solemn holy days.

5 O why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Why in me so dismay'd ?
Trust God, for I shall praise him yet,
His count'nance is mine aid.

6 My God, my soul's cast down in me ;
Thee, therefore, mind I will
From Jordan's land, the Her-
monites,
And ev'n from Mizar hill.

7 At the noise of thy water-spouts
Deep unto deep doth call ;
Thy breaking waves pass over me,
Yea, and thy billows all.

8 His loving-kindness yet the Lord
Command will in the day,
His songs with me by night ; to God,
By whom I live, I'll pray ;

9 And I will say to God my rock,
Why me forgett'st thou so ?
Why, for my foes' oppression,
Thus mourning do I go ?

10 'Tis as a sword within my bones,
When my foes me upbraid ;
Ev'n when by them, Where is thy
God ?

'Tis daily to me said.

44 SALM XLIII. XLIV.

11 O m'anam, c'uin' a leagadh thu,
Le diobhail misnich sìos ?
Is c'uim' am bheil thu'n taobh stigh
Fo aimheal is fo sgios ?
Cuir dòchas daingean ann an Dia :
Oir molam e a ghuàth,
O 's e a's slàinte do mo ghnùis,
Is e mo Dhia gu bràth.

SALM XLIII.—43.

- 1 CUM cothrom rium, is tagair féin
Mo chùis, o'n fhineach ole,
O'n eucorach, 's o fhear na ceilg',
Dhé, saor-sa mi o'n lochd.
- 2 C'ar son a thilg thu mise uait ?
'S gur tu mo Dhia 's mo threòir ;
C'ar son bhrìgh fòirneirt m'eascairde,
An siubhlam féin fo bhròn ?
- 3 Dhia, t'fhìrinn is do sholus glan,
Leig thugam iad a mach :
Ga m' sheòladh chum do thulaich
naoimh,
'S mo thabhairt chum do theach..
- 4 'N sin racham dh'ionnsuidh altair
Dhé,
An Dé sin m' aoibhneis mhòir :
Air clàrsaich bhinn do mholam thu,
O Dhia, mo Dhia na glòir'.
- 5 O m' anam, c'uim' a leagadh thu,
Le diobhail misnich sìos ?
Is c'uim' am bheil thu'n taobh stigh
dhìom
Fo aimheal is fo sgios ?
Cuir dòchas daingean ann an Dia ;
Oir molam e a ghuàth,
O 'se a's slàinte do mo ghnùis,
Is e mo Dhia gu bràth.

SALM XLIV.—44.

- 1 LE'R cluasaibh chuala sinn, a Dhé,
Ar sinnsir chuir an céill
Na gnìomhara a rinneadh leat,
'Nan aimsir, fad o chéin.
- 2 Le d' làimh mar thilg thu mach na
Is iadsan chuir 'nan àit : [slòigh,
Mar rinn thu air na cinnich claoidh,
Ach dhoibhsan thug an sàth.
- 3 Oir sealbh san tìr cha d' fhuairleadh
Le'n claidheamh na le'n loinn, [leo
Nì mò a rinn an gairdean féin
An teasairgiun 'nan teinn :
Ach do làmh dheas thug dhoibh a'
bhuaidh,
Do ghairdean neartmhor treun,
Is solus glan do ghnùis, a chionn
Gu'n d' thug thu dhoibhsan spéis.
- 4 Oir 's tusa féin, a Dhia nam feart,
Mo Thighearn is mo Rìgh :
Furtachd do Iacob orduich uait,
Is fuasgail air gun dìth.

PSALMS XLIII. XLIV.

11 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why, thus with grief oppress,
Art thou disquieted in me?
In God still hope and rest :
For yet I know I shall him praise
Who graciously to me
The health is of my countenance,
Yea, mine own God is he.

PSALM XLIII.—43.

- 1 JUDGE me, O God, and plead my
cause
Against th' ungodly nation ;
From the unjust and crafty man,
O be thou my salvation.
- 2 For thou the God art of my strength ;
Why thrusts thou me thee fro' ?
For th' enemy's oppression
Why do I mourning go ?
- 3 O send thy light forth and thy truth ;
Let them be guides to me,
And bring me to thine holy hill,
Ev'n where thy dwellings be.
- 4 Then will I to God's altar go,
To God my chiefest joy :
Yea, God, my God, thy name to
praise
My harp I will employ.
- 5 Why art thou then cast down, my
soul ?
What should discourage thee ?
And why with vexing thoughts art
Disquieted in me ? [thou
Still trust in God ; for him to praise
Good cause I yet shall have :
He of my count'nance is the health,
My God that doth me save.

PSALM XLIV.—44.

- 1 O GOD, we with our ears have
heard,
Our fathers have us told,
What works thou in their days
hadst done,
Ev'n in the days of old.
- 2 Thy hand did drive the heathen out,
And plant them in their place ;
Thou didst afflict the nations,
But them thou didst increase.
- 3 For neither got their sword the
land,
Nor did their arm them save ;
But thy right hand, arm, counte-
nance ;
For thou them favour gave.
- 4 Thou art my King : for Jacob, Lord,
Deliv'rances command.
- 5 Through thee we shall push down
our foes,
That do against us stand :

5 'S ann tre do neart-sa leagar sìos
 Na h-uile 's naimhde dhuinn :
 Tre t'ainm-sa saltraidh sinn gu làr
 An dream a dh'éireas ruinn.
 6 Oir as mo bhogh' cha dean mi bun,
 Cha'n shurtachd dhomh mo lann.
 7 Ach 's tusa nàirich luchd ar fuath',
 O'r naimhdibh shaor thu sinn.
 8 Air feadh an là 's ann ann an Dia,
 A nì sinn uaill is glòir :
 Is t'ainm-sa fòs air feadh gach linn,
 Ard-mholaidh sinn gu mòr.
 9 Ach rinn thu nis ar tilgeadh dhìot,
 Is nàirich thusa sinn :
 'S a mach le'r n-armailtibh 's le'r
 Cha'n 'eil thu féin dol leinn. [feachd
 10 Gu teicheadh chuir thu sinn air ais,
 O'n nàmbaid gheur sa' chath :
 Is luchd air mi-ruin tha dhoibh féin
 A' deanamh creich' is sgath'.
 11 Mar chaoraich thug thu sinn 'nar
 biadh ;
 Measg chinneach sgaoileadh sinn.
 12 Reic thu do phobull féin gun fhiach,
 'S gun mheud air maoin d'an cinn.
 13 Do rinn thu toibheum dhinn gu
 truagh
 D'ar coimhearsnaich gu léir ;
 Ball-fanoid do na bheil mu'n cuairt,
 'S ball-magaidh mar an ceudn'.
 14 Am measg nan Geintileach air fad,
 Gnàth-fhocal rinn thu dhinn ;
 'S am measg a' phobuill anns gach
 'Nar n-aobhar crathaidh cinn. [ait
 15 Tha m' amhladh is mo mhasladh
 A'm' fhianuis féin a ghnàth, [geur
 Rinn nàir' is rudhadh fòs mo ghruaidh'
 M'fholach gu truagh gach là.
 16 'Se sin mo chor thaobh ghuth an
 A chàineas mi gu h-olc, [fhir
 'S a spreigeas mi ; 's a thaobh an nàmh,
 'S an dioghaltaich gu lochd.
 17 Sud uile ge do thàinig oirnn,
 Nior dhearmaid sinne thu ; [claon
 Cha d'rinn sinn breug no briseadh
 'N aghaidh do chùmhnaint dhlùth.
 18 Cha d'aom ar n-aighe uaitse riamh,
 Ar cridh' cha deach air cùl :
 O d' shlighe cha do chlaon ar cos
 'S cha deach air seachran iùil.
 19 An ionad dhràgon ge do phronn
 Thu sinne sìos gu làr,
 Is ge do dh'fholuich thusa sinn
 Le sgàil is dubhar bàis.
 20 Ma 's e gu'n leig sinn as ar cuimhn'
 Ainm uasal àrd ar Dia,
 No gu dia eile coimheach bréig'
 Ar làmh ma shin sinn riamh :

We, through thy name, shali tread
 down those
 That ris'n against us have.
 6 For in my bow I shall not trust,
 Nor shall my sword me save.
 7 But from our foes thou hast us
 sav'd,
 Our haters put to shame.
 8 In God we all the day do boast,
 And ever praise thy name.
 9 But now we are cast off by thee,
 And us thou putt'st to shame ;
 And when our armies do go forth,
 Thou go'st not with the same.
 10 Thou mak'st us from the en'my,
 Faint-hearted, to turn back ;
 And they who hate us for them-
 selves
 Our spoils away do take.
 11 Like sheep for meat thou gavest
 us ;
 'Mong heathen cast we be.
 12 Thou didst for nought thy people
 sell ;
 Their price enrich'd not thee.
 13 Thou mak'st us a reproach to be
 Unto our neighbours near ;
 Derision and a scorn to them
 That round about us are.
 14 A by-word also thou dost us
 Among the heathen make ;
 The people, in contempt and spite,
 At us their heads do shake.
 15 Before me my confusion
 Continually abides ;
 And of my bashful countenance
 The shame me ever hides :
 16 For voice of him that doth re-
 proach,
 And speaketh blasphemy ;
 By reason of th' avenging foe,
 And cruel enemy.
 17 All this is come on us, yet we
 Have not forgotten thee :
 Nor falsely in thy covenant
 Behav'd ourselves have we.
 18 Back from thy way our heart not
 turn'd ;
 Our steps no straying made ;
 19 Though us thou brak'st in dragon's
 place,
 And cover'dst with death's shade.
 20 If we God's name forgot, or
 stretch'd
 To a strange god our hands,

- 21 Nach rannsuich Dia so féin a mach?
Oir aige ta làn-fhios
Air dìomhaireachd a' chridhe stigh,
Gach car a t'ann is cleas.
- 22 Oir, air do shonsa mharbhadh sinn,
Air feadh an là gu léir,
'S mar chaoraich tha sinn air ar meas,
A chasgaireadh gu geur.
- 23 Mosgail; c'arson a choidleas tu?
Dhia, fairich as do shuain;
Gu bràth na tilg-sa sinn a mach,
Na triall-sa fada uainn.
- 24 Cìod uim' am foluich thu do ghnùis?
Cìod uim' an dearmaid thu
Ar n-àmhghar, is ar n-éigin mhòr
Tha 'g iadhadh oirun gu dlùth?
- 25 Oir chrom ar n-anam sìos do 'n ùir,
Ar brù ri talamh theann.
- 26 A'd' thròcair éirich, cuidich leinn,
Is furtaich oirun san àm.

SALM XLV.—45.

- 1 DEADH aobhar òrain naoimh is
ciùil
A' deachdadh ta mo chridh':
Is labhram air na nithibh sin
A rinn mi féin do'n Rìgh:
Mar pheann an làimh fir-sgrìobhaidh
A chuireas sìos gu luath, [dheis,
Is ambluidh sin, mo theangadh ta
Air t'urram àrd a' luaidh.
- 2 Is maisich' thu na clann nan daoine;
Gràs dhòirteadh ann ad bheul:
Is air an aobhar sin rinn Dia
Do bheannachadh gach ial.
- 3 Deasuich do chlàidheamh air do léis,
O thus' a gaisgich mhòir:
Le d'chumhachd is le d'mhòralachd,
Le greadhnachas is glòir.
- 4 Bhrìgh firinn, suairceis, agus ceirt,
Marcaich gu buadhach àrd,
Is nithe uamhor teagaisgidh
Do dheas làmh dhuit 's gach àit.
- 5 Rachadh do shàighde geur' gu crìdh'
Gach eascaraid an Rìgh:
Tre sin am pobull tuitidh fo'd,
Is nithear leat an claoidh.
- 6 Gu suthain is gu sìorruidh ta
Do chaithir àrd, a Dhé:
Slat-shuaicheantais do rìoghachd-sa
Is slat ro chothrom i.
- 7 O 's ionmhuinn leatsa còir is ceart,
Is thug thu fuath do'n olc;
Os ceann do chompanach chuir Dia,
Do Dhia-s' ol' aoibhneis ort.
- 8 Do'n alos, mhirr, is chasia,
O t'eudach faile théid:
Leo sud do chuir iad aoibhneas ort,
O d' lùchairt geal mar dheud.

- 21 Shall not God search this out?
for he
Heart's secrets understands.
- 22 Yea, for thy sake we're kill'd all
day,
Counted as slaughter-sheep.
- 23 Rise, Lord, cast us not ever off;
Awake, why dost thou sleep?
- 24 O wherefore hidest thou thy face?
Forgett'st our cause distress'd,
- 25 And our oppression? For our
soul
Is to the dust down press'd:
- Our belly also on the earth
Fast cleaving, hold doth take.
- 26 Rise for our help, and us redeem,
Ev'n for thy mercies' sake.

PSALM XLV.—45.

- 1 MY heart brings forth a goodly
My words that I indite [thing;
Concern the King: my tongue's a
Of one that swift doth write. [pen
- 2 Thou fairer art than sons of men:
Into thy lips is store
Of grace infus'd; God therefore thee
Hath bless'd for evermore.
- 3 O thou that art the mighty One,
Thy sword gird on thy thigh;
Ev'n with thy glory excellent,
And with thy majesty.
- 4 For meekness, truth, and righteous-
In state ride prosp'rously; [ness,
And thy right hand shall thee in-
In things that fearful be. [struct
- 5 Thine arrows sharply pierce the heart
Of th' en'mies of the King;
And under thy subjection
The people down do bring.
- 6 For ever and for ever is.
O God, thy throne of might;
The sceptre of thy kingdom is
A sceptre that is right.
- 7 Thou lovest right, and hatest ill;
For God, thy God, most high,
Above thy fellows, hath with th' oil
Of joy anointed thee.
- 8 Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia,
A smell thy garments had,
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
Whereby they made thee glad.
- 9 Among thy women honourable
Kings' daughters were at hand:
Upon thy right hand did the queen
In gold of Ophir stand.

- Am measg do mhnathan urramach,
Ta nigheana nan rìgh :
'S an òr na h-Ophir, air do dheis,
Do bhan-rìgh seasaidh i.
- 10 A nighean, éisd is amhaire fòs,
Is crom-sa sìos do chluas ;
Tigh t'athar, is do mhuinntir féin
Na cuimhnich á so suas.
- 11 Gabhaidh mar sin an Rìgh làn-toil
Do d'aille thlachdmhor féin :
Oir 'se do Thighearn is do Thriath,
Thoir urram dha is géill.
- 12 Thig nighean Thiruis thugad fòs,
Le tiodhlacaibh gu tric ;
'S na daoine saoi bhir tha 'nam measg
Ag asluch' gràis is iochd.
- 13 Nigean an Rìgh gu dearbha stigh,
Tha uile làn do ghàir :
Tha 'culaidh eudaich uimpe fòs,
Air oibreachadh le h-òr.
- 14 Am brat do obair ghréis le snàth'd,
Bheirear i gus an rìgh :
Thig thugad luchd a coimheadachd,
'S a maighdeana 'na déigh.
- 15 Théid iad gu cuirt an Rìgh a steach,
Ait, aoibhneach bheirear iad.
- 16 Air son do shinnsir bidh do chlann,
Mar phrionnsaibh anns gach àit.
- 17 T'ainm glòrmhor do gach linn a
Air chuimhne cuiridh mi : [thig,
Is bheir mar sin am pobull duit
Ard-mholadh feadh gach rè.

SALM XLVI.—46.

- 1 'SE Dia a's tearmunn duinn gu
Arspionnadh e 's ar treis: [beachd
An aimsir carraid agus teinn,
Ar cablaire e ro-dheas.
- 2 Mar sin ged ghluais' an talamh
Cha'n aobhar eagail duinn: [trom,
Ged thilgeadh fòs na sléibhte mòr'
Am builsguin fairg' is tuinn.
- 3 Na h-uisgeacha le beucaich bhuirb,
Ged rachadh thar a chéil':
Le'n ataireachd ged bhiodh air chrith
Na beanntan árd gu léir.
- 4 Ta amhainn ann, le 'sruthaibh
Ni caithir Dhé ro-ait; [sèimh,
Fìor-àite naomh an ti a's àird',
Am bheil sior-chòmhnuidh aig.
- 5 Tha Dia 'na meadhon innte stigh:
Mar sin cha ghluaisear i;
Oir cuideachadh is còmhnaidh leath'
'Se Dia gu moch a ni.
- 6 Do ghabh na cinnich boil', is ghluais
Na rioghachda gu cas:
Air cur do Dhia a ghuth a mach,
Do leagh an talamh as.
- 10 O daughter, hearken and regard,
And do thine ear incline;
Likewise forget thy father's house,
And people that are thine.
- 11 Then of the King desir'd shall be
Thy beauty veh'mently:
Because he is thy Lord, do thou
Him worship rev'rently.
- 12 The daughter there of Tyre shall be
With gifts and offerings great:
Those of the people that are rich
Thy favour shall entreat.
- 13 Behold, the daughter of the King
All glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
Her garments wrought have been.
- 14 She shall be brought unto the King
In robes with needle wrought;
Her fellow-virgins following
Shall unto thee be brought.
- 15 They shall be brought with gladness
And mirth on ev'ry side, [great,
Into the palace of the King,
And there they shall abide.
- 16 Instead of those thy fathers dear,
Thy children thou may'st take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.
- 17 Thy name remember'd I will make
Through ages all to be:
The people, therefore, evermore
Shall praises give to thee.

(Second Version, see page 165.)

PSALM XLVI.—46.

- 1 GOD is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
- 2 Therefore, although the earth re-
We will not be afraid: move,
Though hills amidst the seas be cast;
- 3 Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be; yea, though the
By swelling seas do shake. [hills
- 4 A river is, whose streams do glad
The city of our God;
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most high hath his abode.
- 5 God in the midst of her doth dwell;
Nothing shall her remove:
The Lord to her an helper will,
And that right early, prove.
- 6 The heathen rag'd tumultuously,
The kingdoms moved were:
The Lord God uttered his voice,
The earth did melt for fear.
- 7 The Lord of hosts upon our side
Doth constantly remain:
The God of Jacob's our refuge,
Us safely to maintain.

48 SALM XLVII. XLVIII.

- 7 Tha Dia nan sluagh leinn féin a ghnàth;
Dia Iacoib 's tearmunn duinn.
8 Thigibh, is faicibh oibre Dhé,
Gach sgrios air talamh rinn.
9 Gu h-iomall fòs an domhain mhòir
An cogadh ni e chosg:
Am bogha bhris, an t-sleagh do
An carbad-cogaidh loisg. [ghearr,
10 Bibh sàmhach, 's tuigibh gur mi
Arduichear mi gu sior [Dia:
Am measg nan sluagh, biodh urram
Air feadh gach uile thir. [dhomh
11 Tha Dia nan sluagh ri còmhnuadh
leinn,
'S an còmhnuidh air ar crann:
Is e Dia Iacoib 's tearmunn duinn,
D'ar furtachd anns gach àm.

SALM XLVII.—47.

- 1 BUAILIBH 'ur basan, uile shlòigh,
Ta chòmhnuidh anns gach àit;
Le guth 's le gairdeachas do Dhia,
Suas togaibh iolach àrd:
2 Oir Dia ro-àrd is uamhunn e;
Rìgh mòr os ceann gach tìr'.
3 Am pobull cuiridh e fo'r smachd,
Fo'r cois na slòigh gu leir.
4 Mòrachd Iacoib d'an d'thug e
gràdh,
Mar oighreachd dhuinne thagh:
5 Chaidh Dia le caithream àrd a suas,
Le trompaid 's fuaimneach bladha.
6 Seinnibh do Dhia, seinn moladh:
seinn
D'ar Rìgh, seinn moladh binn:
7 Oir's Rìgh Dia mòr os ceann gach
tìr',
Seinn da gu h-eòlach grinn.
8 Tha Dia 'na shuidh' 'na chaithir
naoimh;
'Se 's Rìgh air cinnich ann.
9 Prionnsa nan sluagh do chruinnich
iad,
Pobull Dé Abrahaim;
Air son gur le Iehobhah mhàin
Sgiath dhèidh do gach tìr:
'Se féin a's àird' 's a's urrainnach,
'S dha dlighear moladh sior.

SALM XLVIII.—48.

- 1 IS mòr Iehobhah, Dia nam feart,
An caithir àrd ar Dia:
Is air sliabh àrd a naomhachd féin,
Ion-mholta chaoidh an Triath.
2 Beinn Shioin 's breagh'a suidheach-
Aoibhneas gach fearainn i; [adh,
Is dlùth dhi air an taobh mu thuath,
Tha caithir an Ard-Rìgh.

PSALMS XLVII. XLVIII.

- 8 Come, and behold what wondrous
works
Have by the Lord been wrought;
Come, see what desolations
He on the earth hath brought.
9 Unto the ends of all the earth
Wars into peace he turns:
The bow he breaks, the spear he cuts,
In fire the chariot burns.
10 Be still, and know that I am God;
Among the heathen I
Will be exalted; I on earth
Will be exalted high.
11 Our God, who is the Lord of hosts,
Is still upon our side;
The God of Jacob our refuge
For ever will abide.

PSALM XLVII.—47.

- 1 ALL people clap your hands; to God
With voice of triumph shout:
2 For dreadful is the Lord most high,
Great King the earth throughout,
3 The heathen people under us
He surely shall subdue;
And he shall make the nations
Under our feet to bow.
4 The lot of our inheritance
Choose out for us shall he,
Of Jacob, whom he loved well,
Ev'n the excellency.
5 God is with shouts gone up, the
Lord
With trumpets sounding high.
6 Sing praise to God, sing praise, sing
Praise to our King sing ye. [praise,
7 For God is King of all the earth;
With knowledge praise express.
8 God rules the nations: God sits on
His throne of holiness.
9 The princes of the people are
Assembled willingly;
Ev'n of the God of Abraham
They who the people be.
For why? the shields that do defend
The earth are only his:
They to the Lord below; yea, he
Exalted greatly is.

PSALM XLVIII.—48.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, and greatly he
Is to be praised still,
Within the city of our God,
Upon his holy hill.
2 Mount Sion stands most beautiful,
The joy of all the land:
The city of the mighty King
On her north side doth stand.

- 3 Aithnichear Dia 'na lùchairtibh,
Mar thearmunn anns gach airc.
4 Oir feuch, tràth bhana rìghre cruinn
Le chèile ghabh iad thart'.
5 Chunnaic iad sud, is b'iongnadh leo,
Le cabhaig dheirich as.
6 Ghlac eagal iad an sin, is pian,
Mar mhnai ri saoth'r gu cas.
7 Cabhlach Tharsuis le gaoith an ear,
Min-bhrisear leat gu luath.
8 Mar chual, is amhluidh chunnaic
sinn,
Am baile Rìgh nan sluagh,
Am bail' ar Dé; 's e Dia gu bràth
Ni daingean e le neart.
9 A'd' theampull, air do chaoimhneas
caomh,
Dhia, smuainich sinn gu ceart.
10 Mar t'ainm, is amhluidh sin do
chliu,
Gu crìch na talmhainn ta :
Do dheas làmh làn do fhìreantachd,
Dhia, anns gach beart a ghnàth.
11 Beinn Shìoin gu ma h-aoibhinn i,
Is Nighean Iudah ait,
Air son do bhreitheanas, a Dhé,
Ta cothromach is ceart.
12 Siubhlaibh' mu thimchioll Shìoin
naoimh,
Is cuairt'chibh i maraon ;
Airmhibh a baideala gu dlùth,
'S a turaite gach aon.
13 Thugaibh fa'near a bàbhuin
bhreagh',
'S a caisteil àrd le beachd :
Chum sin gu cuireadh sibh an céill
Do'n àl a ta ri teachd.
14 Oir 'se an Dia so féin ar Dia,
Gu sìorruidh is gu bràth :
'Se fòs a stiùras sinn gu ceart
Gu h-uair is àm ar bàis.

SALM XLIX.—49.

- 1 EISDIBHSE so gach uile shluagh,
Na bheil sa' chruinne-ché :
2 Is cluinnibh eadar mhòr is bheag,
Ma's bochd no beartach e.
3 Air tuigse smuainichidh mo chridh',
Air gliocas thig mo bheul.
4 Aomaidh mo chluas gu parablaibh :
Nochdam cainnt dh'orch air teud.
5 Droch làithean c'uim' am b'eagal
Gu'n cuirinn iad an sin, [leam
Mòr aingidheachd is lochd mo shal
Tràth dh'iadh iad orm gu cruinn ?
6 Na daoine sin 'nan saoihlreas mòr
Ta deanamh dòigh is treis',
Is ann an lionmhoireachd an stèir
A ta ro-bhòsdail leis.

- 3 The Lord within her palaces
Is for a refuge known.
4 For, lo, the kings that gather'd were
Together, by have gone.
5 But when they did behold the same,
They, wond'ring, would not stay ;
But, being troubled at the sight,
They thence did haste away.
6 Great terror there took hold on them,
They were possess'd with fear :
Their grief came like a woman's pain,
When she a child doth bear.
7 Thou Tarshish ships with east wind
break'st :
8 As we have heard it told,
So, in the city of the Lord,
Our eyes did it behold ;
In our God's city, which his hand
For ever stablish will.
9 We of thy loving-kindness thought,
Lord, in thy temple still.
10 O Lord, according to thy name,
Through all the earth's thy praise ;
And thy right hand, O Lord, is full
Of righteousness always.
11 Because thy judgments are made
known,
Let Sion mount rejoice ;
Of Judah let the daughters all
Send forth a cheerful voice.
12 Walk about Sion, and go round ;
The high tow'rs thereof tell :
13 Consider ye her palaces,
And mark her bulwarks well ;
That ye may tell posterity.
14 For this God doth abide
Our God for evermore ; he will
Ev'n unto death us guide.

PSALM XLIX.—49.

- 1 HEAR this, all people, and give ear,
All in the world that dwell :
2 Both low and high, both rich and
poor.
3 My mouth shall wisdom tell :
My heart shall knowledge meditate.
4 I will incline mine ear
To parables, and on the harp
My sayings dark declare.
5 Amidst those days that evil be,
Why should I, fearing, doubt ?
When of my heels th' iniquity
Shall compass me about.
6 Whoe'er they be that in their
wealth
Their confidence do pitch,

- 7 A bhràth'r cha'n fhuasgail neach
A gabhadh no á péin, [dhiubh sud
A thabhairt éiric as do Dhia,
Ni fheadar leis 'na fheum :
- 8 (Oir saors' an anama 's prìseil e,
Sguiridh e 'm feasd gu beachd:)
- 9 Gu maireadh e gu sìorruidh beò,
'S nach faiceadh truailidheachd.
- 10 Oir chi e fòs na daoine glic,
'S an dream air dhiobhail céill ;
'S na h-ùmaidh, fàgail toic do chàch,
Is faghail bàis iad féin.
- 11 'Se 'n smuaineachadh gu mair an
tigh,
'S an còmhnuidh feadh gach ré,
A' tabhairt air am fearann ainm,
A réir an ainme féin.
- 12 Gidheadh, an duin' an urram mòr
Cha mhair e ann gu buan :
Ach amhluidh mar an t-ainmhidh
truagh
Chum bàis a shiùbhlas uainn.
- 13 An slighe sud ge gòrach i,
Taitnidh an cainnt r'an sliochd.
- 14 Mar chaoraich dol san uaigh thaird,
'Nam biadh do'n bhàs gun iochd :
Na fireanaich gheibh os an ceann
Làn-uachdranachd gu moch,
'S 'nan ionad còmhnuidh anns an
uaigh,
Seargaidh an àill' 's an dreach.
- 15 Bheir Dia do m'anam fuasgladh
O chumhachd bàis is uaigh', [saor
Oir gabhaidh e mi thuige féin,
Ga m' theasairginn le buaidh.
- 16 An uair a nithear saoi bhir neach,
Na glacadh faitheas thu ;
'S an t-àm a chinneas glòir a theach,
Na cuireadh sud ort tnù.
- 17 Oir 'nuair a shiùbhlas e do'n eug,
Aon ni cha toir e leis :
'S an uair a théid e sìos do'n uaigh,
A glhòir cha lean i ris.
- 18 Seadh 'anam ge do bheannaich e
Am feadh a bha e beò ;
'S thusa, ma ni thu maith dhuit féin,
O dhaoineibh gheibh thu glòir.
- 19 Gu h-àl a shinnsear siùbhlaidh e,
Solus cha'n fhaic gu bràth.
- 20 An duin' an urram, 's e gun chéill,
Mar ainmhidh gheibh e bàs.

SALM L.—50.

- 1 LABHAIR an Dia lehobhah treun,
An talamh ghairm gu léir,
O'n àird an ear gu h-àird an iar,
O éirigh gu luidh' gréin'.
- 2 A Sion àrd, a's foirfe mais',
Do dhealruich Dia nam feart.

- And boast themselves, because they
Become exceeding rich : [are
- 7 Yet none of these his brother can
Redcem by any way ;
Nor can he unto God for him
Sufficient ransom pay,
- 8 (Their soul's redemption precious is,
And it can never be,)
That still he should for ever live,
And not corruption see.
- 10 For why ? he seeth that wise men
And brutish fools also [die,
Do perish ; and their wealth, when
To others they let go. [dead,
- 11 Their inward thought is, that their
And dwelling-places shall [house
Stand through all ages ; they their
By their own names do call. [lands
- 12 But yet in honour shall not man
Abide continually ;
But passing hence, may be compar'd
Unto the beasts that die.
- 13 Thus brutish folly plainly is
Their wisdom and their way ;
Yet their posterity approve
What they do fondly say.
- 14 Like sheep they in the grave are
laid,
And death shall them devour ;
And in the morning upright men
Shall over them have pow'r :
Their beauty from their dwelling
Consume within the grave. [shall
- 15 But from hell's hand God will me
For he shall me receive. [free
- 16 Be thou not then afraid when one
Enriched thou dost see,
Nor when the glory of his house
Advanced is on high :
- 17 For he shall carry nothing hence,
When death his days doth end ;
Nor shall his glory after him
Into the grave descend.
- 18 Although he his own soul did bless
Whilst he on earth did live ;
(And when thou to thyself dost well,
Men will thee praises give ;)
- 19 He to his fathers' race shall go,
They never shall see light.
- 20 Man honour'd wanting knowledge
Like beasts that perish quite. [is

PSALM L.—50.

- 1 THE mighty God, the Lord,
Hath spoken, and did call,
The earth, from rising of the sun,
To where he hath his fall.
- 2 From out of Sion hill,
Which of excellency

- 3 Oir thig ar Dia 's cha bhi 'na thosd,
Ach labhraidh e le neart :
Théid teine millteach roimh a
A' lasadh suas gu garg : [ghnúis
'S m'a thimchioll-san gu doinionn-
Bidh e 'na chaoiribh dearg'. [ach,
4 Air talamh, is air nèamh nan neul,
Ard-ghairmidh e gu treun,
Gu'n tugadh e ceart bhreitheanas
Air 'uile phobull féin.
- 5 A m'ionnsuidh cruinnichibh mo
Is tionalaibh an dream [naoimh,
A rinn gu dileas is gu dlùth,
Le h-ìobairt, cùmhnant leam.
- 6 A cheartas-san ni nèamh nan neul
A chur an céill 'na àm ;
Oir 'se Iehobhah féin gu beachd
A's aon àrd-bhreitheamh ann.
- 7 Mo phobull Isra'el éisdibh rium,
Is labhraidh mi gu ceart :
A't' aghaidh togam fianuis fhior,
'S mi Dia, do Dhia gu beachd.
- 8 Mu t'ofrailibh cha'n agram thu,
No fòs mu t'ìobairt-loisgt',
Oir m' fhianuis thug thu iad a
Is fhuaras iad gun fhois. [ghnàth,
- 9 Oir as do thigh cha ghabhainn uait
Mar ìobairt biorach bò ;
'S cha ghabhainn gabhar fhirionn fòs
Mar ofrail as do chrò.
- 10 Gach aiumhidh beò a ta an coill
Is leamsa sin gu léir,
'S na h-uile spréidh air mhìle cuoc,
Ta 'g ionaltradh air feur.
- 11 An eunlaith 's aithne dhomh air fad,
Ta 'g itealaich feadh bheann :
'S leam gach fiadh-bheathach uile fòs,
Feadh gharbhluich agus gbleann.
- 12 Geur-ocras nam biodh orm, no gort,
Cha chuirinn duits' an céill,
Oir 's leam an domhan mu'n iadh
Is na bheil ann gu léir. [grian,
- 13 Fuil ghabhar 'n e gu'n òlainn uait?
Feòil tharbh an ithinn i ?
- 14 Ioc ìobairt buidheachais do Dhia,
'S do bhàidean do'n Ard-Rìgh.
- 15 An là do thrioblaid is do theinn,
Goir orm an sin gu ceart :
Ort fuasglam, is bheir thusa glòir
Do m'ainms' a chuidich leat.
- 16 Ach ris an droch dhuin' labhraidh
Mo statuìn chur an céill [Dia,
Am buineadh dhuit, no ghabhail fòs
Mo chùmhnaint ann ad bheul ?
- 17 Do m' achmhasan o thug thu fuath,
'S an spéis riamh e nìor chuir ;
Ach thilg mo bhriathran air do chùl,
'G an diùltadh uait gu tur ?

- And beauty the perfection is,
God shined gloriously.
- 3 Our God shall surely come,
Keep silence shall not he :
Before him fire shall waste, great
Shall round about him be. [storms
- 4 Unto the heavens clear
He from above shall call,
And to the earth likewise, that he
May judge his people all.
- 5 Together let my saints
Unto me gather'd be,
Those that by sacrifice have made
A covenant with me.
- 6 And then the heavens shall
His righteousness declare :
Because the Lord himself is he
By whom men judged are.
- 7 My people Isr'el hear,
Speak will I from on high,
Against thee I will testify ;
God, ev'n thy God, am I.
- 8 I for thy sacrifice
No blame will on thee lay,
Nor for burnt-off'rings which to me
Thou offer'dst every day.
- 9 I'll take no calf or goats
From house or fold of thine :
- 10 For beasts of forests, cattle all
On thousand hills, are mine.
- 11 The fowls on mountains high
Are all to me well known ;
Wild beasts which in the fields do
lie,
Ev'n they are all mine own.
- 12 Then, if I hungry were,
I would not tell it thee ;
Because the world, and fulness all
Thereof, belongs to me.
- 13 Will I eat flesh of bulls ?
Or goats' blood drink will I ?
- 14 Thanks offer thou to God, and pay
Thy vows to the most High.
- 15 And call upon me when
In trouble thou shalt be ;
I will deliver thee, and thou
My name shalt glorify.
- 16 But to the wicked man
God saith, My laws and truth
Should'st thou declare ? how dar'st
thou take
My cov'nant in thy mouth ?
- 17 Sith thou instruction hat'st,
Which should thy ways direct ;
And sith my words behind thy back
Thou cast'st, and dost reject.
- 18 When thou a thief didst see,
With him thou didst consent ;

- 18 Tràth chunnaic thu an gaduich' dòn,
Dh'aontaich thu leis 'na olc ;
'S le luchd an adhaltrais a rìs,
B'fhear-comuinn thu 'nan lochd.
- 19 Do theangadh thug thu chumadh
bréig',
Chum uile thug thu do bheul.
- 20 Do d' bhràthair shuidh thu thabh-
airt guth' ;
'S do mhac do mhàthar beum'.
- 21 Na nith-s' uile rinneadh leat,
Is dh'fhan mi dhìot a'm' thosd ;
Is shaoil thu mar a ta thu féin,
Gu b'amhluidh mi gach achd :
Ach cronaicheam do pheacaidh dhuit,
A'd' amharc cuiream iad ;
A chum gu faiceadh do dhà shùil,
Nach fol'cheair orm-sa beud.
- 22 O sibhs' a dhream nach cuimhnich
Nis tuigibh so 'na àm ; [Dia,
Mu'n dean mi liodart oirbh gu cas,
Gun neach d'ur furtachd ann.
- 23 An ti bheir iobairt molaidh uaith',
'Se sin bheir dhomhsa glòir :
Oir nochdam slàinte Dhé, do'n fhear
A ghluaiseas mar is còir.

PSALM LI.—51.

- 1 DEAN tròcair orm, a Dhia nan gràs,
Gu h-ìochdmhor saor-sa mis',
Réir lionmhoireachd do thròcair
chaoimh,
Glan as m'uil' eusaontas.
- 2 Gu h-ìomlan ionnail mi o m' lochd,
Glan mi o m' chiont' a'd' ghràdh :
- 3 Oir tha mi 'g aidmheil m' eusaontais,
'S léir dhomh mo lochd a ghnàth.
- 4 A' t'aghaidh, t'aghaidh féin a mhàin,
Do pheacaich mi gu trom ;
Is ann ad fhianuis féin, a Dhé,
An t-olc so rinneadh leam :
Do chum air labhairt duit a mach,
Gu biodh tu cothromach ;
'S gu biodh tu glan tràth bheir thu
Is ceart neo-eucorach. [breth,
- 5 Am peacadh, feuch, do dhealbhadh
Is ann an cionta fòs [mi,
Doghabh mo mhàthair mi 'na broinn,
Tràth ghineadh mi o thùs.
- 6 An taobh a stigh do'n chridhe, feuch,
An fhirinn 's ionmhuinn leat :
San ionad fholuicht' bheir thu orm
Gu'n tuig mi gliocas ceart.
- 7 Le hisup dean-sa mise glan,
Is bitheam glan gu beachd ;
Dean m'ionnlad fòs, mar sin bidh mi
Ni's gile dhuit na sneachd.
- 8 Guth subhachais thoir orm gu'n
Is fonn an aoibhneis ait, [cluinn,

- And with the vile adulterers
Partaker on thou went.
- 19 Thou giv'st thy mouth to ill,
Thy tongue deceit doth frame ;
- 20 Thou sitt'st and 'gainst thy brother
speak'st,
Thy mother's son dost shame.
- 21 Because I silence kept,
While thou these things hast
wrought ;
That I was altogether like
Thyself, hath been thy thought :
Yet I will thee reprove,
And set before thine eyes,
In order ranked, thy misdeeds,
And thine iniquities.
- 22 Now, ye that God forget,
This carefully consider ;
Lest I in pieces tear you all,
And none can you deliver.
- 23 Whoso doth offer praise
Me glorifies ; and I
Will show him God's salvation,
That orders right his way.
(Second Version, see page 165.)

PSALM LI.—51.

- 1 AFTER thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me :
For thy compassions great, blot out
All mine iniquity.
- 2 Me cleanse from sin, and thoroughly
wash
From mine iniquity :
- 3 For my transgressions I confess ;
My sin I ever see.
- 4 'Gainst thee, thee only, have I sinn'd,
In thy sight done this ill ;
That when thou speak'st thou may'st
be just,
And clear in judging still.
- 5 Behold, I in iniquity
Was form'd the womb within ;
My mother also me conceiv'd
In guiltiness and sin.
- 6 Behold, thou in the inward parts
With truth delighted art ;
And wisdom thou shalt make me
know
Within the hidden part.
- 7 Do thou with hyssop sprinkle me,
I shall be cleansed so ;
Yea, wash thou me, and then I shall
Be whiter than the snow.
- 8 Of gladness and of joyfulness
Make me to hear the voice,
That so these very bones which thou
Hast broken, may rejoice.

Mar sin ni gairdeachas gu mòr,
Na cnàmhan bhriseadh leat.

- 9 O m' pheacaibh is o m' eusaontais
Foluich do ghnùis, a Dhé ;
Mo sheachrain is m'uil' eucoir fòs
Glan thusa uam gu réidh.
- 10 Dhia, cruthaich annam eridhe glan ;
Ath-nuadhaich spiorad ceart.
- 11 Na tilg o d' shealladh mi ; 's na
Do spiorad naomha leat. [buin
- 12 Is aisig dhomh ùr-ghairdeachas
Do shlàinte chàirdeil féin ;
Is dean-sa fòs mo chumail suas,
Le d' spiorad saor gu treun.
- 13 'N sin teagaisgeam do shlighe, Dhé,
Do'n dream a bhris do reachd ;
Is pillear riut le h-aithreachas
Na peacaich thruagh gu beachd.
- 14 O chionta fola saor-sa mi,
O Dhia, a Dhé mo shlàint' :
Seinnidh gu h-àrd air t'fhìreantachd
Mo theangadh anns gach àit.
- 15 Mo bhile, ta air druideadh suas,
Fosgail, a Dhé nan gràs ;
An sin do mholadh le mo bheul
Cuiridh mi'n céill gu h-àrd.
- 16 Oir iobairtean cha'n iarrar leat,
No bheirinn duit gach ré :
An ofrail-loisgte fòs air bith
Cha 'n 'eil do thlachd, a Dhé.
- 17 An spiorad briste, tuirseach, trom,
Sud iobairt Dhé nan dùl :
Ri cridhe briste brùit', a Dhé,
Gu bràth cha chuir thu cùl.
- 18 A'd' dheadh-ghean dean-sa maith, a
Air Sion do chnoc féin : [Dhia,
Ballan Ierusalem gu luath,
Tog suas le d' làimh gu treun.
- 19 'N sin taitnidh iobairt cheartais
Ofrail, 's làn ofrail loisgt' ; [riut,
'N sin bheirear colpaich dhuit-sa suas,
Air t'altair naomh gun fhois.

SALM LII.—52.

- 1 CÌOD uime 'n dean thu, ghaisgich
Uaill as an olc gu mòr ? [thréin,
Mairidh am feasd gun cheann gun
chrich,
Deadh mhaitheas Rìgh na glòir'.
- 2 Do theang' a' dealbh an aimhleis
chlaoin ;
Chum ceilg' mar ealtuinn ghéir.
- 3 Is annsadh leat an t-olc na maith,
Is breug na briathra fìor.
- 4 A theangadh chealgach, 's ionmhuinn
Gach focal millteach olc. [leat
- 5 Nì Dia gu siorruidh mar an ceudn'
Làn-sgrìos a tharruing ort :

- 9 All mine iniquities blot out,
Thy face hide from my sin.
- 10 Create a clean heart, Lord, renew
A right sp'rit me within.
- 11 Cast me not from thy sight, nor
take
Thy Holy Sp'rit away.
- 12 Restore me thy salvation's joy ;
With thy free Sp'rit me stay.
- 13 Then will I teach thy ways unto
Those that transgressors be ;
And those that sinners are shall
then
Be turned unto thee.
- 14 O God, of my salvation God,
Me from blood-guiltiness
Set free ; then shall my tongue aloud
Sing of thy righteousness.
- 15 My closed lips, O Lord, by thee
Let them be opened ;
Then shall thy praises by my mouth
Abroad be published.
- 16 For thou desir'st not sacrifice,
Else would I give it thee ;
Nor wilt thou with burnt-offering
At all delighted be.
- 17 A broken spirit is to God
A pleasing sacrifice :
A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord, thou wilt not despise.
- 18 Show kindness, and do good, O
Lord,
To Sion, thine own hill :
The walls of thy Jerusalem
Build up of thy good will.
- 19 Then righteous off'rings shall thee
please,
And off'rings burnt, which they
With whole burnt-off'rings, and with
calves,
Shall on thine altar lay.

PSALM LII.—52.

- 1 WHY dost thou boast, O mighty
man,
Of mischief and of ill ?
The goodness of Almighty God
Endureth ever still.
- 2 Thy tongue mischievous calumnies
Deviseth subtilly,
Like to a razor sharp to cut,
Working deceitfully.
- 3 Ill more than good, and more than
truth
Thou lovest to speak wrong :
- 4 Thou lovest all-devouring words,
O thou deceitful tongue.

- Glan-sgathar thu, is as do theach
Grad sponar thu gu tur,
A talamh is á tir nam beò
Buainear do fhreumh á bun.
- 6 Sud chi am firean, gabhaidh fiamh,
Is nì e gàire fòs :
- 7 Fench, so an fear nach d'earb á Dia,
Mar dhaingneach is mar threòir :
Ach ann an lìonmhoireachd a stòir
A dhòchas chuir gu treun,
'Na shaoibhreas is 'na aingidheachd,
Do neartaich se e féin.
- 8 Ach mis' mar ùr-chrann olaidh ta
An àros Dé a ghnàth :
A' cur mo dhòchais ann a ghràs,
Ri fad mo ré 's mo là.
- 9 Gu sìorruidh suthain molam thu,
Chionn sud gu'n d'rinneadh leat :
Feitheam air t'ainm, oir tha e maith,
An làth'r do naomh gu beachd.

SALM LIII.—53.

- 1 'NA chridhe deir an t-amadan,
Cha'n 'eil ann Dia air bith :
Taid truailidh, 's gràineil fòs an
lochd :
Cha'n 'eil ann neach nì maith.
- 2 Dh'amhairc an Tighearna o nèamh
Air cloinn nan daoine nuas,
A dh'fheuchainn an robh tuigs' aig
A dh'iarradh Dia nan gràs.[neach,
- 3 An t-ìomlan diubh chaidh air an ais,
Ro-shalach iad gu léir :
Cha'n 'eil aon neach a' deanamh
Cha'n 'eil fìu aon fò speur.[maith,
- 4 Am bheil aig droch dhaoin' tuigs'
air bith
Ta 'g itheadh suas gu dian,
Mo phobuill-sa mar aran blasd',
'S nach 'eil a' gairm air Dia.
- 5 An sin do ghabh iad eagal mòr,
Gun aobhar eagail ann :
Sgaoil Dia a chnàmha-san o chéil',
Chuir scísdeadh ort gu teann ;
Is mar an ceudna chuir thu iad
Gu rughadh gruaidh' is nàir',
Do bhrìgh gu'n d'rinneadh orr' le
Trom-tharcuis agus tàir. [Dia
- 6 'Se so mo ghuidh' is m' athchuinge,
Gu'n tugadh Dia nam feart
Cabhair d'a phobull Israel,
A Sion féin le neart !
An uair bheir Dia air ais o bhruid
A phobull féin le chéil',
Air Iacob bithidh aoibhneas mòr,
'S aiteas air Israel.

SALM LIV.—54.

- 1 TRE t'ainm-sa teasaig mise, Dhé,
Cum cothrom rium le d' neart.

- 5 So God shall thee destroy for aye,
Remove thee, pluck thee out
Quite from thy house, out of the
Of life he shall thee root. [land
- 6 The righteous shall it see, and fear,
And laugh at him they shall :
- 7 Lo, this the man is that did not
Make God his strength at all :
But he in his abundant wealth
His confidence did place ;
And he took strength unto himself
From his own wickedness.
- 8 But I am in the house of God
Like to an olive green :
My confidence for ever hath
Upon God's mercy been.
- 9 And I for ever will thee praise,
Because thou hast done this :
I on thy name will wait ; for good
Before thy saints it is.

PSALM LIII.—53.

- 1 THAT there is not a God, the fool
Doth in his heart conclude :
They are corrupt, their works are
vile,
Not one of them doth good.
- 2 The Lord upon the sons of men
From heav'n did cast his eyes,
To see if any one there was
That sought God, and was wise.
- 3 They altogether filthy are,
They all are backward gone ;
And there is none that doeth good,
No, not so much as one.
- 4 These workers of iniquity,
Do they not know at all,
That they my people eat as bread,
And on God do not call ?
- 5 Ev'n there they were afraid, and
stood
With trembling, all dismay'd,
Whereas there was no cause at all
Why they should be afraid :
For God his bones that thee be-
sieg'd
Hath scatter'd all abroad ;
Thou hast confounded them, for
they
Despised are of God.
- 6 Let Israel's help from Sion come :
When back the Lord shall bring
His captives, Jacob shall rejoice,
And Israel shall sing.

PSALM LIV.—54.

- 1 SAVE me, O God, by thy great name,
And judge me by thy strength :

- 2 Eisd m'urnuigh, thoir fa'near, a
Briathra mo bhéil gu ceart. [Dhé,
3 Oir dh'éirich coigrich rium-sa suas,
Luchd-fóirneirt tha gu dian
An tòir air m'anam; 's cha do
chuir
Iad Dia fa'n comhair riamh.
4 Ach feuch, 'se Dia m' shear-cuid-
eachaidh,
Gu m' sheasamh anns gach
cruas :
Bithidh Iehobhah leis an dream
A chumas m'anam suas.
5 Aimhleas do m' naimhidibh diolaidh
Dia :
A'd' fhirinn dean an sgath'.
6 Gu toileach bheir mi iobairt dhuit :
Dhé, molam t'ainm, ta maith.
7 Oir rinn e saors' is fuasgladh dhomh
O m'uile theinn gu treun :
Ionnus gu faca mi mo mhiann
Air m'eascairdibh gu léir.

SALM LV.—55.

- 1 RI m'urnuigh éisd : 's o m' ghuidhe,
Na foluich thus' thu féin. [Dhé,
2 Thoir aire 's freagradh dhomh, ta
caoidh
Le bròn 's le buireadh geur :
3 Air son guth m'eascairde gu léir,
Is fóirneart fòs nan dani :
Oir euceart thilg iad orm, am feirg
Dhomh thug iad fuath gun dith.
4 Mo chrìdh' a'm' chom tha cràiteach
goirt ;
Thuit orm-sa uamhunn bàis.
5 Crith, oillt, is uamhunn thàinig orm,
Ga m' shlugadh is mi 'n sàs.
6 'N sin thubhairt mi, Is truagh nach
Sgiath colmain agam nis ! [robh
'N sin theichinn as ag itealaich,
Is gheibhinn tàmh is fois.
7 Feuch, shiubhlainn fòs an ànradh
fad,
Chum tàmh am fasach chruaidh ;
8 Is dheanainn deifir gu dol as
O dhoinionn gharbh na gaoith'.
9 Dhia, roinn is agrios an teang' ; sa'
Bha fóirneart agus strì. [bhail'
10 Taid dol m'a bhallaibh oidhch' is là ;
Tha aimhleas ann is caoidh.
11 Eucoir ro-mhòr is olc a ta
'Na mheadhon sud gun cheisd :
Seadh feall r'a shràidibh agus cealg
Cha dealaich sud am feasd.
12 Cha b'e mo nàmh thug masladh
dhomh,
Oir dh' fhuilginn sud gu réidh :

- 2 My prayer hear, O God ; give ear
Unto my words at length.
3 For they that strangers are to me
Do up against me rise ;
Oppressors seek my soul, and God
Set not before their eyes.
4 The Lord my God my helper is,
Lo, therefore I am bold :
He taketh part with ev'ry one
That doth my soul uphold.
5 Unto mine enemies he shall
Mischief and ill repay :
O for thy truth's sake cut them off,
And sweep them clean away.
6 I will a sacrifice to thee
Give with free willingness ;
Thy name, O Lord, because 'tis good,
With praise I will confess.
7 For he hath me delivered
From all adversities ;
And his desire mine eye hath seen
Upon mine enemies.

PSALM LV.—55.

- 1 LORD, hear my pray'r, hide not
thyself
From my entreating voice :
2 Attend and hear me ; in my plaint
I mourn and make a noise.
3 Because of th'en'my's voice, and for
Lewd men's oppression great :
On me they cast iniquity,
And they in wrath me hate.
4 Sore pain'd within me is my heart :
Death's terrors on me fall.
5 On me comes trembling, fear and
dread
O'erwhelmed me withal.
6 O that I, like a dove, had wings,
Said I, then would I flee
Far hence, that I might find a place
Where I in rest might be.
7 Lo, then far off I wander would,
And in the desert stay ;
8 From windy storm and tempest I
Would haste to 'scape away.
9 O Lord, on them destruction bring,
And do their tongues divide ;
For in the city violence
And strife I have espied.
10 They day and night upon the walls
Do go about it round :
There mischief is, and sorrow there
In midst of it is found.
11 Abundant wickedness there is
Within her inward part ;
And from her streets deceitfulness
And guile do not depart.

- Cha b'è fear m'fhuath' a dh'éirich
rium,
Oir dhionainn uaith' mi féin.
- 13 Ach thusa, fear bu choimpir dhombh,
Fear m'èolais, is fear m'iuil ;
- 14 Bu bhlasd' ar comhairl', dol le
Gu h-àros Dhé nan dùl. [càch,
- 15 Sealbh gabhadh orr' am bàs gu grad,
'S gu h-ifrinn théid iad beò :
Oir aingidheachd 'nan còmhnuidh
ghnàth,
'S 'nam builsgéan tha gach lò.
- 16 Ach mise, glaotham suas ri Dia,
Saoraidh le hobhah mi.
- 17 Glaoth àrd, is urnuigh nì mi ris,
Moch, feasgar, 's meadhan-là ;
Is éisdidh e gu grad ri m' ghlaodh :
- 18 M'anam 's e shaor an sith,
O'n chath 's o'n chòmhraig dh'éirich
Is mòran rium ri stri. [rium,
- 19 Cluinidh an Dia ta làidir beò,
'S bheir dòruinn orra 's pian :
Seadh fòs an Dia air mairiunn ta,
'S a bha o chian nan cian.
Is air an aobhar fòs nach 'eil
Caochladh air bith 'nan staid,
Eagal an Tighearn uime sin
Do thilg iad dhiubh air fad.
- 20 A làmh do shìn 'nan aghaidh sud,
A bha an sìochaint ris :
A chumhant is a nasgadh dlùth,
Gu fealltach orra bhris. [t-im,
- 21 Bu shleamhna briathra 'bhéil na'n
Ach cogadh cruaidh 'na rùn :
Bu bhuige 'chainnt na oladh thlàth,
'S i ghnàth mar chlaidheamh
rùisgt'.
- 22 Ach tilg-sa t'eallach throm air Dia,
'S e nì do chumail suas : [chòir,
Cha leig e 'm feasd do'n fhìrean
O 'shocair féin gu'n gluais.
- 23 Ach thus', a Thighearna nam feart,
A'd' chorruich cheirt gu geur,
An slochd d'am milleadh tilgidh tu
An aitim ud gu léir :
Na daoine sligheach fuileachdach,
Cha mhair iad leth an làith' :
Ach annad cuiridh mis', a Dhé,
Mo dhèchas is mo dhoigh.
- SALM LVI.—56.
- 1 ORMSA dean iochd, a Dhé, oir b'àill,
Le duin' mo shlugadh suas :
A tha gu dian ga m' shàruchadh
Gach là le cogadh cruaidh.
- 2 Seadh b'àill le m'eascairdibh gun
Mo shlugadh suas gach là : [iochd
Oir 's lionmhor iad tha cogadh rium
Gun aobhar no cion-fàth.

- 12 He was no foe that me reproach'd,
Then that endure I could ;
Nor hater that did 'gainst me boast,
From him me hide I would :
- 13 But thou, man, who mine equal,
guide,
And mine acquaintance wast ;
- 14 We join'd sweet counsels, to God's
house
In company we past.
- 15 Let death upon them seize, and
Let them go quick to hell ; [down
For wickedness doth much abound
Among them where they dwell.
- 16 I'll call on God ; God will me save.
- 17 I'll pray, and make a noise
At ev'ning, morning, and at noon ;
And he shall hear my voice.
- 18 He hath my soul delivered,
That it in peace might be
From battle, that against me was ;
For many were with me.
- 19 The Lord shall hear, and them
Of old who hath abode : [afflict,
Because they never changes have,
Therefore they fear not God.
- 20 'Gainst those that were at peace
with him
He hath put forth his hand :
The covenant that he had made,
By breaking he profan'd.
- 21 More smooth than butter were his
words,
While in his heart was war ;
His speeches were more soft than oil,
And yet drawn swords they are.
- 22 Cast thou thy burden on the Lord,
And he shall thee sustain ;
Yea, he shall cause the righteous
man
Unmoved to remain.
- 23 But thou, O Lord my God, those
In justice shalt o'erthrow, [men
And in destruction's dungeon dark
At last shalt lay them low :
The bloody and deceitful men
Shall not live half their days :
But upon thee with confidence
I will depend always.
- SALM LVI.—56.
- 1 SHOW mercy, Lord, to me, for man
Would swallow me outright ;
He me oppresseth, while he doth
Against me daily fight.
- 2 They daily would me swallow up
That hate me spitefully ;
For they be many that do fight
Against me, O most High.

- 3 An làithibh m'eagail earbair riut :
An Dia, a bhriathar féin.
- 4 Ard-mholaidh mi, is ann an Dia,
Chuir mi mo dhòigh gu treun.
Cha ghabh mi gealtachd uime sin,
'S am feasd cha'n eagail leam,
Na dh'fheadas feoil a dheanamh orm
Do lochd, le iomairt theann.
- 5 Mo bhriathar tha iad fiaradh fòs,
Gach là mar 's toileach leo :
Chum doilgheis agus dochair dhomh
Ta 'n smuainte-san gach lòn.
- 6 Tha iad le chèil' a' cruinneachadh,
Is iad 'gam folach féin,
A' feitheamh m'anam', air bhith
dhoibh
Ro-fhurachar mu m' cheum.
- 7 Gu saor an téid iad as mar sin,
Le'n eucoir mhòir gun tàmh ?
A' d' fheirg-sa leag am pobull sìos,
A Thighearna le d' làimh.
- 8 Mo sheachrain air an àireamh leat,
A'd' shearraig taisg mo dheòir :
Nach 'eil iad ann ad leabhar shìos,
Air chuimhne sgrìobht' gach uair?
- 9 Mo naimhde pillidh air an ais,
Tràth ghaiream ort gu teann :
Is aithne dhomhsa so gu beachd,
Oir tha Iehobhah leam.
- 10 An Dia, a bhriathar molaidd mi :
Molam an Dia a reachd ;
- 11 An Dia do chuireadh leam gu treun
Mo dhòchas féin gu beachd.
- Is air an aobhar ud, a Dhé,
Cha'n eagail idir leam [orm,
Na dh' fheadas duin' a dheanamh
Nach 'eil dheth féin ach fann.
- 12 Do bhòide ta iad ormsa, Dhé :
Is iocam dhuit-sa cliu. [bhàs,
- 13 Oir m'anam bochd gu saor o'n
Gu gràs-mhor dh'fhuasgail thu :
- Nach coimhead thu mo chosa fòs
O shleamhnachadh ui's mò ?
A chum gu'n gluais mi 'm fianuis
An solus dhaoine beò. [Dhé,

SALM LVII.—57.

- 1 DEAN tròcair orm, a Dhia nan gràs,
Dean tròcair orm gach rè,
Oir annad-sa tha m'anam truagh
A' cur a dhòigh gu léir :
Is gabhaidh mi fo sgàil do sgéith
Mo thearmunn is mo neart,
Gu ruig an uair sin anns an téid
Na h-uile ud uile thart'.
- 2 Eighidh mi ris an Dia a's àird' :
Ri Dia ta làidir treun,
A chuireas leam gach cùis gu crìch,
Mar chi e ormsa feum.

- 3 When I'm afraid I'll trust in
thee :
- 4 In God I'll praise his word :
I will not fear what flesh can do,
My trust is in the Lord.
- 5 Each day they wrest my words; their
thoughts
'Gainst me are all for ill.
- 6 They meet, they lurk, they mark my
steps,
Waiting my soul to kill.
- 7 But shall they by iniquity
Escape thy judgments so ?
O God, with indignation down
Do thou the people throw.
- 8 My wand'rings all what they have
been
Thou know'st, their number
took ;
Into thy bottle put my tears :
Are they not in thy book ?
- 9 My foes shall, when I cry, turn
back ;
I know't, God is for me.
- 10 In God his word I'll praise ; his
word
In God shall praised be.
- 11 In God I trust ; I will not fear
What man can do to me.
- 12 Thy vows upon me are, O God :
I'll render praise to thee.
- 13 Wilt thou not, who from death me
sav'd,
My feet from falls keep free,
To walk before God in the light
Of those that living be ?

PSALM LVII.—57.

- 1 BE merciful to me, O God ;
Thy mercy unto me
Do thou extend ; because my soul
Doth put her trust in thee :
Yea, in the shadow of thy wings
My refuge I will place,
Until these sad calamities
Do wholly overpass.
- 2 My cry I will cause to ascend
Unto the Lord most high ;
To God, who doth all things for me
Perform most perfectly.
- 3 From heav'n he shall send down, and
From his reproach defend [me
That would devour me : God his
And mercy forth shall send.[truth

- 3 Cairidh e neart o nèamh, do m' dhìon
O bheum an fhir le'm b'àill
Mo shlugadh; cuiridh Dia a mach
'Fhirinn 's a ghràs gun dàil.
- 4 Tha m'anam bochd an còmhnuidh
Am builsgéan leòmhann garg', [fós
Am measg na dream a'm' luidh' a
Air lasadh ta le feirg: [taim
Daoine, 'g am bheil am fiacra fòs
Mar shleagh 's mar shaighde gear;
Mar chlaidheamh guineach, 's amh-
An teagadh-san gu léir. [luidh sin
- 5 Os ceann nan nèamh, Dhia, tog thu
Os ceann gach tìr' do ghlòir. [féin;
- 6 Air son mo cheuma ghleus iad lion,
Chrom m'anam sìos gu làr:
Slochd romham chladhaich, iad, is
Iad féin san t-slochd a rinn. [thuit
- 7 'S gleusta mo chridhe, 's gleust', a
Dhuit canam moladh binn. [Dhé.
- 8 Mosgail mo ghlòir, 's a shaltair fòs,
A chlarsaich dùisg an àird:
Air maduinn mosglam féin gu moch,
Is seinneam ceòl gu h-àrd.
- 9 Dhia, measg a' phobuill, molam thu;
Duit seinneam measg an t-
sluaigh:
- 10 Oir t'fhirinn is do thròcair mhòr,
Gu nèamh nan neul chaidh suas.
- 11 Arduichear thus', a Dhia nam feart,
Os ceann àrd-nèamh nan speur:
Is togar suas do ghlòir gu h-àrd,
Os ceann gach tìr' gu léir.

SALM LVIII.—58.

- 1 AN labhair sibhs', a choimhthionail,
An fhirinn cheart neo-chlaon?
'S an tabhair sibh gu cothromach,
Breth cheart, a chlann nan daoine'?
- 2 Is ann bhuir cridh' tha sibh a'
dealbh'
Mòr aingidheachd gun tàmh:
'S air talamh tha sibh tomhas fòs,
Fòireigin chruaidh 'ur làmh.
- 3 Luchd-uile, o thig iad as a' bhroinn,
Siùbhlaidh air slighe fhiair;
Tràth bheirear iad, air seachran
théid,
A' labhairt bhreug gach ial.
- 4 An nimh mar nimh na nathrach ta:
Mar nathair dbruid a cluas;
5 Rì guth nan druidh tha eagnaigh
seòlt',
Nach éisd, is fòs nach gluais.
- 6 Am fiacra bris, a Dhé, 'nam beul:
A Thighearn làidir thréiu,
Pronn fiacra agus tuisg ro-mhòr
Nan leòmhann òg' gu léir.

- 4 My soul among fierce lions is,
I firebrands live among,
Men's sons, whose teeth are spears
and darts,
A sharp sword is their tongue.
- 5 Be thou exalted very high
Above the heav'ns, O God:
Let thou thy glory be advanc'd
O'er all the earth abroad.
- 6 My soul's bow'd down; for they a
net
Have laid, my steps to snare;
Into the pit which they have digg'd
For me, they fallen are.
- 7 My heart is fix'd, my heart is
fix'd,
O God; I'll sing and praise.
- 8 My glory wake; wake psalt'ry,
harp,
Myself I'll early raise.
- 9 I'll praise thee 'mong the people,
Lord;
'Mong nations sing will I;
- 10 For great to heav'n thy mercy is,
Thy truth is to the sky.
- 11 O Lord, exalted be thy name
Above the heav'ns to stand:
Do thou thy glory far advance
Above both sea and land.

PSALM LVIII.—58.

- 1 Do ye, O congregation,
Indeed, speak righteousness?
O ye that are the sons of men,
Judge ye with uprightness?
- 2 Yea, e'en within your very hearts
Ye wickedness have done;
And ye the violence of your
hands
Do weigh the earth upon.
- 3 The wicked men estranged are,
Ev'n from the very womb;
They, speaking lies, do stray as
soon
As to the world they come.
- 4 Unto a serpent's poison like
Their poison doth appear;
Yea, they are like the adder deaf,
That closely stops her ear;
- 5 That so she may not hear the voice
Of one that charm her would,
No, not though he most cunning
were,
And charm most wisely could.

- 7 Gu'n leaghadh iad, a' sìleadh sìos,
Mar uisge ruith le gleann :
'S a shaighde bris, tràth chuireas e
A bhogh' air lagh gu teann.
- 8 Mar sheilcheig bhios a' leaghadh as,
Rachadh iad as gu dian;
Mar thorraicheas an-abuich mnà
Na faiceadh iad a' ghrian.
- 9 Mu'm mothaidh seadh 'ur coireachan
O choille chrionaich teas,
Ni Dia, 's iad beò, 'na chorruich
ghéir,
Le cuairt-ghaoith dhian an
sgrios.
- 10 Bidh aoibhneas air an fhrean choir,
'Nuair chi e 'n dioghaltas :
Is ann am fuil luchd-aingidheachd,
Nighidh e fòs a chos.
- 11 Their duine 'n sin, gu bheil gun
cheisd,
Deadh dhuais aig daoineibh coir;
'S gu bheil air talamh fòs, gu
beachd,
'Na bhreitheamh Dia na glòir'.

SALM LIX.—59.

- 1 TEASAIRG, is saor mi, O mo Dhia,
O m' naimhdeibh dh'éireas rium.
- 2 O luchd an uile ta fuileachdach,
Dion mis', is cuidich learn.
- 3 Feuch 'n aghaidh m'anam' luidh am
Is chruinnich daoine treun : [fàth
Cha'n ann, a Dhia, air son mo lochd,
No cron a rinn mi féin.
- 4 A' ruith tha iad, gun chron a'm'
thaobh,
'S gu h-ullamh dol air ghleus:
Chum teachd do m'fhurtachd mosg-
ail tràth,
Is thoir fa'near am beus.
- 5 O Dhé nan sluagh, Dhé Israeil,
Mosgail 's gu fiosraicht' leat
Na cinnich : 's na dean iochd air
neach
Gu h-aingidh bhris do reachd.
- 6 Air teachd do'n fheasgar pillidh iad:
A' donnalaich gu h-àrd,
Mar choinn, mu'n bhail' a' cuairteach-
Is amhluidh sin tha iad. [adh,
- 7 Feuch, brùchdaidh iad a mach le 'm
beul;
'Nam bilibh claidheamh gear;
Cò chluinneas sin, no bheir fa'near?
'Se sud a's cainnt dhoibh féin.
- 8 Ach thusa, Dhia Iehobhah mhòir,
Ni gàire fanoid riu;
Is mar bhall-magaidh bithidh fòs
Na cinnich ann ad shùil.

- 6 Their teeth, O God, within their
mouth
Break thou in pieces small;
The great teeth break thou out, O
Of these young lions all. [Lord,
Let them like waters melt away,
Which downward still do flow,
In pieces cut his arrows all,
When he shall bend his bow.
- 8 Like to a snail that melts away,
Let each of them be gone;
Like woman's birth untimely, that
They never see the sun.
- 9 He shall them take away before
Your pots the thorns can find,
Both living, and in fury great,
As with a stormy wind.
- 10 The righteous, when he vengeance
He shall be joyful then; [sees,
The righteous one shall wash his
In blood of wicked men. [feet
- 11 So men shall say, The righteous
Reward shall never miss: [man
And verily upon the earth
A God to judge there is.

PSALM LIX.—59.

- 1 MY God, deliver me from those
That are mine enemies;
And do thou me defend from those
That up against me rise.
- 2 Do thou deliver me from them
That work iniquity;
And give me safety from the men
Of bloody cruelty.
- 3 For, lo, they for my soul lay wait:
The mighty do combine
Against me, Lord; not for my fault,
Nor any sin of mine.
- 4 They run, and, without fault in me,
Themselves do ready make:
Awake to meet me with thy help;
And do thou notice take.
- 5 Awake, therefore, Lord God of hosts,
Thou God of Israel,
To visit heathen all: spare none
That wickedly rebel.
- 6 At ev'ning they go to and fro;
They make great noise and sound,
Like to a dog, and often walk
About the city round.
- 7 Behold they belch out with their
mouth,
And in their lips are swords;
For they do say thus, Who is he
That now doth hear our words?
- 8 But thou, O Lord, shalt laugh at
them,
And all the heathen mock,

- 9 Air son gur mòr 's gur maith do neart,
Sior-fheitheam ort a ghnàth :
Do bhrìgh gu bheil dhomh Dia nan
'Na dhìdean dlùth gu bràth. {dùl,
- 10 Bidh Dia o'n tig mo thròcair chaomh,
Dol romham air gach ceum :
'Se Dia bheir dhomh air m' eascaird-
Mo rùn gu faic mi féin. {ibh,
- 11 Mu'm bi mo phobull dichuimh-
Na marbh an aitim ud. {neach,
O Dhia ar sgiath, le d' chumhachd
'S leag iad gu h-ìosal fo'd. {sgaoil.
- 12 Fa lochd an teangaidh, 's cainnt
'Nan àrdan glacar iad : {am béil,
Fa chùis nam mallachd, is nam
A labhair iad os àird. {breug
- 13 Sgrìos iad a' d' sheirg, sgrios iad gu
Is théid iad as gu dian : {tur,
Is tuigidh 'n sin gach uile thir,
Rìgh Iacoib gur e Dia.
- 14 'S air teachd do'n fheasgar pilleadh
A' donnalaich gu h-àrd, {iad,
Mar choin, mu'n bhail' a' cuairteach-
Is amhluidh bitheadh iad. {adh,
- 15 Ag iarraidh bidh gu seachranach,
'S gu luaineach ann an teinn ;
A' deanamh gearain anns an
oidheh',
Mur bi an sàth 'nam broinn.
- 16 Ach mise molar leam do neart :
Gu moch a' seinn do ghràis,
Air son gur tu mo thearmunn treun,
'S mo dhaingneach féin 's gach càs.
- 17 'S tu féin mo neart, dhuìt canam fonn,
'Se Dia mo dhìdean treun :
'Se 'n Dia sin féin rinn tròcair orm,
'S a chuidich leam a'm' fheum.

SALM LX.—60.

- 1 A DHE, do thilg thu sinne uait,
Dh' fhuadaich thu sinu air fad,
Oir bha thu ruinn an corruich ghéir ;
Pill ruinn thu féin gu grad.
- 2 Chuir thus' an talamh trom air chrith ;
Is fòs do bhris thu e :
Slànuich a bhriseadh, oir gu beachd
Air criothnachadh tha e.
- 3 Do thaisbein thusa nithe cruaidh
Do'n t-sluagh a's leat le còir :
Fion buaireasach chuir uamhunn
Thug thusa dhuinn r'a òl. {oiran,
- 4 Ach thug thu bratach àrd, a Dhé,
Do'n dream d'an eagal thu :
A chum gu sgaoilteadh sud a mach,
Bhrìgh firinn duit le cliu.

- 9 While he's in power I'll wait on thee ;
For God is my high rock.
- 10 He of my mercy that is God
Betimes shall me prevent ;
Upon mine en'mies God shall let
Me see mine heart's content.
- 11 Them slay not, lest my folk forget ;
But scatter them abroad
By thy strong pow'r ; and bring them
down,
O thou our shield and God.
- 12 For their mouth's sin, and for the words
That from their lips do fly,
Let them be taken in their pride ;
Because they curse and lie.
- 13 In wrath consume them, them
consume,
That so they may not be :
And that in Jacob God doth rule
To th' earth's ends let them see.
- 14 At ev'ning let thou them return,
Making great noise and sound,
Like to a dog, and often walk
About the city round.
- 15 And let them wander up and down,
In seeking food to eat ;
And let them grudge when they
shall not
Be satisfied with meat.
- 16 But of thy pow'r I'll sing aloud ;
At morn thy mercy praise :
For thou to me my refuge wast,
And tow'r in troublous days.
- 17 O God, thou art my strength, I will
Sing praises unto thee ;
For God is my defence, a God
Of mercy unto me.

PSALM LX.—60.

- 1 O LORD, thou hast rejected us,
And scatter'd us abroad ;
Thou justly hast displeased been ;
Return to us, O God.
- 2 The earth to tremble thou hast made ;
Therein didst breaches make :
Do thou thereof the breaches heal,
Because the land doth shake.
- 3 Unto thy people thou hard things
Hast show'd, and on them sent ;
And thou hast caused us to drink
Wine of astonishment.
- 4 And yet a banner thou hast giv'n
To them who thee do fear ;
That it by them, because of truth,
Displayed may appear.

- 5 O dhaorsa chum gu saorar leat
Do phobull ionmhuinn féin :
Eisd rium, is slánuich mi gu grad
Le d' dheas láimh láidir thréin.
- 6 'Na naomhachd labhair Dia namfeart,
Bidh aoibhneas orm nach gann :
Air Sechem ní mi roinn gu ceart,
Gleann Shucoit toimhsear leam.
- 7 'S leam Gilead le dlighe cheirt,
Manasseh 's leam gu beachd ;
'S i treubh Ephraim neart mo chinn,
Bheir Iudah mach mo reachd.
- 8 Is soitheach-ionnlaid Moab domh ;
Tilgeam thar Edom thruaigh
Mo bhrog ; is ní mi caithream binn
Thar Palestin le buaidh.
- 9 Co bheir do'n chaithir dhaingein mi ?
'S gu Edom bheir gu ceart ?
- 10 Nach tusa, Dhia, le'n d' thréigeadh
siun ?
'S nach deachaidh mach le 'r feachd ?
- 11 O thrioblaid tabhair còmhnaidh
dhuinn,
Oir 's diomhain furtachd dhaoiu'.
- 12 Tre Dhia ní sinne treubhantas,
'Se shaltras naimhde fuidh'n.

SALM LXI.—61.

- 1 RI glaoth mo ghearrain éisd, a Dhé,
Is m'urnuigh thoir fa'near.
- 2 O iomall talmhainn éigheam riut,
'S mo chridhe trom fo smal.
Dhia, treòraich chum na carraig mi
A's àirde na mi féin.
- 3 Bu tearmunn thu, 's bu chaisteal
dhomh
O m'eascairdibh gu léir.
- 4 A'd' phàillion naomh ní mise tàmh
Gach aimsir is gach tràth :
Mo dhòigh fo dhubhar sgail' do sgéith,
Cuiridh mi féin gu bràth.
- 5 Oir chuala tu mo bhòide naomh,
'S an gealladh 's gu bràth :
Oighreachd na muintir thug thu
dhomh
D'an eagal t'ainm, a Dhé.
- 6 Buan-shaoghal agus aimsir chian
Bheir thusa, Dhia, do'n Rìgh :
Mar iomadh ginealach is linn,
A bhliadhnacha 's tu ní.
- 7 Mairidh e buan am fianuis Dé,
Gu bunaiteach 's gu bràth :
Tròcair is frinn deasaich dha,
G'a choimhead-san gach tràth.
- 8 Mar sin gu siorruidh seinneam cliu
Do t'ainm ro-uasal àrd,

- 5 That thy beloved people may
Deliver'd be from thrall,
Save with the pow'r of thy right hand,
And hear me when I call.
- 6 God in his holiness hath spoke ;
Herein I will take pleasure :
Shechem I will divide, and forth
Will Succoth's valley measure.
- 7 Gilead I claim as mine by right ;
Manasseh mine shall be ;
Ephraim is of mine head the strength ;
Judah gives laws for me ;
- 8 Moab's my washing-pot ; my shoe
I'll over Edom throw ;
And over Palestina's land
I will in triumph go.
- 9 O who is he will bring me to
The city fortified ?
O who is he that to the land
Of Edom will me guide ?
- 10 O God, which hadest us cast off,
This thing wilt thou not do ?
Ev'n thou, O God, which didest not
Forth with our armies go ?
- 11 Help us from trouble ; for the help
Is vain which man supplies.
- 12 Through God we'll do great acts ; he
Tread down our enemies. [shall

PSALM LXI.—61.

- 1 O GOD, give ear unto my cry ;
Unto my pray'r attend.
- 2 From th' utmost corner of the
land
My cry to thee I'll send.
What time my heart is overwhelm'd,
And in perplexity,
Do thou me lead unto the Rock
That higher is than I.
- 3 For thou hast for my refuge been
A shelter by thy pow'r ;
And for defence against my foes
Thou hast been a strong tow'r.
- 4 Within thy tabernacle I
For ever will abide ;
And under covert of thy wings
With confidence me hide.
- 5 For thou the vows that I did make
O Lord my God, didst hear :
Thou hast giv'n me the heritage
Of those thy name that fear.
- 6 A life prolong'd for many days
Thou to the king shalt give ;
Like many generations be
The years which he shall live.
- 7 He in God's presence his abode
For evermore shall have :
O thou truth and mercy both
Prepare, that may him save.

'S mo bhòide naomha dìolam dhiut,
O là gu là gu bràth.

SALM LXII.—62.

- 1 LE foighidinn tha m'anam bochd
Feitheamh air Dia gu beachd :
'S ann uaith' tha furtachd agus fòir
Orm air gach taobh a' teachd.
- 2 'Se mhàin a's carraig dhìdein dhomh,
Is m'fhurtachd e ro-dheas :
Mo thearmunn dìleas e faraon,
Gu mòr cha ghluaisear mis'.
- 3 Cia fhad adhealbhar aimhleis leibh?
Làn-mharbhar sibh gu beachd,
Mar bhall' air chrith, 's mar ghàradh
dh'aom,
Tha leagadh oirbh a' teachd.
- 4 O urram àrd ga m' thilgeadh sìos,
Tha 'n comhairlean a' ruith :
'Si 's miann leo breug : beannachd
'nam beul,
Ach mallachd an taobh stigh.
- 5 O m'anam feith gu foighidneach
Ri Dia a mhàin mar chleachd :
Oir ann-san tha mo mhuinghin
threun,
'S mo dhòchas féin gu beachd.
- 6 'Se mhàin a's carraig dhìleas dhomh,
'Se mhàin mo shlàinte dheas :
Mo thearmunn daingean e faraon,
Mar sin cha ghluaisear mis'.
- 7 Mo shlàinte ta 's mo ghlòir an Dia,
Ris earbam féin a ghnàth :
Carraig mo neirt 's mo thearmunn
treun,
'Se Dia, gu buan 's gu bràth.
- 8 O phobull, cuiribh ann an Dia
Bhur dòchas anns gach àm ;
'Na fhianuis dòirtibh'mach 'ur cridh':
'Se Dia ar tearmunn ann.
- 9 'Sni dìomhain daoine beag' gu fìor,
Tha daoine mòr' 'nam bréig :
Air meidh ri'n tombas, 's eatruim' iad
Na dìomhanas gu léir.
- 10 Na h-earb á fòirneart, 's na dean
uaill
A reubainn no droch-bheart :
Na socruch fàs do chridh' air stòr,
'N tràth chinneas saoihbheas leat.
- 11 Do labhair Dia aon uair a mach :
Sud chualas uair no dhà,
Gur leis an Dia ta cumhachdach
Treis agus neart gach là.
- 12 Trócair, a Thighearn, buinidh
Is gràsa mòr faraon : [dhuit,
Oir bheir thu réir a ghlòmhara,
A luigeachd do gach aon.

- 8 And so will I perpetually
Sing praise unto thy name ;
That having made my vows, I may
Each day perform the same.

PSALM LXII.—62.

- 1 MY soul with expectation
Depends on God indeed ;
My strength and my salvation
doth
From him alone proceed.
- 2 He only my salvation is,
And my strong rock is he :
He only is my sure defence ;
Much mov'd I shall not be.
- 3 How long will ye against a man
Plot mischief? ye shall all
Be slain ; ye as a tott'ring fence
Shall be, and bowing wall.
- 4 They only plot to cast him down
From his excellency :
They joy in lies ; with mouth they
bless,
But they curse inwardly.
- 5 My soul, wait thou with patience
Upon thy God alone ;
On him dependeth all my hope
And expectation.
- 6 He only my salvation is,
And my strong rock is he ;
He only is my sure defence :
I shall not moved be.
- 7 In God my glory placed is,
And my salvation sure ;
In God the rock is of my strength,
My refuge most secure.
- 8 Ye people, place your confidence
In him continually ;
Before him pour ye out your heart .
God is our refuge high.
- 9 Surely mean men are vanity,
And great men are a lie ;
In balance laid, they wholly are
More light than vanity.
- 10 Trust ye not in oppression,
In robb'ry be not vain ;
On wealth set not your hearts,
when as
Increased is your gain.
- 11 God hath it spoken once to me,
Yea, this I heard again,
That power to Almighty God
Alone doth appertain.
- 12 Yea, mercy also unto thee
Belongs, O Lord, alone :
For thou according to his work
Rewardest ev'ry one.

- 1 O DHIA, is tu mo Dhia, gu moch
Iarraidh mi thu gach là :
Ro-thartmhòr a ta m'anam bochd,
An geall ort féin a ghnàth ;
Tha miann, is ciocras mòr air m'
An geall ort féin gach àm, [fheoil,
An tìro-thioraim, thartmhòir, theith,
Gun uisg' air bith bhi ann.
- 2 Do chumbhachd chum gu faicinn féin,
'S do ghlòir a ta ro-chaomh ;
A réir mar chunncas roimhe thu,
Le cliu a' t'àros naomh.
- 3 Air son gur fearr na beatha fòs
Do chaoimhneas gràdhach caoin :
Ard-mholadh dhuit le h-iomadh cliu
Mo bhile bheir faraon.
- 4 Mar sin an cian a bhios mi beò,
Beannaicheam thu a ghnàth :
Is ann ad naomh-ainm togam suas
Mo làmhnan riut gach tràth.
- 5 Sàsuichear m'anam mar le snìor,
'S le saill ro-reamhar réidh :
Is bheir mo bheul 's mo bhile dhuit
Ard-mholadh ait, a Dhé :
- 6 'Na tràth ni mi air mo leabaidh fòs,
Do chuimhneachadh le tlachd,
'S an am na faire smuaineach' ort,
A' dol do'n oidhche thart'.
- 7 Air son gur tu b'fheòr cabhair dhomh,
A Thighearn is a Dhé ;
Bidh aoibhneas agus aiteas orm,
Fo dhubhar sgàil' do sgéith.
- 8 Tha m'anam leantuinne riut gu dlùth :
Do dheas làmh chum mi suas.
- 9 Luchd iarraidh m'anam' bhochd g'a
sgrios,
Théid iadsan sìos do'n uaigh.
- 10 Le faobhar claidheimh agus arm
Sìos tuitidh iad gu làr :
Mar chuibhrionn do na sionnachaidh
Do nìthear iad le tàir.
- 11 Ach aoibhneach bidh an rìgh an
Na lùghas e gun bheud [Dia :
Nì iadsan uaill : ach druidear beul
Gach ti a labhras breug.

SALM LXIV.—64.

- 1 TRATH ni mi urnuigh riut, a Dhé,
Thoir éisdeachd dhomh gu luath ;
O eagal nàmhaid coimhid fòs,
Gu tèaruint' m'anam truagh.
- 2 O chomhairl' dhiomhair dhaoine
O ionnsuidh ghairbh faraon [daoì,
Luchd deanamh uile is aingidheachd,
Cuir folach orm gu caoin.
- 3 An teaghadh féin do gheuraich iad,
Mar chladheamh guineach geur ;
Tha'm bogh' air lagh, 's an saighde
'S iad briathra searbh am bcil ; [deas,

- 1 LORD, thee my God I'll early
seek :
My soul doth thirst for thee ;
My flesh longs in a dry parch'd
land,
Wherein no waters be :
- 2 That I thy power may behold,
And brightness of thy face,
As I have seen thee heretofore
Within thy holy place.
- 3 Since better is thy love than life,
My lips thee praise shall give.
- 4 I in thy name will lift my hands
And bless thee while I live.
- 5 Ev'n as with marrow and with fat
My soul shall filled be ;
Then shall my mouth with joyful
lips
Sing praises unto thee.
- 6 When I do thee upon my bed
Remember with delight,
And when on thee I meditate
In watches of the night.
- 7 In shadow of thy wings I'll joy ;
For thou mine help has been.
- 8 My soul thee follows hard : and
me
Thy right hand doth sustain.
- 9 Who seek my soul to spill shall
sink
Down to earth's lowest room.
- 10 They by the sword shall be cut
off,
And foxes' prey become.
- 11 Yet shall the king in God rejoice,
And each one glory shall
That swear by him : but stopp'd
shall be
The mouth of liars all.

PSALM LXIV.—64.

- 1 WHEN I to thee my pray'r make,
Lord, to my voice give ear ;
My life save from the enemy,
Of whom I stand in fear.
- 2 Me from their secret counsel hide
Who do live wickedly ;
From insurrection of those men
That work iniquity :
- 3 Who do their tongues with malice
whet,
And make them cut like
swords ;

4 Gu'n caitheadh iad an diomhair-
An neach sin foirfe ta; [eachd
Gu h-obann taid 'ga chaitheamh fòs,
Gu eagal is gun sgàth.

5 A' gabhaill misneich taid san olc,
'S a labhairt tric le chéil'
Mu leagadh lion an uaignidheas,
Ag ràdh, Cò 'n ti d'an léir?

6 Gach olc do rannsaich iad a mach,
Seadh rinn iad sgrùdadh geur;
An rùn a stigh 's ro-dhormhain e,
'S an cridhe mar an ceudn'.

7 Ach saighead tilgidh orra Dia,
Bhios guineach agus geur;
Grad-bhuailear agus lotar iad,
'G an gortuchadh gu léir.

8 Mar sin bheir iad-san orra féin
Toradh an teang' gu grad:
Gach uile neach d'an léir an dòigh,
Teichidh iad uath' am fad.

9 Mòr-eagal bithidh air gach neach,
Is nochdaidh obair Dhé:
Oir bheirear leo gu glic fa'n ear
An gnìomh ud a rinn e.

10 Ni 'm firean aoibhneas mòran Dia,
A' cur a dhòchais ann:
'S gach neach 'g am bheil an cridhe
Ni gairdeachas nach gaun. [ceart
SALM LXV.—65.

1 THA ann an Sion feitheamh ort
Moladh, a Dhé, gun dith:
'S ann duit a dhiolar fòs gu pailt
A' bhòid mar gheallair i.

2 O thus' a dh'éisdeas urnuigh ghlan,
'S ann thugadh thig gach aon.

3 Mo sheachrain tha an nachdar orm:
Glan thus' ar peacaidh uainn.

4 'S beannaicht' an duine sin a chaoidh
A thaghar leatsa, Dhé,
'S a bheir thu fòs am fagus duit:
Còmhnuidh a'd' chùirt gheibh e.
Sàsuichear sinn le maithneas mòr
Do theach, 's do theampuill
naoimh.

5 Lenithibh uamhasach, bheirdhuinn,
A'd' cheartas, freagrach caomh.

A Dhia ar slàinte, 's tu gu dearbh,
Làn dòchas crìch gach tìr;
'S na bheil san fhaireg fada uainn,
An dòchas 's tu do shior.

6 Le 'neart-san shocruidh sléibhte
E crìoslaicht' fòs le treis. [mòr',

7 'Se chaisgeas fuaim gach mara 's
Is comh-stri dhaoine leis. [tuinn,

8 Na daoine ta an còmhnuidh thall,
'S na tìribh fad a mach,
'Na uamhunn orra ta gu mòr,
Do chomhar miorbhuileach:

In whose bent bows are arrows set,
Ev'n sharp and bitter words:

4 That they may at the perfect man
In secret aim their shot;
Yea, suddenly they dare at him
To shoot, and fear it not.

5 In ill encourage they themselves,
And their snares close do lay:
Together conference they have;
Who shall them see? they say.

6 They have search'd out iniquities,
A perfect search they keep:
Of each of them the inward
thought,
And very heart, is deep.

7 God shall an arrow shoot at them,
And wound them suddenly:

8 So their own tongue shall them
confound;
All who them see shall fly.

9 And on all men a fear shall fall,
God's works they shall declare;
For they shall wisely notice take
What these his doings are.

10 In God the righteous shall rejoice,
And trust upon his might;
Yea, they shall greatly glory all
In heart that are upright.

PSALM LXV.—65.

1 PRAISE waits for thee in Sion, Lord,
To thee vows paid shall be.

2 O thou that hearer art of pray'r,
All flesh shall come to thee.

3 Iniquities, I must confess,
Prevail against me do:
But as for our transgressions,
Them purge away shalt thou.

4 Bless'd is the man whom thou dost
choose,

And mak'st approach to thee,
That he within thy courts, O Lord,
May still a dweller be:
We surely shall be satisfied
With thy abundant grace,
And with the goodness of thy house,
Ev'n of thy holy place.

5 O God of our salvation,
Thou, in thy righteousness,
By fearful works unto our pray'rs
Thine answer dost express:
Therefore the ends of all the earth,
And those afar that be
Upon the sea, their confidence,
O Lord, will place in thee.

6 Who, being girt with pow'r, sets fast
By his great strength the hills.

7 Who noise of seas, noise of their
And people's tumult, stills. [waves,

- Is tusa bheir air dol a mach
Na maidne gach aon là,
'S air dol an fheasgair mar an ceudn'
Bhi aoibhinn ait a ghnàth.
- 9 An talamh tha thu fiosrachadh,
'S 'ga uisgeachadh gu réidh:
Le amhainn Dé ta làn do'n uisg',
Tròim beartach nì thu e.
Dhoibh arbhar tha thu deasachadh,
Le d'fhreasdal caomha féin:
- 10 'S ag uisgeachadh le pailteas mòr,
Nan iomairean gu min:
A sgrìoban leagaidh tu a slos,
Le frasaibh nì thu tais;
A chinneas agus 'fhochann fòs,
Beannaichidh tu le mais'.
- 11 Mu'n bhliadhna coron tha thu cur,
Le d' mhaithreas féin, a Dhé;
Tha saill a' sìleadh anns gach àit,
O d' cheumannaibh gu réidh.
- 12 Air cluainibh glas an fhàsaich luim,
Nuas silidh iad gu min;
Na tulaich bheag', gach taobh a ta
Làn aoibhneis agus gear.
- 13 Na cluaineann air an sgeudachadh
Le treudaibh anns gach àit;
Na glinn, le h-arbhar solaichte,
A' seinn le h-iolaich àrd.
- SALM LXVI.—66.
- 1 TOGAIBH, gach uile thìr gu h-àrd,
Iolach do Dhia nan dùl.
2 D'a ainm ro-uasal seinnibh glòir,
A' tabhairt dha-san cliu.
3 Abraibh ri Dia, Cia h-uamhasach
Gach beart do nìhear leat?
Oir géillidh dhuit do naimhde borb,
Air son gur mòr do neart.
- 4 Sleuchdaidh gach uile thalamh dhuit,
Ag iomradh ort gu binn:
Do t'ainm ro-uasal iongantach
Nì'd moladh mòr a sheinn.
- 5 Thigibh an so is amhaircibh
Air oibribh Dhé gu geur:
Ta uamhasach 'na ghnìomharaibh
Air chloinn nan daoine' gu léir.
- 6 Mar thalamh tioram rinn e'n cuan:
Is trid nan sruth bu luath
D'an cois chaidh daoine; 'nuair a
Sinn ann san ait le buaidh. [bha
7 Le 'threun-neart riaghlaidh e a
chaidh;
Na slòigh d'a shùilibh 's léir:
'S na h-àrdaicheadh luchd-eusaontais
Gu h-amaideach iad féin.
- 8 O dhaoine, beannaichibh ar Dia,
Ard mholaibh e gun chlos.
9 'S e chum ar n-anam beò, 'se bheir
Nach carruichear ar cos.
- 8 Those in the utmost parts that dwell
Are at thy signs afraid:
Th' outgoings of the morn and ev'n
By thee are joyful made.
- 9 The earth thou visit'st wat'ring it;
Thou mak'st it rich to grow
With God's full flood; thou corn
prepar'st,
When thou provid'st it so.
- 10 Her rigs thou wat'rest plenteously,
Her furrows settlest:
With show'rs thou dost her mollify,
Her spring by thee is blest.
- 11 So thou the year most lib'rally
Dost with thy goodness crown;
And all thy paths abundantly
On us drop fatness down.
- 12 They drop upon the pastures wide,
That do in deserts lie;
The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice right pleasantly.
- 13 With flocks the pastures clothed be,
The vales with corn are clad;
And now they shout and sing to thee,
For thou hast made them glad.
- PSALM LXVI.—66.
- 1 ALL lands to God, in joyful sounds,
Aloft your voices raise.
2 Sing forth the honour of his name,
And glorious make his praise.
3 Say unto God, How terrible
In all thy works art thou!
Through thy great pow'r thy foes to
Shall be constrain'd to bow. [thee
- 4 All on the earth shall worship thee,
They shall thy praise proclaim
In songs: they shall sing cheerfully
Unto thy holy name.
- 5 Come, and the works that God hath
With admiration see: [wrought
In's working to the sons of men,
Most terrible is he.
- 6 Into dry land the sea he turn'd,
And they a passage had;
Ev'n marching through the flood on
foot,
There we in him were glad.
- 7 He ruleth ever by his pow'r;
His eyes the nations see:
O let not the rebellious ones
Lift up themselves on high.
- 8 Ye people, bless our God; aloud
The voice speak of his praise:
9 Our soul in life who safe preserves,
Our foot from sliding stays.

- 10 Mar airgiod leaghta ghlan thu sinn,
'S tu dh'fhidir sinn, a Dhé :
- 11 Chuir umainn lion ; ar leasraidh
Fò dhòrainn is fò phéin. [chuir
- 12 Thug thu air daoibh marcachd
Tre theine 's uisge chaidh ; [oirnn,
A ris gu h-ionad saoi bhir réidh,
'S tu fein thug sinn le buaidh.
- 13 Racham do d' thigh le ofrail-loisgt' :
Dhuit coimhlionam mo bhòid,
- 14 A ghealladh leam le fosgladh béil,
Tràth bha mi 'n éigin mhòir.
- 15 Do'n fheudail reamhar, lobairt-
Le tùis is saill nan reith' ; [loisgt'
Ofrail nam bò, 's nan gabhar fòs
Sud bheir mi dhuit fa leth.
- 16 Thigibh, is éisdibh so, gach neach
Air am bheil eagal Dé,
Gach maith do rinn air m'anam
Sud aithriseam gu réidh. [bochd,
- 17 Do ghlaodh mi ris gu h-àrd le
m' bleul :
Le m' theangaidh dh' àrdaich e.
- 18 A'm' chrìdh' ma bheir mi spéis do'n
Cha 'n éisd an Tighearn mi. [olc,
- 19 Gu dearbh dh' éisd Dia rium : thug
fa' near
Guth m' urnuigh Rìgh nàn dùl.
- 20 Moladh do Dhia, nìor cheil aghràs,
'S mo ghuidh' nìor chuir air cùl.

SALM LXVII.—67.

- 1 GU'N deanadh Dia mòr thròcair
oirnn,
'S ar beannachadh a ghnàth :
Is togadh e gu gràsmhor oirnn
Dealradh a ghnòis' gu bràth.
- 2 Chum fios do shlighe bhì gu fìor
'S gach uile thìr air bith :
Is iomradh air do shlàinte chaoimh
Measg fhineacha fa leth.
- 3 Moladh am pobull thus', a Dhé :
Moladh gach pobull thu.
- 4 Biodh gairdeachas air fineachaibh,
Gu h-ait a' seinn do chliù :
Oir ceart-bhreth bheir thu air an
t-sluagh,
Riaghlaidh air thalamh iad.
- 5 Moladh gach pobull thus', a Dhé :
Moladh iad thu 's gach àit.
- 6 'N sin bheir gach talamh is gach fonn
Deadh thoradh trom gu pailt :
Is cuiridh Dia ar Tighearn oirnn
A beannachadh gun airc.
- 7 Nì Dia ar beannachadh gun cheisd,
'S bith 'eagal-san gu fìor
Air gach aon neach a dh' àiticheas
Fad iomaill crìch gach tìr'.

- 10 For thou didst prove and try us,
Lord,
As men do silver try ;
11 Brought'st us into the net, and
mad'st
Bands on our loins to lie.
- 12 Thou hast caus'd men ride o'er our
heads :
And though that we did pass
Through fire and water, yet thou
brought'st
Us to a wealthy place.
- 13 I'll bring burnt-off'rings to thy
house ;
To thee my vows I'll pay,
- 14 Which my lips utter'd, my mouth
spake,
When trouble on me lay.
- 15 Burnt-sacrifices of fat rams
With incense I will bring ;
Of bullocks and of goats I will
Present an offering.
- 16 All that fear God, come, hear, I'll
What he did for my soul. [tell
- 17 I with my mouth unto him cried,
My tongue did him extol.
- 18 If in my heart I sin regard,
The Lord me will not hear :
- 19 But surely God me heard, and to
My prayer's voice gave ear.
- 20 O let the Lord, our gracious God,
For ever blessed be,
Who turned not my pray'r from him,
Nor yet his grace from me.

PSALM LXVII.—67.

- 1 LORD, bless and pity us,
Shine on us with thy face :
- 2 That th' earth thy way, and na-
tions all
May know thy saving grace.
- 3 Let people praise thee, Lord ;
Let people all thee praise.
- 4 O let the nations be glad,
In songs their voices raise :
- Thou'it justly people judge,
On earth rule nations all.
- 5 Let people praise thee, Lord ; let
them
Praise thee, both great and small.
- 6 The earth her fruit shall yield,
Our God shall blessing send.
- 7 God shall us bless, men shall him
fear
Unto earth's utmost end.

(Second Version, see page 166.)

- 1 EIREADH ar Dia, is sgaoilear leis
An dream a's naimhde dha:
'S an aitim sin thug dhasan fuath,
Teicheadh o 'ghuùis gu bràth.
- 2 Mar sgapar deatach, fuadaich iad:
Mar leaghas teine céir,
Mar sin gu sgriosar droch dhaoin' as
A fianuis Dhé gu léir.
- 3 Ach gairdeachas air daoineibh coir,
Is aoibhneas gu'n robh ac'
Am fianuis Dhé, le luathghair mhòir,
'S iad suilbhir agus ait.
- 4 Seinnibh do Dhia, sior-mholaibh
Ardaichibh 'n Tì a ta ['ainm:
Marcaidh air nèamh, tre 'ainm-san
Bibh ait 'na làth'raghnàth. [IAH,
- 5 Do dhilleachdain is athair Dia;
Do bhantraichibh gun neart,
An tigh a naomhachd tha e ghnàth
'Na bhreitheamh dìreach ceart.
- 6 Suidhichidh Dia an teaghlachibh
An dream tha uaigneach truagh:
Is saoraidh e gu tràcaireach
'Na bheil fo chuibhreigh chruaidh;
- Ach meud 's a bhios gu h-eucorach
Ri ceannairc is ri lochd,
Ni iadsan còmhnuidh bhunaiteach
Am fearann tioram bochd. [thu,
- 7 Air ceann do shluaigh tràth dh'imich
A Dhé, san fhàsach chruaidh;
- 8 Chrìothonaich an talamh, shìl an
speur,
An làthair Dhé nan sluagh:
Sliabh Shinai féin tha daingean àrd,
Chrìothonaich is luaisg gu mòr,
An làthair Dhé, Dé Israel,
Tha urramach an glòir.
- 9 Shìl thusa, Thighearna, gu pailt
Frasan a nuas gun dìth;
Is shuidhich agus dh'thurtaich thu
Air t'oighreachd, is i sgìth.
- 10 Bha fòs do choimhthional 's do
shluaigh
'Nan còmhnuidh innt', a Dhé,
Do d' mhaithreas rinn thu deasach-
Do d' dhaoineibh bochda féin. [adh
- 11 An Tighearna ta làidir treun,
Leig e a ghuth a mach,
'S a' chuideachd sin a dh'hoillsich e
Bu lionmhor iomarcach.
- 12 Rìghrean nan armailte 's nam
An sin le deifir theich: [feachd
'S ise a dh'fhuirich aig an tigh,
Bha 'n sin a' roinn na creich'.
- 13 Measg phota luidh sibh, ach bidh
Mar sgiath nan colman luath, [sibh
Foluicht' le h-airgid, is an cleit'
Le h-òr a's deirge snuadh.

- 1 LET God arise, and scattered
Let all his en'mies be;
And let all those that do him hate
Before his presence flee.
- 2 As smoke is driv'n, so drive thou
them;
As fire melts wax away,
Before God's face let wicked men
So perish and decay.
- 3 But let the righteous be glad:
Let them before God's sight
Be very joyful; yea, let them
Rejoice with all their might.
- 4 To God sing, to his name sing
praise;
Extol him with your voice,
That rides on heav'n, by his name
JAH,
Before his face rejoice.
- 5 Because the Lord a father is
Unto the fatherless;
God is the widow's judge, within
His place of holiness.
- 6 God doth the solitary set
In fam'lies: and from bands
The chain'd doth free; but rebels do
Inhabit parched lands.
- 7 O God, what time thou didst go forth
Before thy people's face; [ness
And when through the great wilder-
Thy glorious marching was;
- 8 Then at God's presence shook the
earth,
Then drops from heaven fell;
This Sinai shook before the Lord,
The God of Israel.
- 9 O God, thou to thine heritage
Didst send a plenteous rain,
Whereby thou, when it weary was,
Didst it refresh again.
- 10 Thy congregation then did make
Their habitation there:
Of thine own goodness for the poor,
O God, thou didst prepare.
- 11 The Lord himself did give the word,
The word abroad did spread;
Great was the company of them
The same who published.
- 12 Kings of great armies foiled were,
And forc'd to flee away;
And women, who remain'd at home,
Did distribute the prey.
- 13 Though ye have lain among the
pots,
Like doves ye shall appear,
Whose wings with silver and with
gold,
Whose feathers cover'd are.

- 14 Tràth sgaoil Dia uile-chumhachd-
Na rìghrean innt' a steach : [ach
'N sin bha i geal mar Shalmon àrd,
'S i uile làn do shneachd.
- 15 An sliabh ud, Dhé, is cosmhuil e,
Ri Basan measg nam beann,
Mar Bhasan mòr is amhluidh e,
Gu h-àrd a thog a cheann.
- 16 C'ar son a leum sibh, bheannta àrd?
'S e so àrd-thulaich Dhé,
Am miann leis tàmh, is bithidh e
'Na chòmhnuidh ann gach rè.
- 17 Tha carbaid Dhé 'nam fichead mìl';
Milte do ainglibh treun';
'Na theampull naomh tha Dia 'nam
Ionnán 's 'na Shinai léin. [measg,
- 18 Is chaidh thu suas air ionad àrd,
Thug bruid am braighdeanas,
Do dhaoineibh shuair thu tiodhlaca,
Le'n dean thu toirbheartas :
'S ann cheana fòs do'n mhuinntir ud
Ro-cheannairceach a ta,
A chum gu'm biodh Iehobhah Dia
'Na chòmhnuidh ac' a ghnàth.
- 19 Dia gu ma beannaicht' gu robh e,
Tha dòrtadh oirnn gach lò
A thiodhlaca, 'se Dia ar slàint',
An Dia a chum sinn beò.
- 20 Is leinn an Dia ta làidir treun,
Ni cabhair anns gach càs :
Do Dhia Iehobhah buinidh fòs
Làn-teasairginn o'n bhàs.
- 21 Ach ceann a naimhde brisidh Dia ;
Is claigionn greannach cruaidh
An fhir a dh'ìmicheas gu dân
'Na chionta féin gach uair.
- 22 Deir Dia, Bheir mise air an ais
Mo shluagh o Bhasan àrd ;
'S o dhoimhneachd fairge bheir mi
A nìos iad le mòr bhàigh. [ris,
- 23 Chum ann am fuil do naimhde dian,
Do chos gu'n deanar dearg,
'S gu'n tumar fòs 'nam fuil-san féin
Teangadh do mhadradh garg'.
- 24 Do thriall-sa chunnaic iad, a Dhé,
A Thighearna ro-chlaomh,
'S e triall mo Thighearna is mo Rìgh,
'S ann anns an àros naomh.
- 25 Luchd-òrain dh'ìmiche iad air tùs,
Luchd-inneil ciùil a ris :
'Nam measg a' bualadh thiompan fòs
Na maighdeana gu mìn.
- 26 Deanaibh-sa Dia a bheannachadh,
'Nur coimhthional le chéil',
Eadhon Iehobhah Dia nam feart,
O thobar Israeil.
- 27 Benjamin beag le'n triath an sud,
Bha prionusan Iudah ann

- 14 When there th' Almighty scatter'd
kings
Like Salmon's snow 'twas white.
- 15 God's hill is like to Bashan hill,
Like Bashan hill for height.
- 16 Why do ye leap, ye mountains
This is the hill where God [high ?
Desires to dwell ; yea, God in it
For aye will make abode.
- 17 God's chariots twenty thousand
are,
Thousands of angels strong ;
In's holy place God is, as in
Mount Sinai, them among.
- 18 Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious,
Ascended up on high ;
And in triumph victorious led
Captive captivity :
Thou hast received gifts for men,
For such as did rebel ;
Yea, ev'n for them, that God the
Lord
In midst of them might dwell.
- 19 Bless'd be the Lord, who is to us
Of our salvation God ;
Who daily with his benefits
Us plenteously doth load.
- 20 He of salvation is the God,
Who is our God most strong ;
And unto God the Lord from death
The issues do belong.
- 21 But surely God shall wound the
head
Of those that are his foes ;
The hairy scalp of him that still
On in his trespass goes.
- 22 God said, My people I will bring
Again from Bashan hill ;
Yea, from the sea's devouring
depths
Them bring again I will ;
- 23 That in the blood of enemies
Thy foot imbru'd may be,
And of thy dogs dipp'd in the same
The tongues thou mayest see.
- 24 Thy goings they have seen, O
God ;
The steps of majesty
Of my God, and my mighty King,
Within the sanctuary.
- 25 Before went singers, players next
On instruments took way ;
And them among the damsels were
That did on timbrels play.
- 26 Within the congregations
Bless God with one accord :
From Isr'el's fountain do ye bless
And praise the mighty Lord

- Le'n comhairl', prionnsan Naphtali,
Is prionnsan Shebuluin.
28 Do Dhia 'se dh'àithn is dh'òrduich
Do neart is fòs do threòir : [dhuir
An gnìomh a rinn thu air ar son,
Neartaich, a Dhé na glòir'.
29 Air son do theampuill naoimh, a
Ta aig Ierusalem, [Dhé,
Do bheir na rìghre ta mu'n cuairt
Deadh thiodhlaca dhuit fèin.
30 Thoir achmhasan do luchd nan
sleagh,
'S do chuideachd mhòir nan tarbh,
Do laoghaibh fòs a' phobuill ud,
Thoir achmhasan gu garbh,
Le miribh airgid gus an géill
Iad sud gu léir do d' sinachd :
Sgaoil thus 'am pobull ud, a Dhé,
A ghabh do'n chogadh tlachd.
31 Thig prionnsa mòr' o'n Eiphit
'S ni Etiopia fòs [mach,
A làmhnan shineadh mach gu luath
Ri Tighearna na glòir'.
32 O rioghachdan an domhain mhòir,
Seinnibh do Dhia gu grinn;
Do'n Dia a's Rìgh 's a's Tighearna
Seinnibh-sa moladh binn. [ann,
33 Do'n mharcach àrd air nèamh nan
Ta aun o'n aimsir chéin : [nèamh,
Feuch, tha e cur a mach a ghuth',
A ghuth' ta làidir treun.
34 Sior-thugaibh neart do Dhia : oir
A ghloir thar Israel, [tha
'S a threis a ta sna nèamhaibh àrd,
'S an neulaibh tiugh' nan speur.
35 O d' naomh-thigh 's uamhasach thu,
Dia Israeil gu beachd, [Dhé:
D'a phobull bheir sàr-neart is treòir :
'S beannaichte Dia nam feart.

SALM LXIX.—69.

- 1 O TEASAIRG mise, Dhé mo neirt,
Oir dhòirt na tuitte orm,
Is thàinig fòs air m'anam bochd,
Na h-uisgeacha le toirm.
2 An làthaich dhomhain tha mi'n sàs,
Gun àit an seasainn ann;
Le h-uisgibh domhain ghlacadh mi,
Is sruth dol thar mo cheann.
3 Taim sgith le m' ghlaodhaich; agus
Mo scornan loisgt' le tart : [tha
Mo shùile ta air fàilneachadh,
Feitheamh air Dia nam feart.
4 Is lionmhoire na falt mo chinn
Mo naimhde gun chiou-fàth,
'S an dream ud fòs le'm b'ail mo
Ro ghuineach làidir ta. [chlaoidh
An sin an ni nach d'thug mi leam,
Dh'aisig mi uam gu beachd.

- 27 With their prince, little Benjamin,
Princes and council there
Of Judah were, there Zabulon's
And Napht'li's princes were.
28 Thy God commands thy strength;
make strong
What thou wrought'st for us, Lord.
29 For thy house at Jerusalem
Kings shall thee gifts afford.
30 The spearmen's host, the multitude
Of bulls, which fiercely look,
Those calves which people have forth
O Lord our God, rebuke, [sent,
Till ev'ry one submit himself,
And silver pieces bring :
The people that delight in war
Disperse, O God and King.
31 Those that be princes great shall
Come out of Egypt lands; [then
And Ethiopia to God
Shall soon stretch out her hands.
32 O all ye kingdoms of the earth,
Sing praises to this King;
For he is Lord that ruleth all,
Unto him praises sing.
33 To him that rides on heav'ns of
heav'ns,
Which he of old did found;
Lo, he sends out his voice, a voice
In might that doth abound.
34 Strength unto God do ye ascribe;
For his excellency
Is over Israel, his strength
Is in the clouds most high.
35 Thou'rt from thy temple dreadful,
Isr'el's own God is he, [Lord;
Who gives his people strength and
pow'r:
O let God blessed be.

PSALM LXIX.—69.

- 1 SAVE me, O God, because the floods
Do so environ me,
That ev'n unto my very soul
Come in the waters be.
2 I downward in deep mire do sink,
Where standing there is none :
I am into deep waters come,
Where floods have o'er me gone.
3 I weary with my crying am,
My throat is also dried;
Mine eyes do fail, while for my God
I waiting do abide.
4 Those men that do without a cause
Bear hatred unto me,
Than are the hairs upon my head
In number more they be :
They that would me destroy, and are
Mine en'mies wrongfully,

- 5 Dhia, 's fìosrach thu air m'amaid-eachd,
Cha'n fhòlucht' ort mo luchd.
6 Nàir air mo sgàth-sa, Dhé, na leig,
O Thighearna nan sluagh,
Air neach air bith do'n àitim ud
Tha feitheamh ort gach uair:
An dream sin, O Dhia Israeil,
Ga d'iarraidh féin a ta,
Na leig gu bràth fo nàir iad,
No masladh air mo sgàth.
7 Oir masladh dh'fhuiling air do sgàth;
Lìonadh mo ghnùis le nàir'.
8 Do m' bhràthraibh is fear coigreach mi,
Coimheach aig cloinn mo mhàth'r.
9 Le eud do theach-sa shluigeadh mi;
Meud 's a bheir masladh dhuit,
'S ann orm's an toibheum sud gu
Gu leth-tromach a thuit. [léir
10 M'anam tràth thraisg, 's a rinn mi
gul,
'N sin mhasluich iad mo ghnìomh.
11 'S 'nuair chuir mi umain eudach
Ball-magaidh rinn iad dhìom. [saic,
12 Dhoibhsan a shuidheas anns a'
gheat',
'S cùis chòmhraidh mi gach là;
'S do luchd na misg' ri àm am poit',
A'm' òran tha mi ghnàth.
13 Ach mise, Dhé, ni'm urnuigh riut,
San uair a's taitneach leat:
Eisd rium, a Dhé, réir meud do
ghràis,
Le d' chabhair fhìor thoir neart.
14 O'n làthaich saor mi, O mo Dhia!
Chum fuidh nach rachainn sìos:
O luchd mo mhì-ruin teasaig mi,
'S o dhoimhneachd uisge nìos.
15 Na rachadh tharum tuiteach nìsg',
Na sluigeadh doimhneachd mi,
An slochd na druideadh orm a bheul
Gu h-ìomlan chum mo chlaoidh.
16 Eisd rium, O Dhia, oir 's maith do
ghràs:
Pill rium a'd' thròcair phailt.
17 Do ghnùis na ceil air t'òglach féin,
Eisd rium gu luath, 's mi'n airc.
18 Ri m'anam druid, is fuasgail e:
O m' nàmhaid dean mo dhìon.
19 Mo mhasladh, m'eas-urram, 's mo
nàir',
'S mo naimhde, 's léir dhuit féin.
20 Le toibheum tha mo chridhe brist',
Is mi gu h-iarganach:
Dh'iarr mi luchd truais is combhfurt-
achd,
Is dhiubh cha d'fhuaras neach.

- Are mighty: so what I took not,
To render forc'd was I.
5 Lord, thou my folly know'st, my sins
Not cover'd are from thee.
6 Let none that wait on thee be sham'd,
Lord God of hosts, for me.
O Lord, the God of Israel,
Let none, who search do make,
And seek thee, be at any time
Confounded for my sake.
7 For I have borne reproach for thee,
My face is hid with shame.
8 To brethren strange, to mother's
An alien I became. [sons
9 Because the zeal did eat me up,
Which to thine house I bear;
And the reproaches cast at thee
Upon me fallen are.
10 My tears and fasts, t' afflict my soul,
Were turned to my shame.
11 When sackcloth I did wear to them
A proverb I became.
12 The men that in the gate do sit
Against me evil spake;
They also that vile drunkards were,
Of me their song did make.
13 But, in an acceptable time,
My pray'r, Lord, is to thee:
In truth of thy salvation, Lord,
And mercy great, hear me.
14 Deliver me out of the mire,
From sinking do me keep;
Free me from those that do me hate,
And from the waters deep.
15 Let not the flood on me prevail,
Whose water overflows;
Nor deep me swallow, nor the pit
Her mouth upon me close.
16 Hear me, O Lord, because thy love
And kindness is most good;
Turn unto me, according to
Thy mercies' multitude.
17 Nor from thy servant hide thy face:
I'm troubled, soon attend.
18 Draw near my soul, and it redeem;
Me from my foes defend.
19 To thee is my reproach well known,
My shame, and my disgrace:
Those that mine adversaries be
Are all before thy face.
20 Reproach hath broke my heart; I'm
Of grief: I look'd for one [full
To pity me, but none I found;
Comforters found I none.
21 They also bitter gall did give
Unto me for my meat:
They gave me vinegar to drink,
When as my thirst was great.

- 21 Seadh, thug iad domblas dhomh
mar bhiadh,
'S an iotadh thug fion geur.
- 22 Mar eangach dhoibh gu robh am
bord ;
'S mar rib an àgh gu léir.
- 23 Gun léirsinn biodh an sùilean dall,
'S an leasraidh ghuàth air chrith.
- 24 Dòirt orra t'fhearg, 's le d'chorruich
ghéir
Glac iad gach vair sam bith.
- 25 Mar fhàsach lom gun àiteachadh
Gu robh an tàmh 's an teach,
Is anns na pàillionaibh bu leo
Còmhnuidh na gabhadh neach.
- 26 Oir lean iad le dian-fhoireigneachd
An ti a bhuaileadh leat ;
Is labhair iad chum doilgheis mhòir,
Do'n dream a rinn thu lot.
- 27 Cuir ciont' ri 'n aingidheachd, 's na
leig
A'd' cheartas iad a steach :
- 28 A leabhar fòs nam beò gu tur
Dubhar iad sud a mach ;
Is maille ris na fireanaibh
A bhuineas duit gun cheisd,
Is ann an àireamh dhaoine còir
Na sgriobhar iad am feasd.
- 29 Ach mise ta gu h-aiunnis bochd,
Is làn do bhròn faraon :
Togadh do shlàinte mi an àird,
A Dhé, gu grasmhor caoin.
- 30 Le h-òran binn sior-mholaidh mi
Deadh ainm mo Dhé gach là,
'S a chliù-san fòs sior-thogar leam
Le buidheachas gu h-àrd.
- 31 'S fearr leis an Tighearn sud gu mòr
Na damh ta adhiarcach,
No iobairt fòs a bheiradh neach
Do bhiarach còrheanach.
- 32 Na daoine séimh tràth chi iad so,
Bidh aoibhneach ait gu leòr ;
Is bidh 'ur cridh'-sa beò gu bràth
Ta 'g iarraidh Dhé na glòir'.
- 33 Ri bochdaibh éisdidh Dia, 's cha
dean
Tàir air a phrìosanaich.
- 34 Nèamh, muir, is tir, gu moladh e,
'S gach ni ta gluasadach.
- 35 Oir bailte Iudah togaidh Dia,
Is saorar Sion leis,
A chum gu ineal iad i gu buan,
'Ga h-àiteachadh am feasd.
- 36 Do shliochd a sheirbhiseach gu fìor,
Is sealbh ro-dhìleas i ;
'S an dream a bheir d'a ainm-san
gràdh,
Sior-chòmhnuidh innte ni.

- 2 Before them let their table prove
A snare ; and do thou make
Their welfare and prosperity
A trap themselves to take.
- 23 Let thou their eyes so darken'd be,
That sight may them forsake ;
And let their loins be made by thee
Continually to shake.
- 24 Thy fury pour thou out on them,
And indignation ;
And let thy wrathful anger, Lord,
Fast hold take them upon.
- 25 All waste and desolate let be
Their habitation ;
And in their tabernacles all
Inhabitants be none.
- 26 Because him they do persecute,
Whom thou didst smite before ;
They talk unto the grief of those
Whom thou hast wounded sore.
- 27 Add thou iniquity unto
Their former wickedness ;
And do not let them come at all
Into thy righteousness.
- 28 Out of the book of life let them
Be raz'd and blotted quite ;
Among the just and righteous
Let not their names be writ.
- 29 But now become exceeding poor
And sorrowful am I :
By thy salvation, O my God,
Let me be set on high.
- 30 The name of God I with a song
Most cheerfully will praise ;
And I, in giving thanks to him,
His name shall highly raise.
- 31 This to the Lord a sacrifice
More gracious shall prove,
Than bullock, ox, or any beast
That hath both horn and hoof.
- 32 When this the humble men anall
It joy to them shall give : [see,
O all ye that do seek the Lord,
Your hearts shall ever live.
- 33 For God the poor hears, and will
His prisoners contemn. [not
- 34 Let heav'n, and earth, and seas him
praise,
And all that move in them.
- 35 For God will Judah's cities build,
And he will Sion save,
That they may dwell therein, and it
In sure possession have.
- 36 And they that are his servants' seed,
Inherit shall the same ;
So shall they have their dwelling
there
That love his blessed name,

- 1 IEHOBAH Dhia, gu m' theasairgiun,
'S gu m' chòmhnadh, deifrigh ort.
2 Biodh nàir' is amhladh air an dream
Ta 'g iarraidh m'anam' bhoichd :
Pillear an dream ud air an ais,
Le 'm mianu mo lochd a ghnàth,
Mòr amhladh gu robh orra sud,
Is rughadh gruaidh gach là.
3 Gu pillear iadsan air an ais,
Mar thuarasdal d'an nàir',
An dream a their gu fanoideach,
Aha, aha, le tàir.
4 Aoibhneas is aighear, do gach neach
Ga d' iarraidh féin a ta :
Is abradh iad le 'n toigh do shlaint',
Dia gu ma mòr, a ghnàth.
5 Ach mise ta gu h-ainnis boichd,
A m' ionnsuidh greas, a Dhia :
Mo chabhair thu, 's mo shlànuigh-
Moille na dean, mo Thriath. [ear;

SALM LXXI.—71.

- 1 'S ANN riuta ta mi 'g earbsadh, Dhé ;
Nàir' orm am feasd na biodh,
2 A'd' cheartas fòir, thoir orm dol as :
Aom rium do chluas, saor mi.
3 A'd' charraig còmhnuidh bi-sa
dhomh,
D'an tàthuicheam do shior :
Mo chaisteal, is mo dhaingneach thu,
Thug àithne chum mo dhion.
4 A làimh nan aingidh, O mo Dhia,
Dean fuasgladh domh a'm' chruas,
A làimh na muinntir eucoraich,
A ta gun iochd, gun truas.
5 Oir 's tusa, Thighearna mo Dhia,
Mo dhòchas anu am fheum :
O aois is aimsir m'òige suas,
Mo mhuinghinn thu ro-threun.
6 'S ann leatsa chumadh mise suas,
O thain'geas as a' bhroinn ;
A bolg mo mhàthar bhuin thu mi,
Sior-mholam thu gu binn.
7 Mar aobhar iongantais, a Dhé,
Aig mòran a ti mi ; [dhomh,
Ach 's tusa 's tèarmunn dileas
'S mo spionnadh mòr gun dith.
8 Lìonar mo bheul le d' mholadh-sa,
'S le t'urram féin gach lò.
9 Na tilg mi dhìot a'm' aois ; 's na tréig
'N tràth dh'fhàilnicheas mo
threòir.
10 Oir m'aghaidh mheud 's is naimhde
Labhair gu sgaiteach geur : [dhomh
'S an dream ta brath air m'anam
Ghabh comhairle le chéil'. [boichd,
11 Ag ràdh, Do thréigeadh e le Dia,
Leanaibh e nis gu teann,

- 1 LORD, haste me to deliver ;
With speed, Lord succour me.
2 Let them that for my soul do seek
Sham'd and confounded be :
Turn'd back be they, and sham'd,
That in my hurt delight,
3 Turn'd back be they, Ha, ha ! that
say,
Their shaming to requite.
4 In thee let all be glad,
And joy that seek for thee :
Let them who thy salvation love
Say still, God praised be.
5 I poor and needy am ;
Come, Lord, and make no stay :
My help thou and deliv'rer art ;
O Lord, make no delay.

(Second Version, see page 166.)

PSALM LXXI.—71.

- 1 O LORD, my hope and confidence
Is plac'd in thee alone ;
Then let thy servant never be
Put to confusion.
2 And let me, in thy righteousness,
From thee deliv'rance have :
Cause me escape, incline thine ear
Unto me, and me save.
3 Be thou my dwelling-rock, to which
I ever may resort :
Thou gav'st commandment me to
save,
For thou'rt my rock and fort.
4 Free me, my God, from wicked
Hands cruel and unjust : [hands,
5 For thou, O Lord God, art my hope,
And from my youth my trust.
6 Thou from the womb didst hold me
Thou art the same that me [up ;
Out of my mother's bowels took ;
I ever will praise thee.
7 To many I a wonder am ;
But thou'rt my refuge strong.
8 Fill'd let my mouth be with thy praise
And honour all day long.
9 O do not cast me off, when as
Old age doth o'ertake me ;
And when my strength decayed is,
Then don't thou forsake me.
10 For those that are mine enemies
Against me speak with hate :
And they together counsel take
That for my soul lay wait.
11 They said, God leaves him ; him
pursue
And take : none will him save.

- Is glacaibh, oir g'a theasairginn,
Cha'n 'eil neach idir ann.
- 12 A Dhé, na bi-sa fada uam;
Fòir orm, mo Dhia, gu luath.
- 13 Biodh nàir' is claidh air m'eas-cairdibh,
'G am bheil do m'anam fuath:
Masladh is nàire fol'cheadh iad,
Tha 'g iarraidh m'uile gach lò.
- 14 Sior-earbam riut, is seinnuidh mi
Do chliu ni 's mò 's ni 's mò.
- 15 Labhraidh mo bheul air t'fhireantachd,
'S do shlàint' gach là gun sgios:
An àireamh sud aig lionmhoireachd
Cha'n fheudar leam chur sìos.
- 16 Tre neart an Tighearna mo Dhia,
Fòs gluaisidh mi a ghnàth:
Is ni mi sgeul air t'fhireantachd,
T'fhireantachd féin a mhàin.
- 17 O m'òige rinn thu teagasg dhomh,
A Thighearn is a Dhé;
Is chuir mi t'òibre iongantach
Gu ruige so an céill.
- 18 A nis air bhi dhomh aosmhor liath,
Na tréig mi, Dbia nam feart:
Gu taisbeanainn do neart 's do threis,
Do'n àl a t'ann, 's ri teachd.
- 19 'S ro-àrd do cheartas féin, a Dhé,
Is rinn thu bearta mòr:
O Dhia, cò e a's cosmhuil riut,
No choimeas riut is còir?
- 20 Trioblaid ro-mhòr is an-shocair,
'S tu thaisbein dhomh, a Dhé;
Ath-bheothaichidh, is bheir thu ris
O dhoimhneachd talmhainn mi.
- 21 Mo mhòrachd cuiridh tus'am meud,
'S bheir sòlas air gach taobh.
- 22 Air saltair molam thu, mo Dhia,
Seadh t'fhirinn ta ro-chaomh.
Is seinneam dhuit air clàrsaich
O Aoin Naoimh Israeil. [bhinn,
- 23 Mo bhilean ni mòr-ghairdeachas,
Tràth sheinneam dhuit le m' bheul:
Bidh subhachas is aoibhneas mòr
Air m'anam féin, a Dhé,
A shaoradh leat gu tròcaireach
O 'thrioblaidibh gu léir.
- 24 Is bidh mo theang' air t'fhireant-
Ag iomradh seadh an là: [achd
Oir nàir' is amhlua dh shuair an
'G iarraidh mo lochd a ta. [dream
SALM LXXII.—72.
- 1 DHIA, thoir do bhreitheanas do'n
Is t'fhireantachd d'a mhac. [righ,
- 2 Bheir esau ceart bhreith air do
shluagh,
'S do d' bhoichdaibh còir 'nan aire,
- 12 Be thou not far from me, my God:
Thy speedy help I crave.
- 13 Confound, consume them, that unto
My soul are enemies:
Cloth'd be they with reproach and
shame
That do my hurt devise.
- 14 But I with expectation
Will hope continually;
And yet with praises more and more
I will thee magnify.
- 15 Thy justice and salvation
My mouth abroad shall show,
Ev'n all the day; for I thereof
The numbers do not know.
- 16 And I will constantly go on
In strength of God the Lord;
And thine own righteousness, ev'n
Alone, I will record. [thine
- 17 For even from my youth, O God,
By thee I have been taught;
And hitherto I have declar'd
The wonders thou hast wrought.
- 18 And now, Lord, leave me not, when
Old and grey-headed grow: [I
Till to this age thy strength and
To all to come I show. [pow'r
- 19 And thy most perfect righteousness,
O Lord, is very high,
Who hast so great things done: O
Who is like unto thee? [God,
- 20 Thou, Lord, who great adversities,
And sore, to me didst show,
Shalt quicken, and bring me again
From depths of earth below.
- 21 My greatness and my pow'r thou
Increase, and far extend: [wilt
On ev'ry side against all grief
Thou wilt me comfort send.
- 22 Thee, ev'n thy truth, I'll also
My God, with psaltery: [praise,
Thou Holy One of Israel,
With harp I'll sing to thee.
- 23 My lips shall much rejoice in thee,
When I thy praises sound:
My soul, which thou redeemed hast,
In joy shall much abound.
- 24 My tongue thy justice shall pro-
Continuing all day long; [claim,
For they confounded are, and
sham'd,
That seek to do me wrong.
PSALM LXXII.—72.
- 1 O LORD, thy judgments give the
His son thy righteousness. [king,
- 2 With right he shall thy people
judge,
Thy poor with uprightness.

- 3 Na sleibhte an àrda bheir a mach
Sìochaint do'n t-sluagh gu pailt;
Is bheir na tulaich bheaga sìth
Le fireantachd gun airc.
- 4 Air daoineibh bochd a' phobuill fòs,
Bheir esan breth gu ceart;
Is clann nan ainneis saoraidh e,
Min-bhrisidh luchd ain-neirt.
- 5 Am feadh bhios grian is gealach ann,
Freasdal do'n là 's do'n oidhche',
Bidh t'eagal orra-san gu mòr,
O linn gu linn a chaoidh.
- 6 Mar uisge air an fhaiche bluaime',
Is amhluidh thig e nuas:
Mar fhraasaidh dh'uisgicheas am fonn,
Is ionnann sin a ghràs.
- 7 R'a linn-san bidh na fireanaich
Gu h-ùr a' fàs le blàth:
'S am feadh a bhios a' ghealach ann,
Bidh sìochaint pailt a ghnàth.
- 8 Bidh uachdranachd aig mar an ceudn'
O thuinn gu tuinn gu sìor,
Is ruigidh sud o'n amhainn mhòir,
Gu lomall crìch gach tìr'.
- 9 Luchd-còmhnuidh fòs an fhàsaieibh
chruaidh
Sleuchdaidh iad sìos 'na làth'r;
A naimhdean imlichidh an ùir,
A' tabhairt ùmhlaich dha.
- 10 Rìgh Tharsis, is nan eileanan,
Tìodhlacan bheir iad uath',
Bheir rìghrean Sheba, Seba fòs,
Tabhartais dha gu luath.
- 11 Seadh, fòs 'na fhianuis sleuchdaidh
Gach rìgh air thalamh ta: [sìos
'S gach ginealach air feadh gach tìr,
Dha seirbhis ni a ghnàth.
- 12 An t-ainneis bochd gun chuideach-
Saoraidh tràth dh'èigheas ris. [adh,
13 'S ni acarachd ri truaghan bochd,
Is dìonar 'anam leis.
- 14 'Se theasairgeas an anam fòs
O shoill 's o fhòirneart gheur:
Is fòs 'na shùilibh-san gun cheisd,
'S prìseil am fuil gu léir.
- 15 Bithidh e beò gu maireannach,
Or Sheba bheirear dha:
Gnàth-urnuigh nìthear air a shon,
Is molar e gach là.
- 16 San talamh cuirear dorlach sìl,
Air bhàrr nan sliabh 's nam beann;
Is bidh a thoradh trom air chrith,
Mar Lebanon nan craun.
- An dream a ta sa' chaithir mhòir,
Bidh toradh orr' is blàth
Gu lionmhor, mar is dual do'n
Air thalamh fàs a ta. [fheur]

- 3 The lofty mountains shall bring forth
Unto the people peace;
Likewise the little hills the same
Shall do by righteousness.
- 4 The people's poor ones he shall judge,
The needy's children save;
And those shall he in pieces break
Who them oppressed have.
- 5 They shall thee fear, while sun and
Do last, through ages all. [moon
6 Like rain on mown grass he shall
drop,
Or show'rs on earth that fall.
- 7 The just shall flourish in his days,
And prosper in his reign: [dure,
He shall, while doth the moon en-
Abundant peace maintain.
- 8 His large and great dominion shall
From sea to sea extend:
It from the river shall reach forth
Unto earth's utmost end.
- 9 They in the wilderness that dwell
Bow down before him must;
And they that are his enemies
Shall lick the very dust.
- 10 The kings of Tarshish, and the
isles,
To him shall presents bring;
And unto him shall offer gifts
Sheba's and Seba's king.
- 11 Yea, all the mighty kings on earth
Before him down shall fall;
And all the nations of the world
Do service to him shall.
- 12 For he the needy shall preserve,
When he to him doth call;
The poor also, and him that hath
No help of man at all.
- 13 The poor man and the indigent
In mercy he shall spare;
He shall preserve alive the souls
Of those that needy are.
- 14 Both from deceit and violence
Their soul he shall set free;
And in his sight right precious
And dear their blood shall be.
- 15 Yea, he shall live, and giv'n to him
Shall be of Sheba's gold:
For him still shall they pray, and he
Shall daily be extoll'd.
- 16 Of corn an handful in the earth
On tops of mountains high,
With prosp'rous fruit shall shake
On Lebanon that be. [like trees
The city shall be flourishing,
Her citizens abound
In number shall, like to the grass
That grows upon the ground.

17 Bidh 'ainm-san buan gu suthain
sior,
Co-mhaireann ris a' ghréin ;
Is ann-san beannaichear gach slògh ;
Is beannaichear leo e féin.

18 Beannaicht' gu robh an Tighearn
Dia Israeil a ghnàth, [Dia,
An ti a mhàin ni m'orbhuile
Le treis is neart a làimh.

19 Beannaicht' gu robh gu siorruidh
Ainm glòrmhor uasal féin ; [buan
Lionadh a ghloir gach uile thir,
Amen, agus Amen !

SALM LXXIII.—73.

i GU firinneach tha Dia ro-mhaith
Do 'phobull Israeil, [glan,
Do'n dream 'g am bheil an cridhe
Tha Dia dhoibh maith d'a réir.

2 Ach air mo shon-sa, 's beag nach
Mo chosa uam gu grad : [d'aom
Cha mhór nach d'rinn mo cheuma
fòs

Sleamhnachadh uam air fad.

3 Ri amadanaibh ghabh mi tnù,
Ri faicinn soirbheis daoi.

4 Oir cuibhrichean cha'n 'eil 'nam
Neart làidir 's leo gun dith. [bàs ;

5 Mar dhaoineibh eile cha'n 'eil iad
Fo thrioblaid no fo leòn :
'S cha'n 'eil iad air an sàruchadh
Mar chàch le piantaibh mòr'.

6 Ardan mar shlabhraidh, uime sin,
'G an cuairteachadh a ta : [adh
Am fòirneart féin 'g an còmh-dach-
Mar eudach thart' a ghnàth.

7 An suile sultmhor tha le sail :
An tòic chaidh thar am miann.

8 Is truailidh iad, 's air fòirneart geur
Labhraidh gu h-aingidh, dian.

9 An aghaidh fòs nan nèamh 's nan
speur,
Am beul do thog iad suas ;

Air feadh na talmhainn is na tir'
An teagadh-san do ghluais.

10 Fa'n aobhar ud gu ruige so,
A shluagh-san pillidh iad ;
Is faisgear dhoibh do 'n uisge mach,
Làn cupain a's leòr meud.

11 Is their iad, Cia mar 's léir do
Dhia ?

'M bheil tuigs' san Ti a's àird' ?

12 Feuch, sud na daoi, tha soirbheach-
A' fàs 'nan stòir gach là. [adh,

13 Mo chridh' gu dearbh ghlan mi
gun stà,

'S an neo-chiont' nigh mo làmh ;

14 Oir buailt is smachduichte ta mi
Gach maduinn, 's feadh gach là.

17 His name for ever shall endure ;
Last like the sun it shall :
Men shall be bless'd in him, and
bless'd
All nations shall him call.

18 Now blessed be the Lord our God,
The God of Israel,
For he alone doth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.

19 And blessed be his glorious name
To all eternity :
The whole earth let his glory fill.
Amen, so let it be.

PSALM LXXIII.—73.

1 YET God is good to Israel,
To each pure-hearted one.

2 But as for me, my steps near slipp'd,
My feet were almost gone.

3 For I envious was, and grudg'd
The foolish folk to see,
When I perceiv'd the wicked sort
Enjoy prosperity.

4 For still their strength continueth
firm ;
Their death of bands is free.

5 They are not toil'd like other men,
Nor plagu'd, as others be.

6 Therefore their pride, like to a chain,
Them compasseth about ;
And, as a garment, violence
Doth cover them throughout.

7 Their eyes stand out with fat ; they
have

More than their hearts could wish.

8 They are corrupt ; their talk of
Both lewd and lofty is. [wrong

9 They set their mouth against the
heav'ns

In their blasphemous talk ;

And their reproaching tongue
throughout

The earth at large doth walk.

10 His people oftentimes for this
Look back, and turn about ;
Sith waters of so full a cup
To these are poured out.

11 And thus they say, How can it be
That God these things doth know ?
Or, Can there in the Highest be
Knowledge of things below ?

12 Behold, these are the wicked ones,
Yet prosper at their will
In worldly things ; they do increase
In wealth and riches still.

13 I verily have done in vain
My heart to purify ;
To no effect in innocence
Washed my hands have I.

- 15 Nan abrainn, Labhraidh mi mar so,
Feuch, pheacaichinn gu beachd,
An aghaidh sliochd is ginealaich
Na cloinne 's ionmhuinn leat.
- 16 Tràth smuainich mi gu'n tuiginn so,
Bu chruaidh-cheisd orm an
gnìomh.
- 17 Ach chaidh mi steach do naomh-
thigh Dhé,
Is thuig mi 'n sin an crìoch.
- 18 Gu deimhin chuir thu iad air fad
An àitibh sleamhuinn lom:
Is thilg thu iad a sìos 'g an sgrios
Le dioghaltas gu trom.
- 19 Feuch cionnus thàinig orra claidh,
Am mionaid bliag a 'n-uair?
Oir tha iad air an sgrios gu tur
Le oillt is eagal mòr.
- 20 Mar aisling 'nuair a dhùisgeas
neach,
Mar sin, a Dhia nan sluagh,
Nì thusa dìmeas air an dealbh,
Air mosgladh dhuit a 'n-uair?
- 21 Mar so bha air mo chridhe cràdh,
'S am airuibh goimh ro-gheur.
- 22 Oir bha mi baoth is aineolach:
Mar bhrùid a'd' làth'r, a Dhé.
- 23 Gidheadh, tha mise maille riut,
O Thighearna, a ghnàth:
Is air mo dheas làimh ghlac thu mi,
Ga m' chumail suas gach là.
- 24 Do nìthear leat mo stiùradh fòs
Le d' chomhairle a'm' fheum,
Is gabhaidh tu mi steach fadheoidh
A'd' àros ghlòrmhor féin.
- 25 Cò th'agam anns na nèamhaibh
shuas
Ach thusa, Dhia nan dùl?
Is cha 'n 'eil neach air thalamh fòs
Ach thus' am bheil mo dhùil.
- 26 Mo chridh' is m' fheòil faraon a ta
Air fàilneachadh gun cheisd:
Gidheadh 'se neart mo chridhe Dia,
'S mo chuibhrionn bhuan am
feasd.
- 27 Oir feuch iad sin tha fada uait,
Léir-sgriosar iad gu luath:
Oir chlaoidheadh leat gach uile
neach
Air strìopachas chaidh uait.
- 28 Ach dhomhsa 's maith teachd dlùth
do Dhia;
Dh'eatb mi a Dia mo neart,
A chum gu foillsichinn gu sìor
Gach gnìomh a rinneadh leat.

SALM LXXIV.—74.

- 1 C'ARSON a thilg thu sinne nait?
An ann gu bràth, a Dhé?

- 14 For daily, and all day throughout,
Great plagues I suffer'd have;
Yea, every morning I of new
Did chastisement receive.
- 15 If in this manner foolishly
To speak I would intend,
Thy children's generation,
Behold, I should offend.
- 16 When I this thought to know, it
was
Too hard a thing for me;
Till to God's sanctu'ry I went,
Then I their end did see.
- 18 Assuredly thou didst them set
A slipp'ry place upon;
Them suddenly thou castedst down
Into destruction.
- 19 How in a moment suddenly
To ruin brought are they!
With fearful terrors utterly
They are consum'd away.
- 20 Ev'n like unto a dream, when one
From sleeping doth arise;
So thou, O Lord, when thou awak'st,
Their image shalt despise.
- 21 Thus grieved was my heart in me,
And me my reins oppress:
22 So rude was I, and ignorant,
And in thy sight a beast.
- 23 Nevertheless continually,
O Lord, I am with thee:
Thou dost me hold, by my right
And still upholdest me. [hand,
- 24 Thou, with thy counsel, while I
live,
Wilt me conduct and guide;
And to thy glory afterward
Receive me to abide.
- 25 Whom have I in the heavens high
But thee, O Lord, alone?
And in the earth whom I desire
Besides thee there is none.
- 26 My flesh and heart doth faint and
fail,
But God doth fail me never:
For of my heart God is the strength
And portion for ever.
- 27 For lo, they that are far from thee
For ever perish shall;
Them that a whoring from thee go
Thou hast destroyed all.
- 28 But surely it is good for me
That I draw near to God:
In God I trust, that all thy works
I may declare abroad.

PSALM LXXIV.—74.

- 1 O GOD, why hast thou cast us off?
Is it for evermore?

- C'arson ri caoraich t'ionaltraidh,
A las do chorruich gheur ?
- 2 Cuimhnich, a Dhé, do choimhthional
A cheannuich thu o chéin ;
Slat t'oghreachd fòs a shaoradh
leat,
Sion do chòmhnuidh féin.
- 3 A chum nam fasach siorruidh buan,
Do chosa tog gu grad ;
Is chum gach ole a rinn do nàmh
A'd' theampull naomh air fad.
- 4 Do naimhde rinn iad beucadh borb
Measg coimhthionail do shluaigh :
Is chuir iad suas am brataichean
Mar chomhar air am buaidh.
- 5 Bu chliùiteach neach mar dheantadh
leis
A thuagh a thogail suas,
Air crannaibh àrda dosrach tiugh,
A chum an leagadh nuas.
- 6 Ach nis an obair shnaidhte ghrinn,
Le h-ordaibh 's tuaghaibh bhris ;
- 7 Is chuir iad suas 'na lasair dheirg
Do theampull naomh 'g a sgrios :
Tigh còmhnuidh naomha t'ainm-se,
Feuch, thruaill iad e le tàir, [Dhé,
'G a mhilleadh is 'g a leagadh sìos
Co ìosal ris an làr.
- 8 'Nan cridhe labhair iad mar so,
Sgriosamaid iad le chéil' :
Gach sinagog th'aig Dia san tìr,
Loisgeadh iad leo gu léir.
- 9 Ar comhara cha'n fhaicear leinn ;
Fàidh cha'n 'eil idir ann,
Nì mòr tha neach 'nar measg cho
D'an léir cia fad an t-àm. [geur
- 10 Cia fhad a bheir, O Dhé nan dùl,
Na naimhde toibheum uath' ?
An toir an nàmhaid beum am feasd
Do t'ainm-sa, Dhia nan sluagh ?
- 11 C'arson a phillear leat do làmh,
Do dheas làmh air a h-ais ?
O buin a mach o d' bhrollach i,
Chum suasgladh oirnn gu cas.
- 12 Oir Dia na glòir tha neartmhor
O chian is e mo Rìgh, [àrd,
Am builsguin talmhainn le mòr-
neart,
Ag oibreach' slàint' is sìth'.
- 13 An fhairge sgaoileadh leat le d'
neart,
Is cinn ro-làidir chruaidh
Nan dràgon bhriseadh leat san uisg',
A' tabhairt orra buaidh.
- 14 Cinn Lebhiatain àghoir mhóir,
'S tu féin a bhris is phronn ;
Is thug thu e mar bhiadh do'n t-
A bha san fhàsach lom. [sluagh,
- Against thy pasture-sheep why doth
Thine anger smoke so sore ?
- 2 O call to thy remembrance
Thy congregation,
Which thou hast purchased of old ;
Still think the same upon :
The rod of thine inheritance,
Which thou redeemed hast,
This Sion hill, wherein thou hadst
Thy dwelling in times past.
- 3 To these long desolations
Thy feet lift, do not tarry ;
For all the ills thy foes have done
Within thy sanctuary.
- 4 Amidst thy congregations
Thine enemies do roar :
Their ensigus they set up for signs
Of triumph thee before.
- 5 A man was famous, and was had
In estimation,
According as he lifted up
His axe thick trees upon.
- 6 But all at once with axes now
And hammers they go to,
And down the carved work thereof
They break, and quite undo.
- 7 They fired have thy sanctu'ry,
And have defil'd the same,
By casting down unto the ground
The place where dwelt thy name.
- 8 Thus said they in their hearts,
Let us
Destroy them out of hand :
They burnt up all the synagogues
Of God within the land.
- 9 Our signs we do not now behold ;
There is not us among
A prophet more, nor any one
That knows the time, how long.
- 10 How long, Lord, shall the enemy
Thus in reproach exclaim ?
And shall the adversary thus
Always blaspheme thy name ?
- 11 Thy hand, ev'n thy right hand of
might,
Why dost thou thus draw back ?
O from thy bosom pluck it out
For our deliv'rance' sake.
- 12 For certainly God is my King,
Ev'n from the times of old,
Working in midst of all the earth
Salvation manifold.
- 13 The sea, by thy great pow'r, to part
Asunder thou didst make ;
And thou the dragons' heads, O Lord,
Within the waters brake.
- 14 The leviathan's head thou brak'st
In pieces, and didst give

- 15 'S tu sgoilt an tobar is an tuil:
'S tu thliormaich airmhne mòr'.
16 'S tu dheasaich solus agus grian,
Is leat an oidheil', 's an lù.
17 Criochea na talmhainn shocruidh
thu :
Rinn thu an samhradh teth,
'S an geamhradh fòs do rinneadh
leat,
'Nan aimsiribh fa leth.
18 Gu'n d' thug na nainhde toibheum
uath'
Cuir sud air chuimhne, Dhé,
'S gu'n d' thug am pobull amaid-
each
Do t'ainm ro uasal beum.
19 Anam do cholmain na toir suas
Do chuideachd mhòir nan daoibh :
Is coimhthional do dheòraidh
bochd
Na dearmaid iad a chaoidh.
20 Do chumhnant thoir fa'near, a
Dhé ;
Oir àitean dorch' na tir',
Tha uile air an àiteachadh
Le luchd an fhòirneirt ghéir ;
21 Na piller air an ais le nàir'
Na dh'fhuiling fòirneart goirt :
An dream ta ainneis am-beartach,
Deanadh iad moladh ort.
22 Tog ort is éirich suas, a Dhé ;
Tagair do chùis gu treun :
Cuimhuich mar tha an t-amadan
Gach là toirt dhuitse beum'. [sin
23 Na dearmaid guth na muinntir
'Nan naimhdeibh dhuit a ta : riut,
Tha bruidheann dhaoibh a dh'éirich
Sior-dhiol am meud a ghnàth.

SALM LXXV.—75.

- 1 DHUIT bheir sinn buidheachas, a
Dhuit buidheachas a ghnàth : [Dhé,
Oir foillsichidh do mhiorbhuile,
Gur fagus t' ainm gach là.
2 Tràth gheibh mi is a ghlacar leam
Coimhthional mòr na tir',
Do ni mi dhoibh deàth bhreitheanas,
Gu cothromach 's gu fìor.
3 Sgaoileadh an dùthaich, is an sluagh
'Ga h-àiteachadh a ta :
Ach mise cumaidh suas gu treun
Posta na tir' a ghnàth.
4 Thubhairt mi ris gach amadan,
Na gluais gu h-amaideach :
'S ri luchd an uile, Na togaibh suas
Bhur n-adharc àrdanach.
5 Bhur n-adharc fòs na togaibh suas :
Ri cainnt le muineal cruaidh,

- Him to be meat unto the folk
In wilderness that live.
15 Thou clav'st the fountain and the
flood,
Which did with streams abound :
Thou dry'dst the mighty waters up
Unto the very ground.
16 Thine only is the day, O Lord,
Thine also is the night :
And thou alone prepared hast
The sun and shining light.
17 By thee the borders of the earth
Were settled ev'ry where :
The summer and the winter both
By thee created were.
18 That th' enemy reproached hath,
O keep it in record ;
And that the foolish people have
Blasphem'd thy name O Lord.
19 Unto the multitude do not
Thy turtle's soul deliver :
The congregation of thy poor
Do not forget for ever.
20 Unto thy cov'nant have respect ;
For earth's dark places be
Full of the habitations
Of horrid cruelty.
21 O let not those that be oppress'd
Return again with shame :
Let those that poor and needy are
Give praise unto thy name.
22 Do thou, O God, arise and plead
The cause that is thine own :
Remember how thou art reproach'd
Still by the foolish one.
23 Do not forget the voice of those
That are thine enemies :
Of those the tumult ever grows
That do against thee rise.

PSALM LXXV.—75.

- 1 TO thee, O God, do we give thanks,
We do give thanks to thee ;
Because thy wondrous works de-
clare
Thy great name near to be.
2 I purpose, when I shall receive
The congregation,
That I shall judgment uprightly
Render to ev'ry one.
3 Dissolved is the land, with all
That in the same do dwell ;
But I the pillars thereof do
Bear up and stablish well.
4 I to the foolish people said,
Do not deal foolishly ;
And unto those that wicked
are,
Lift not your horn on high.

- 6 Cha'n ann o'n ear, no 'n iar, no
Thig urram mòr no buaidh. [deas,
7 Ach 's breitheanbh Dia: a leagas
'S a thogas aon fa seach. [aon,
8 Oir cup an làimh an Tighearn ta
Do 'n fhion a's deirge dreach:
Làn coimeisg tha e, dòirtidh Dia
Cuid as a mach gu grad:
A dheasgam fàisgidh daoine daoib,
Is òlaidh iad air fad.
9 Ach cuiridh mise fòs an céill
Gu suthain is gu sior,
Do Dhia ud Iacob canar leam
Ard-mholadh binn gu fìor.
10 Uil' adharca nan daoine daoib,
Sgathaidh mi sìos 's gach àit;
Ach adharca nan saoi air fad
Togar gu grad an àird.

SALM LXXVI.—76.

- 1 AN Judah aithnìcheas ar Dia:
'S mòr 'ainm an Isra'ì naomh.
2 An Salem tha a phàillinn fòs,
A thàmh an Sion caomh.
3 Saighdean a' bhogha bhris e 'n sin,
An sgiath 's an claidheamh geur,
An còmhrag is an cath faraon,
Bhriseadh iad leis gu treun.
4 Is mò do mhòralachd, a Dhé,
Is mò gu mòr do ghloir
Na beannta tìog an cinn gu h-àrd,
Le cobhartach ro-mhòr.
5 Làn-chreachadh luchd a' chridhe
Is choidil iad le suain; [chailm,
Na fìr a bha 'nan cùraidh mhòr',
An làmh fòs cha d'fhuair.
6 O thus' a's Dia do Iacob ann,
Le d' achmhasan 's le d' neart,
An carbad-cogaidh is an t-each
'Nan suain do chuireadh leat.
7 'S cùis eagail thu, thu féin, a Dhé:
Cia neach a chogas riut?
No anu ad shealladh sheasas suas
An uair bhios corruich ort?
8 Thug thusa air do bhreitheanas
O uèamh gu'n cualas e:
Bha air an talamh eagail mòr
'S 'na thàngh ghrad dh' fhuirich e.
9 Tràth dh'èirich Dia chum breith-
A theasairginn san àm, [eanais,
Gach uile dhuine ciùin is sèimh,
Air talamh a bha ann.
10 Bheir fearg is corruich dhaoib' an
sin
Ard-mholadh dhuit gu beachd;
Is fuigheall fòs na feirge mòir',
Làn choisgidh tu le d' neart.
11 Geallaibh 'ur bòid gu togarach
D'ur Dia Iehobhah àrd;

- 5 Lift not your horn on high, nor
speak
6 With stubborn neck. But know
That not from east, nor west, nor
Promotion doth flow. [south,
7 But God is judge; he puts down one,
And sets another up.
8 For in the haud of God most high
Of red wine is a cup:
'Tis full of mixture, he pours
forth,
And makes the wicked all
Wring out the bitter dregs thereof;
Yea, and they drink them shall.
9 But I for ever will declare,
I Jacob's God will praise.
10 All horns of lewd men I'll cut off;
But just men's horns will raise.

PSALM LXXVI.—76.

- 1 IN Judah's land God is well
known,
His name's in Isr'el great:
2 In Salem is his tabernacle,
In Sion is his seat.
There arrows of the bow he brake,
The shield, the sword, the war.
4 More glorious thou than hills of
More excellent art far. [prey,
5 Those that were stout of heart are
spoil'd,
They slept their sleep outright;
And none of those their hands did
find,
That were the men of might.
6 When thy rebuke, O Jacob's
God,
Had forth against them past,
Their horses and their chariots
Were in a dead sleep cast. [both
7 Thou, Lord, ev'n thou art he that
should
Be fear'd: and who is he
That may stand up before thy sight,
If once thou angry be.
8 From heav'n thou judgment caus'd
be heard;
The earth was still with fear,
9 When God to judgment rose, to save
All meek on earth that were.
10 Surely the very wrath of man
Unto thy praise redounds:
Thou to the remnant of his
wrath
Wilt set restraining bounds.
11 Vow to the Lord your God, and
All ye that near him be, [pay:
Bring gifts and presents unto him;
For to be fear'd is he.

Is coimhlionaibh gu firinneach
Na gheallar leibhse dha:
Gach neach a ta m'a thimchioll-san
Thugadh iad dha 'na àm,
Deadh-thabhartais is tiodhlaca,
Do'n Ti 's cùis eagail ann.

12 Is e ni spiorad phrionnsan mòr
A sgathadh sìos le neart;
Do righribh fos a' chruinne-ché
'S cùis eagail e gu beachd.

SALM LXXVII.—77.

1 DH'EIGH mi ri Dia gu h-àrd le
m' ghuth,

Dh'éigh mi le m' ghuth gu h-àrd;
Is thug e, 'nuair a ghlaodh mi ris,
Sàr-éisdeachd dhomh gun dàil.

2 An là mo thrioblaid dh'iarr mi Dia:
Is shruth mo leòn gun sgur,
Rè fad na h-oidhch': is m'anam
Sòlas do dhiùlt gu tur. [truagh

3 Air Dia ghrad-chuimhnich mi an
Is mi an trioblaid ghéir: [sin.
Ris rinn mi gearan trom gun tàmh,
Chlaoidheadh mo spiorad féin.

4 Chum thu mo shùil 'na faireachadh:
Tha mi co iarganach,
Nach feud mi focal cainnt no sgéil
Labhairt le m' bheul a mach.

5 An sin air làithibh fad o chéin
Smuainich mi féin le beachd;

Air bliadhnaihb fòs na h-aimsir céin
Am aire féin bha teachd.[oidhch',

6 Seadh chuimhnich mi mo cheòl san
'S rinn cainnt ri m' chridhe féin,
Is rinn mo spiorad fòs gun tàmh,
Le dicheoll, sgrudadh geur.

7 An tilg an Tighearn uath gu bràth?
Nach nochd e 'ghràdh ni 's mò?

8 'N do sguir gu tur a ghràs am feasd?
'S a ghealladh fad gach lò?

9 'N do dhearmaid Dia gu firinneach
Bhi gràsmhor caoin gu bràth?

'N do dhruid e suas 'na chorruich
mhòir

A thròcair chaomh 's a ghràdh?

10 An sin ghrad thubhairt mi gu
dearbh

Is i so m'anmhuin mhòr;
Ach bliadhnaidh deas làimh' cuimh-

An Ti a's àirde glòir. [nicheam

11 Gníomhara Dhé sior-mheòraich-
Mar rinneadh leis gach beart,[eam,
Is t'iongantais o'n aimsir chéin
Sior-chuimhnich eam gu beachd.

12 Air t'uibribh uile mar an ceudn'
Smuainichidh mi gu tric;

Is air gach gnìomh a rinneadh leat,
Sior-labhraidh mi gu glic.

12 By him the sp'rits shall be cut
off

Of those that princes are:

Unto the kings that are on
earth

He fearful doth appear.

PSALM LXXVII.—77.

1 UNTO the Lord I with my voice,
I unto God did cry;

Ev'n with my voice, and unto
me

His ear he did apply.

2 I in my trouble sought the Lord,
My sore by night did run,

And ceased not; my grieved soul
Did consolation shun.

3 I to remembrance God did call,
Yet trouble did remain;

And overwhelm'd my spirit was,
Whilst I did sore complain.

4 Mine eyes, debarr'd from rest and
sleep,

Thou makest still to wake;

My trouble is so great that I
Unable am to speak.

5 The days of old to mind I call'd
And oft did think upon

The times and ages that are past
Full many years ago.

6 By night my song I call to mind,
And commune with my heart;

My sp'rit did carefully inquire
How I might ease my smart.

7 For ever will the Lord cast off,
And gracious be no more?

8 For ever is his mercy gone?
Fails his word evermore?

9 Is't true that to be gracious
The Lord forgotten hath?

And that his tender mercies he
Hath shut up in his wrath?

10 Then did I say, That surely this
Is mine infirmity:

I'll mind the years of the right
hand

Of Him that is most High.

11 Yea, I remember will the works
Performed by the Lord:

The wonders done of old by thee
I surely will record.

12 I also will of all thy works
My meditation make;

And of thy doings to discourse
Great pleasure I will take.

- 13 Do shlighe ta san ionad naomh,
A Thighearn is a Dhé :
Cò 's coimeas ann am meud ri dia
A ta 'na Dhia dhuinn féin ?
- 14 'S tu 'n ti tha deanamh iongantais,
A Thighearna nam feart ;
Is ann am measg a' phobull fòs
Do thaisbein thu do neart.
- 15 Do shaoradh leat d'an teasairginn
Do phobull dileas féin,
Clann Iacoib agus Ioseiph fòs,
Le d' ghairdean neartmhor treun.
- 16 Chunnaic na h-uisgeachan thu,
Dhé,
Chunnaic iad thu gu beachd :
Is ghabh iad geilt ; 's air doimhneachd
Bhia mòran ogluidheachd. [fòs
- 17 An uisge dhòirt na neoil a nuas,
Bu ro-mhòr fuaim nan speur ;
Is chaidh do shaighde corranach
A mach gu sgaiteach geur.
- 18 Ard-ghuth do thairneanaich san
Chualas, a Dhé, gu tric ; [speur,
An saoghal las le d' dhealanaich,
An talamh ghluais is chlisg.
- 19 Do cheuma tha san doimhneachd
Do shlighe tha sa' chuan : [mhòir,
Ach luig do chos cha'n aithnich
Tha sud am folach uainn. [sinn,
- 20 Is amhluidh mar gu'm biodh ann
Do phobull stiùireadh leat ; [treud,
Le deadh làimh Mhaois is Aaroin
'G an treòrachadh gu ceart. [fòs,

SALM LXXVIII.—78.

- 1 MO phobull éisdibh ri mo reachd :
Is cluinnibh guth mo bhéil.
- 2 Am briathraibh filidh cuiridh mi
Sean-fhocail dhorch' an céill :
- 3 A chuala sinn o'r sinnsearaibh,
Is air am b'fhiosrach sinn,
- 4 Cha'n fholaich siun o'n gineal-
ach,
'S cha cheil sinn iad o'n cloinn ;
A' foillseachadh àrd mholaidh Dhé
Do 'n àl a ta ri teachd ;
'S na miorbhuilean a rinneadh
leis,
A chumhachd is a neart :
- 5 Oir lagh an Iacob dhaingnich e,
Is reachd an Israel,
A dh'orduich e d'ar n-aithrichibh,
D'an cloinn an cur an céill.
- 6 Chum fios bhi aig an àl ri teachd,
A' chlann a ta gun bheith :
'S gu'n inuseadh iad do'n linn 'nan
déigh
Na nithe sin fa leth.

- 13 O God, thy way most holy is
Within thy sanctuary ;
And what god is so great in pow'r
As is our God most high ?
- 14 Thou art the God that wonders dost
By thy right hand most strong :
Thy mighty pow'r thou hast declar'd
The nations among.
- 15 To thine own people with thine arm
Thou didst redemption bring ;
To Jacob's sons, and to the tribes
Of Joseph that do spring.
- 16 The waters, Lord, perceived thee,
The waters saw thee well ;
And they for fear aside did flee ;
The depths on trembling tell.
- 17 The clouds in water forth were
Sound loudly did the sky ; [pour'd,
And swiftly through the world abroad
Thine arrows fierce did fly.
- 18 Thy thunder's voice amongst the
A mighty noise did make ; [heav'n
By lightnings lighten'd was the
world,
Th' earth tremble did, and shake.
- 19 Thy way is in the sea, and in
The waters great thy path ;
Yet are thy footsteps hid, O Lord ;
None knowledge thereof bath.
- 20 Thy people thou didst safely lead,
Like to a flock of sheep ;
By Moses' hand and Aaron's thou
Didst them conduct and keep.

PSALM LXXVIII.—78.

- 1 ATTEND, my people, to my law ;
Thereto give thou an ear ;
The words that from my mouth pro-
Attentively do hear. [ceed
- 2 My mouth shall speak a parable,
And sayings dark of old ;
- 3 The same which we have heard and
And us our fathers told. [known,
- 4 We also will them not conceal
From their posterity :
Them to the generation
To come declare will we :
The praises of the Lord our God,
And his almighty strength,
The wondrous works that he hath
done,
We will show forth at length.
- 5 His testimony and his law
In Isr'el he did place,
And charg'd our fathers it to show
To their succeeding race ;
- 6 That so the race which was to come
Might well them learn and know ;

- 7 An Dia gu'n cuireadh iad an dòigh,
'S nach deantadh dichuimhn' leo
Air oibribh Dhé, 's gu'n gleidheadh
iad
A reachda mar is còir :
- 8 'S nach biodh iad mar an sinnsir-
eachd,
Làn ceannairc is droch-bheirt,
Gun spiorad tairis ann't do Dhia,
'S an cridhe gun bhi ceart.
- 9 Clann Ephraim le armaibh gleust',
Air bogh' bu chuimseach beachd,
Ach phill iad air an ais le geilt
An làithibh cath' is feachd.
- 10 Coimhcheangal Dhé nior ghleidh-
eadh leo,
Is dhiùlt iad géill d'a reachd ;
- 11 'S na miorbhuilean a nochd e dhoibh
A 'n cuimhne leig gu beachd.
- 12 An sealladh sul an aithriche,
Seadh fòs an tìr na h-Eiph't,
'S air machair Shoaìn nochdadh leis
A mhiorbhuilean ro threun.
- 13 Sgoilt e an fhaigr', 's thug iadsan
trid ;
Mar thorra na h-uisgean sheas.
- 14 San là le neul iad stiùir, san oidhch'
Le solus tein' gu deas.
- 15 Sgoilt creag san fhàsach, aise
deoch
Thug, mar á doimhneachd mhòir ;
- 16 Bhuin sruth á creagaibh, thug air
uisg'
Ruith sìos mar thuil gu leòr.
- 17 San fhàsach pheacaich iad nì's mò;
Is bhrosnuich an t-Ard Rìgh.
- 18 'Nan chridhe chuir iad cathadh air ;
D'am miann ag iarraidh bidh.
- 19 Labhair iad fòs an aghaidh Dhé ;
Is thubhairt iad gu dian,
An urrainn Dia san fhàsach mhòr
Bòrd dheasachadh d'ar miann ?
- 20 Fench, bhuail e 'chreag, bhrùchd
uisge mach,
Dh'éirich an tuil gu luath.
Am feud e aran thubhairt fòs ?
An deasaich fèil d'a shluagh ?
- 21 Air cluinntinn so, ghabh corruich
Rì Iacob teine las, [Dia ;
Is dh'éirich fearg ro-dhoinionnach
Rì Israel gu cas :
- 22 Chionn nach do chreid iad ann an
Dia,
'S nach d'earb iad as a shlàint' ;
- 23 Ged dh'fhosgail dorsa nèamha fòs,
'S na nedil o'n àird ged dh'àithn.
- 24 Ge d' dhòirt e orra mana nuas,
Ge d' shuair iad coirc nan speur.

- And sons unborn, who should arise,
Might to their sons them show :
- 7 That they might set their hope in
And suffer not to fall [God,
His mighty works out of their mind,
But keep his precepts all ;
- 8 And might not, like their fathers, be
A stiff rebellious race ;
A race not right in heart ; with God
Whose sp'rit not steadfast was.
- 9 The sons of Ephraim, who nor bows
Nor other arms did lack,
When as the day of battle was,
They faintly turned back.
- 10 They brake God's cov'nant, and re-
In his commands to go ; [fus'd
- 11 His works and wonders they forgot,
Which he to them did show.
- 12 Things marvellous he brought to
Their fathers them beheld [pass ;
Within the land of Egypt done,
Yea, ev'n in Zoan's field.
- 13 By him divided was the sea,
He caus'd them through to pass ;
And made the waters so to stand,
As like an heap it was.
- 14 With cloud by day, with light of fire
All night, he did them guide.
- 15 In desert, rocks he clave, and drink
As from great depths supplied.
- 16 He from the rock brought streams,
like floods
Made waters to run down.
- 17 Yet sinning more, in desert they
Provok'd the Highest One.
- 18 For in their heart they tempted God,
And, speaking with mistrust,
They greedily did meat require
To satisfy their lust.
- 19 Against the Lord himself they spake,
And, murmuring, said thus,
A table in the wilderness
Can God prepare for us ?
- 20 Behold, he smote the rock, and
thence
Came streams and waters great ;
But can he give his people bread ?
And send them flesh to eat ?
- 21 The Lord did hear, and waxed
So kindled was a flame [wroth ;
'Gainst Jacob, and 'gainst Israel
Up indignation came.
- 22 For they believ'd not God, nor trust
In his salvation had ;
- 23 Tho' clouds above he did command,
And heav'n's doors open made,
- 24 And manna rain'd on them, and gave
Them corn of heav'n to eat.

- 25 Biadh aingeal dh'ith iad: thug e dhoibh
Do lòn an sàth gu léir.
- 26 San speur thug e air gaoith an ear
Gu'n d'imich i gu treun:
Is thug e fòs le neart a steach
A' ghaoth dheas mar an ceudn'.
- 27 Fòs dhoirt e orra nuas mar dhus,
Do fheadh an uile shàth;
'S eoin iteagach bu lionmhoire
Na gaineamh air an tràigh.
- 28 Do leig e sud 'nan camp a nuas
Mu'n cuairt 'nan àitean-tàimh.
- 29 Seadh dh'ith iad uile 's shàsaich-
eadh;
Oir thug e dhoibh an sàimh.
- 30 Cha robh iad air an sgarachduinn
O mhiaun an cridhe féin;
Ach air bhith aca-san am biadh
'G a chagnadh dian 'nam beul,
- 31 A' chuid bu shultmhoir' dhiubh 's
bu tréin',
Ghlac Dia 'na fheirg is mharbh:
'S an òigridh thaght' an Israel,
Ghrad bhuaileadh leis gu garbh.
- 32 Gidheadh an déigh gach gnìomh
dhiubh sud,
Do pheacaich iad gu mòr;
Is ge do rinn e mìorbhuilean,
Nìor chreid iad mar bu chóir.
- 33 An làithean chaith e, uime sin,
An diomhanas air fad;
'S am bliadhnaidh thairis chaidh
gu léir
Le carroid ghéir gun stad.
- 34 An uair a mharbhadh leis san iad,
An sin ghrad-iarr siad e,
Seadh phill iad, agus bha iad fòs
Gu moch ag iarraidh Dhé.
- 35 Is chuimhnich iadsan gu'm b'e
Dia,
An carraig threun a ghnàth:
Is gu'm b'e fòs an Dia a's àird'
B'fhear-saoraidh dhoibh gach là.
- 36 Ach rinn iad mìodal ris le 'm beul,
Le 'n teagaidh breug is gò:
- 37 Cha robh an cridhe ceart; 's cha
robh
'Na chùmhnannt dileas da.
- 38 Ach Dia, gu iochdmhor mhaith an
lochd,
'S an sgrios cha d'rinn gu geur:
Bu tric a phill e 'chorruich uath',
'S nìor dhùisg e 'thearg gu léir.
- 39 Oir aunta chuimhnich e nach robh
Ach feoil théid as mar bhlàth,
Is osag ghaoith' a ghabhas seach,
'S nach pill a ris gu bràth.
- 25 Man angels' food did eat; to them
He to the full sent meat.
- 26 And in the heav'n he did cause
An eastern wind to blow;
And by his power he let out
The southern wind to go.
- 27 Then flesh as thick as dust he made
To rain down them among;
And feather'd fowls, like as the sand
Which ly'th the shore along.
- 28 At his command amidst their camp
These show'rs of flesh down fell,
All round about the tabernacles
And tents where they did dwell.
- 29 So they did eat abundantly,
And had of meat their fill;
For he did give to them what was
Their own desire and will.
- 30 They from their lust had not estrang'd
Their heart and their desire;
But while the meat was in their
mouths,
Which they did so require;
- 31 God's wrath upon them came, and
The fattest of them all; [slew
So that the choice of Israel
O'erthrown by death, did fall.
- 32 Yet, notwithstanding of all this,
They sinned still the more;
And though he had great wonders
wrought,
Believ'd him not therefore:
- 33 Wherefore their days in vanity
He did consume and waste;
And by his wrath their wretched
Away in trouble past. [years
- 34 But when he slew them, then they
To seek him show desire; [did
Yea, they return'd, and after God
Right early did inquire.
- 35 And that the Lord had been their
They did remember then; [Rock
Ev'n that the high almighty God
Had their Redeemer been.
- 36 Yet with their mouth they flatter'd
And spake but feignedly; [him,
And they unto the God of truth
With their false tongues did lie.
- 37 For tho' their words were good, their
With him was not sincere; [heart
Unstedfast and perfidious
They in his cov'nant were.
- 38 But, full of pity, he forgave
Their sin, them did not slay;
Nor stirr'd up all his wrath, but oft
His anger turn'd away.
- 39 For that they were but fading flesh
To mind he did recall;

- 40 Cia tric a bhrosnuicheadh e leo
San fhàsach thartmhor chruaidh ;
San dìthreabh chuireadh corruich air
Le eusaontas an t-sluaigh ?
- 41 Seadh phill iad uile air an ais,
Bhrosnuich iad Dia le chéil' :
Is chuir iad tomhas mar an ceudn'
Air Ti naomh Israeil.
- 42 Dhichuimhnich iad, 's cha d'thug
fa'near
A ghairdean treun 's a làmh :
No 'n là san d'thug e furtachd
dhoibh,
Is fuasgladh deas o 'n nàmh :
- 43 No fòs mar rinneadh anns an
Comhara Dhé nam feart : [Eiph't,
Air machair Shòain mar an ceudn'
A inbhorbhuile le neart.
- 44 An srutha chaochail e gu fuil :
'S na h-villt nach feudtadh 'n òl.
- 45 Chuir losgainn thuc', is cuileagan ;
'S leo chlaoidheadh iad gu mòr.
- 46 An toradh thug e is am bàrr
Do'n bhruras sgriosach bheag ;
Is saothair fòs an làmh air fad,
Fò ailghios locust leag.
- 47 Am fion-chroinn bhris e mar an
ceudn'
Le cloich-shneachd chruaidh 's
gach àit ;
Is amhluidh mhill le reodhadh teann
An crauna-fìgis àrd.
- 48 Am feudail thug e thairis fòs
Do 'n chloich-shneachd sgataich
ghéir ;
'S le saighdibh teine-dealanaich,
Ghrad-chuir e as d'an treud.
- 49 Teas feirge, trioblaid, 's corruich
Sud thilg e orr' gu grad ; [mhòr,
Le ainglibh olc a chur 'nam measg,
G'an claidh gu goirt air fad.
- 50 D'a chorruich rinn e bealach réidh :
'N anam nior chum o'u bhàs ;
Am beatha thrugh thug thairis fòs
Do ghalair-plàigh 's do'n chàs.
- 51 Throm-bhuaileadh leis-san anns an
Eiph't,
Gach ceud-ghin a bha ann :
Toiseach an neirt sua pàilliunaibh
A bha aig gineil Ham.
- 52 Ach thug e mach a phobull caomh
Mar chaoiraich as an tìr :
Is rinn mar threud san fhàsach
An treorachadh gu fìor. [mhòr,
- 53 Leis stiùireadh iad gu tèaruinte,
Gun eagal is gun sgàth :
Ach air an naimhdibh dh'iadh an
'S an sluagh ud uile bhàth. [cuau
- A wind that passeth soon away,
And not returns at all.
- 40 How often did they Him provoke
Within the wilderness !
And in the desert did him grieve
With their rebelliousness '
- 41 Yea, turning back, they tempted
And limits set upon [God,
Him, who in midst of Isr'el is
The only Holy One.
- 42 They did not call to mind his pow'r,
Nor yet the day when he
Deliver'd them out of the hand
Of their fierce enemy ;
- 43 Nor how great signs in Egypt land
He openly had wrought ;
What miracles in Zoan's field
His hand to pass had brought.
- 44 How lakes and rivers ev'ry where
He turned into blood ;
So that no man nor beast could
Of standing lake or flood ; [drink
- 45 He brought among them swarms of
Which did them sore annoy ; [flies,
And divers kinds of filthy frogs
He sent them to destroy.
- 46 He to the caterpillar gave,
The fruits of all their soil ;
Their labours he deliver'd up
Unto the locusts' spoil.
- 47 Their vines with hail, their sycas
He with the frost did blast : [mores
- 48 Their beasts to hail he gave ; their
Hot thunderbolts did waste. [flocks
- 49 Fierce burning wrath he on them
And indignation strong, [cast,
And troubles sore, by sending forth
Ill angels them among.
- 50 He to his wrath made way ; their
From death he did not save ; [soul
But over to the pestilence
The lives of them he gave.
- 51 In Egypt land the first-born all
He smote down ev'ry where ;
Among the tents of Ham, ev'n these
Chief of their strength that were.
- 52 But his own people, like to sheep,
Thence to go forth he made ;
And he, amidst the wilderness,
Them, as a flock, did lead.
- 53 And he them safely on did lead,
So that they did not fear ;
Whereas their en'mies by the sea
Quite overwhelmed were.
- 54 To borders of his sanctuary
The Lord his people led,
Ev'n to the mount which his right
For them had purchased. [hand

- 54 Gu crìochaibh ionaid naomha fèin
Thug e a phobull leis :
Gu ruig an cnoc so choisinn e,
'S a bhuadhaich a làmh dheas.
- 55 Thilg e na cinnich rompa mach,
'S an oighreachd roinn le crann .
Do Isra'! thug e 'n àite sud
Gu còmhnuidh ghabhail ann.
- 56 Ach bhrosnuich agus ghrànaich iad
An Dia a's àirde glòir ;
Is idir cha do choimhid iad
A naomh-reachd mar bu chòir.
- 57 Ach phill iad mar an sinnseara,
'S gu fealltach ghluais air fad :
Mar bhogha fiar chaidh iad a thaobh,
Is chlaon iad uaith gu grad.
- 58 Le 'u dealbhaibh, is le'n aithibh ard'
Chuir iad air fearg is eud :
59 Tràth chuala Dia bha corruich air
Is gràin ri Israel.
- 60 Ionnus a phobull gu'n do thrèig,
An Siloh chuir a làmh :
'S am pàillun fòs a shocruidh e
Measg dhaoine ghabhail tàimh.
- 61 Gu bruid thug suas an neart, 's an
Gu làimh nan naimhde garg.[glòir
62 Do 'n chlaidheamh thug e suas a shluagh,
Ri 'oighreachd ghabh e fearg.
- 63 An teine loisg an òigrìdh ghleust' ;
Pòsadh cha d'fhuair an òigh'n.
- 64 An sagairt thuit le claidheamh geur ;
'S cha d' rinn am bantraich bròn.
- 65 Ghrad-mhosgail Dia an sin, mar neach
Ag éirigh as a shuain :
Mar chùraidh 'n déigh bhi pòit air
Tràth ni e iolach chruaidh. [tion
- 66 'Nan deireadh bhuailleadh leis gu geur
A naimhde féin le tàir :
Is chuir e iad o sin a mach
Gu masladh buan is nàir'.
- 67 Is pàillun Ioseph dhiùltadh leis :
Nìor thagh treubh Ephraim fòs :
68 Ach thagh e Iudah, sliabh Shìoin féin
D'an d'thug e gràdh gu mòr.
- 69 Thog esan 'fhàrdoch naomh an sud,
Mar lùchairt àrd ro-dheas :
'S mar ionad àrd air talamh teann
A dhaingnich e am feasd.
- 55 The nations of Canaan,
By his almighty hand,
Before their face he did expel
Out of their native land ;
Which for inheritance to them
By line he did divide,
And made the tribes of Israel
Within their tents abide.
- 56 Yet God most high they did pro-
And tempted ever still ; [voke,
And to observe his testimonies
Did not incline their will :
- 57 But, like their fathers, turned back,
And dealt unfaithfully ;
Aside they turned, like a bow
That shoots deceitfully.
- 58 For they to anger did provoke
Him with their places high ;
And with their graven images,
Mov'd him to jealousy. [wroth,
- 59 When God heard this, he waxed
And much loath'd Isr'el then :
60 So Shiloh's tent he left, the tent
Which he had plac'd with men.
- 61 And he his strength delivered
Into captivity ;
He left his glory in the hand
Of his proud enemy.
- 62 His people also he gave o'er
Unto the sword's fierce rage :
So sore his wrath inflamed was
Against his heritage.
- 63 The fire consum'd their choice
young men ;
Their maids no marriage had ;
- 64 And when their priests fell by the
sword,
Their wives no mourning made.
- 65 But then the Lord arose, as one
That doth from sleep awake ;
And like a giant that, by wine
Refresh'd, a shout doth make :
- 66 Upon his en'mies' hinder parts
He made his stroke to fall ;
And so upon them he did put
A shame perpetual.
- 67 Moreover, he the tabernacle
Of Joseph did refuse ;
The mighty tribe of Ephraim
He would in no wise choose :
- 68 But he did choose Jehudah's tribe
To be the rest above ;
And of mount Sion he made choice,
Which he so much did love.
- 69 And he his sanctuary built
Like to a palace high,
Like to the earth which he did found
To perpetuity.

70 Is 'òglach Daibhidh thagh, is thug

O chrò nan caorach e :

71 'S o leantuinn fòs nan caorach trom'

Le h-àl am measg an spréidh ;

Is thug se e a bheathachadh

Iacoib a phobuill naoimh,

Is gineal Isr'eil mar an ceudn'

A b' oighreachd dha ro-chaoimh.

72 Réir ionracais a chridhe féin,

Bheathaich e iad gu beachd :

A réir deadh sheòltachd fòs a làmh,

Stiùireadh leis iad gu ceart.

SALM LXXIX.—79.

1 THAINIG, a Dhé, na fineachan

A teach do d' oighreachd féin,

Thruaill iad do theampull naomh,

'Na tòrr Ierusalem. [is dh'fhàg

2 Is thug iad cuirp do sheirbhiseach

Mar bhiadh do eoin nan speur :

Is feoil do naomh mar chobhartach,

Do bheathaichibh an t-sléibh.

3 Mu thimchioll fòs Ierusalem,

Dhòirt iad am fuil mar uisg' :

Is cha robh neach g'an adhlacadh

'S g'an cur san uaigh an taisg.

4 Ball faoid agus maslaidh sinn

D'ar coimhearsnachaibh féin :

Cùs spòrs' is mhagaidd do gach

A ta m'ar cuairt gu léir. [neach

5 Cia fhad a bhitheas corruich ort,

A Dhé, am bi gu bràth ?

Is t'eud am bi a' losgadh ruinn

Mar lasair theith a ghnàth ?

6 Do chorruich air na cinnich dòirt

Aig nach 'eil eolas ort ;

Is air na rioghachdaibh nach gairm

Air t'ainm, a Dhia nam feart.

7 Oir mhill iad Iacob, 'Thàrdoch fòs

'Na fàsach chuir iad sìos.

8 Na peacaidh fòs a rinneadh leinn

Na cuimhnich dhuinn a ris ;

Tionndadh gu luath do thruacantas,

Ruigeadh e oirnn mu thràth :

Oir 's diblidh bochd a nis ar staid

A' tuiteam sìos gach là.

9 Dean còmhnaidh leinn, O Dhé ar

slàint'

Air sgàth glòir t'ainme féin ;

Sgàth t'ainme saor sinn, agus glan

Ar peacaidh uainn gu léir.

10 Ciod uime 'n abradh fineacha,

C'àit bheil a nis an Dia ?

Measg shineacha 'nar sealladh féin,

Aithnicheadh iad an Triath,

Le dioghaltas a ghabhail diubh ;

Oir dhòirteadh leo gun iochd

70 Of David, that his servant was,

He also choice did make,

And ev'n from the folds of sheep

Was pleased him to take :

71 From waiting on the ewes with young,

He brought him forth to feed

Israel, his inheritance,

His people, Jacob's seed.

72 So after the integrity

He of his heart them fed :

And by the good skill of his hands

Them wisely governed.

PSALM LXXIX.—79.

1 O GOD, the heathen enter'd have

Thine heritage : by them

Defiled is thy house : on heaps

They laid Jerusalem.

2 The bodies of thy servants they

Have cast forth to be meat

To rav'nous fowls ; thy dear saints'

flesh

They gave to beasts to eat.

3 Their blood about Jerusalem

Like water they have shed ;

And there was none to bury them

When they were slain and dead.

4 Unto our neighbours a reproach

Most base become are we ;

A scorn and laughing-stock to them

That round about us be.

5 How long, Lord, shall thine anger last ?

Wilt thou still keep the same ?

And shall thy fervent jealousy

Burn like unto a flame ?

6 On heathen pour thy fury forth,

That have thee never known,

And on those kingdoms which thy

Have never call'd upon. [name

7 For these are they who Jacob have

Devoured cruelly ;

And they his habitation

Have caused waste to lie.

8 Against us mind not former sins ;

Thy tender mercies show ;

Let them prevent us speedily,

For we're brought very low.

9 For thy name's glory help us, Lord,

Who hast our Saviour been :

Deliver us ; for thy name's sake,

O purge away our sin.

10 Why say the heathen, Where's

their God ?

Let him to them be known ;

When those who shed thy servants'

blood

Are in our sight o'erthrown.

- Fuil nedhchiontach do sheirbhiseach,
Gu saoibhir is gu tric.
- 11 Osnaidh a' phriosanaich a'd' làth'r
Thigeadh, a Dhé nam fear;
'S an dream a dh'ordnuicheadh chum
Saor-sa, réir meud do neirt. [bàis
- 12 Riusan tha dhuinn 'nan coimhears-
naich
'Nam brollach. diol am beum :
Gach masladh le'n do spreig iad thu,
Seachd uaire pill riú féin.
- 13 Treud t'ionaltraidh, 's do phobull
Molaidh sinn thu a ghnàth:[sinn,
Is cuiridh sinn an céill do chliu
O linn gu linn gu bràth.

SALM LXXX.—80.

- 1 EISD, aodhair Israel, a stiùir
Ioseph mar threud le d'làimh.
Thusa ta d' thàmh measg cheruban,
Dealruich a mach mu thràth.
- 2 An làthair Ephraim 's Bheniamin,
Agus Mhanaseh fòs,
Dùisg-sa do chumhachd : agus thig
G'ar saoradh mar is nòs.
- 3 Pill sinn a ris, a Dhé nam fear :
Tog oirne suas gu h-àrd
Deadh dhealradh glan do ghnùis a
Is saorar sinn le d' ghràs. [nis,
- 4 Cia fhad, a Thighearna nan sluagh,
A leanas corruich riut,
Ri guidhe ghéir na muinutir sin
A's pobull dileas duit ?
- 5 Oir bheathaich thu do shluagh gu
Le aran deur is bròin : [léir
Is tomhas saoibhir thug thu dhoibh
Do dheuraibh goirt r'an òl.
- 6 Is rinn thu sinn mar aobhar stri
D'ar coimhearsnachaibh féin :
'Nar n-aobhar spòrs' is abhacais
D'ar n-eascairdibh gu léir.
- 7 Pill sinn a ris, O Dhé nan slògh ;
Tog oirne suas gu h-àrd
Deadh dhealradh glau do ghnùis a
Is saorar sinn le d' ghràs. [nis,
- 8 Thug thu fionain as an Eiphit :
Na cinnich thilg thu mach,
Is shuidhich thus' an fhionain ud
'Nan ionad sud fa seach.
- 9 Réitich thu àite dhi ; is ghabh
I freumh gu daingean teann,
Le d' bheannachadh ; is lionadh leath'
An tìr o cheann gu ceann.
- 10 Na cuic ro-àrda dh'fholuich i
Le sgàil 's le dùbhar féin :
A geugan bha a cinneachduinn
Mar sheudair àtuinn réidh.
- 11 An dara taobh gu ruig an cuan
Chuir i a mach a meoir ;

- 11 O let the pris'ner's sighs ascend ;
Before thy sight on high ;
Preserve those in thy mighty pow'r
That are design'd to die.
- 12 And to our neighbours' bosom
cause
It seven-fold render'd be,
Ev'n the reproach wherewith they
have,
O Lord, reproached thee.
- 13 So we thy folk, and pasture-
sheep,
Shall give thee thanks always ;
And unto generations all
We will show forth thy praise.
- PSALM LXXX.—80.
- 1 HEAR, Isr'el's Shepherd ! like a flock
Thou that dost Joseph guide ;
Shine forth, O thou that dost between
The cherubims abide.
- 2 In Ephraim's, and Benjamin's,
And in Manasseh's sight,
O come for our salvation ;
Stir up thy strength and might.
- 3 Turn us again, O Lord our God,
And upon us vouchsafe
To make thy countenance to shine,
And so we shall be safe.
- 4 O Lord of hosts, almighty God,
How long shall kindled be
Thy wrath against the prayer made
By thine own folk to thee ?
- 5 Thou tears of sorrow giv'st to them
Instead of bread to eat ;
Yea, tears instead of drink thou
To them in measure great. [giv'st
- 6 Thou makest us a strife unto
Our neighbours round about ;
Our enemies among themselves
At us do laugh and flout.
- 7 Turn us again, O God of hosts,
And upon us vouchsafe
To make thy countenance to shine,
And so we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Egypt brought thou hast
By thine outstretched hand ;
And thou the heathen out didst cast,
To plant it in their land.
- 9 Before it thou a room didst make,
Where it might grow and stand ;
Thou causedst it deep root to take,
And it did fill the land.
- 10 The mountains veil'd were with its
As with a covering ; [shade,
Like goodly cedars were the boughs
Which out from it did spring.
- 11 Upon the one hand to the sea
Her boughs she did out send ;

- An taobh nd eil' a geugau shin
Gu ruig an amhainn dhòir.
- 12 A callaid c'uim' a bhriseadh leat !
Ionnnus gu bheil gach neach
Théid seachad air an rathad mhòr,
'Ga spionadh leo fa seach.
- 13 Tha'n torc a thig o'n choille mach
'Ga fàsachadh gu léir,
Tha beathaich allt' na machrach fòs
'Ga slugadh suas le chéil'.
- 14 Pill, guidh'mid ort, a Dhé nan
sluagh,
Is seall o nèamh a nuas,
Feuch, agus fiosraich féin a nis
An fhionain so le truas :
- 15 Am fion-lios sin a shuidhich thu,
Le neart do làimhe deis' :
'S am meanglan ud a neartaich thu
Dhuit féin le lùth is treis.
- 16 Le lasair theine loisgeadh i,
Is ghearradh i a nuas :
Làn-mhilleadh agus sgriosadh iad,
Le achmhasan do ghnùis.
- 17 Air fear do dheas làimh féin, a Dhé,
Gu robh do làmh gu treun :
Air mac an duin' a rinneadh leat
A neartachadh dhuit féin.
- 18 Mar sin cha phill sinn uait a ris ;
Ath-bheothaich sinn gach lò,
Is gairmidh sinn air t'ainm an sin,
An cian a bhios sinn beò.
- 19 Pill sinn a ris, a Dhé nam feart,
Is foillsich féin gu h-àrd
Deadh dhealradh glan do ghnùis a
Is saorar sinn le d' ghràs. [nis,
SALM LXXXI.—81.
- 1 SEINNIBH gu h-ait do Dhia ar neart ;
Dhia Iacoib fòs gu binn,
2 Is glacaibh salm, is tiompan fòs ;
Saltair is clàrsach ghrinn.
- 3 An trompaid séidibh san ré nuadh :
Air làithibh orduicht' féill'.
- 4 Bu lagh sud aig Dia Iacoib fòs ;
'S bu reachd do Israel.
- 5 Do Joseph dh'orduich sud mar theist,
Air dol dha trid na h-Eiph't ;
'S an cualas cainnt is uirghioll fòs
Nach tuiginn as am beul.
- 6 O'n uallach shaor mi 'ghuala-san :
O obair chrè a làmh.
- 7 Ghair thusa ann ad thrioblaid orm,
Is shaor mi thu gun dàil :
- An ionad diomhair tairneanaich,
Do fàreagair mi do ghlaodh :
Aig uisgibh combstri Mheribah,
Do dhearbh mi thu faraon.
- 8 Eisd, O mo shluagh, is bleir mi dhuit
Deadh fhianuis fòs gu ceart,

- On th' other side unto the flood
Her branches did extend.
- 12 Why hast thou then thus broken
And ta'en her hedge away ? [down
So that all passengers do pluck,
And make of her a prey.
- 13 The boar who from the forest comes
Doth waste it at his pleasure ;
The wild beast of the field also
Devours it out of measure.
- 14 O God of hosts, we thee beseech,
Return now unto thine ;
Look down from heav'n in love, be-
And visit this thy vine : [hold,
- 15 This vineyard which thine own
right hand
Hath planted us among ;
And that same branch, which for thy-
Thou hast made to be strong. [self
- 16 Burnt up it is with flaming fire,
It also is cut down :
They utterly are perished
When as thy face doth frown.
- 17 O let thy hand be still upon
The Man of thy right hand,
The Son of man, whom for thyself
Thou madest strong to stand.
- 18 So henceforth we will not go back,
Nor turn from thee at all :
O do thou quicken us, and we
Upon thy name will call.
- 19 Turn us again, Lord God of hosts,
And upon us vouchsafe
To make thy countenance to shine,
And so we shall be safe.
- PSALM LXXXI.—81.
- 1 SING loud to God our strength ; with
To Jacob's God do sing. [joy
- 2 Take up a psalm, the pleasant harp,
Timbrel and psalt'ry bring.
- 3 Blow trumpets at new-moon, what
Our feast appointed is : [day
- 4 For charge to Isr'el and a law
Of Jacob's God was this.
- 5 To Joseph this a testimony
He made, when Egypt land
He travell'd through, where speech
I did not understand. [I heard
- 6 His shoulder I from burdens took,
His hands from pots did free.
- 7 Thou didst in trouble on me call,
And I deliver'd thee :
- In secret place of thundering,
I did thee answer make ;
And at the streams of Meribah,
Of thee a proof did take.
- 8 O thou, my people, give an ear,
I'll testify to thee ;

Ma dh'éisdeas tu ri guth mo bhéil,
O Israeil gu beachd.

- 9 Annad na biodh aon uair air bith
Dia eile coigreach bréig',
Is do dhia coimheach fòs air bith
Na crom-sa sìos 's na géill.
- 10 'S mise do Dhia le hobhah treun,
Thug thus' o'n Eiph't le neart;
Gu farsuinn fosgail rium do bheul,
Is lionam e gu pailt.
- 11 Gidheadh cha d' thug mo phobull
Eisdeachd doghuth mo bhéil, [féin
'S cha ghabhadh rium an aitim ud
A ghin o Israel.
- 12 Mar sin do mhiann an cridhe féin
Thug mise thairis iad :
'S ghluais iad 'nan comhairle neo-
A' cur an ciont' am meud. [ghlic
- 13 O b'fhearr gu'm biodh mo phobull
féin
A' tabhairt géill do m' reachd :
Is fòs gu'n gluaiseadh Israel
A'm' shligheibh féin gu ceart !
- 14 An naimhde smachdaich iun gu
luath,
Le buaidh 'g an leagadh sìos ;
Is phillinn air an eascairdibh
Mo lámh, g'an cur fo chis.
- 15 Luchd-fuath' an Tighearna mar sin
Bheireadh làn-ùmhlaichd dha ;
Ach biodh an aimsir-san ro-bhuan
Is maireannach gu bràth.
- 16 Is bheireadh e ga'm beathachadh,
Smior cruithneachd fòs d'a shluagh :
Do làn-dhiol bheirinn duit faraon
Do'n mhill o'n charraig chruaidh.

SALM LXXXII.—82.

- 1 AN coimhthional nan treun a ta
'Na sheasamh Dia nam feart :
Am measg nan dée bheir esan breth
Le cothrom is le ceart.
- 2 Cia fhad a bheir sibh breitheanas
Gu h-eucorach 's gach cùis ;
Toirt leth-bhreth air na daoineibh
'Gam meas a réir an gubis ? [daoibh
- 3 Do dhaoineibh bochd 's do dhilleachd-
Deanaibh-sa diou le ceart ; [ain
Is cumaibh còir riu sud a ghnàth
Ta cràiteach bochd gun neart :
- 4 An t-ainnis lag 's an deòradh truagh,
Sior-theasairgibh 'nam feum,
Deanaibh o làimh nan aingidh fòs
Deadh-fhuasgladh dhoibh gu treun.
- 5 Eòlas no tuigse cha'n 'eil ac',
A' triall san dorchaid taid ;
Tha bunait na talmhainn fòs
Air gluasad as an àit.

To thee, O Isr'el, if thou wilt
But hearken unto me.

- 9 In midst of thee there shall not be
Any strange god at all ;
Nor unto any god unknown
Thou bowing down shalt fall.
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which did
From Egypt land thee guide ;
I'll fill thy mouth abundantly,
Do thou it open wide.
- 11 But yet my people to my voice
Would not attentive be ;
And ev'n my chosen Israel
He would have none of me.
- 12 So to the lust of their own hearts
I them delivered ;
And then in counsels of their
own
They vainly wandered.
- 13 O that my people had me heard,
Isr'el my ways had chose !
- 14 I had their en'mies soon subdu'd
My hand turn'd on their foes.
- 15 The haters of the Lord to him
Submission should have feign'd :
But as for them, their time should
have
For evermore remain'd.
- 16 He should have also fed them
with
The finest of the wheat ;
Of honey from the rock thy fill
I should have made thee eat.

PSALM LXXXII.—82.

- 1 IN gods' assembly God doth stand ;
He judgeth gods among.
- 2 How long, accepting persons
vile,
Will ye give judgment wrong ?
- 3 Defend the poor and fatherless ;
To poor oppress'd do right.
- 4 The poor and needy ones set
free ;
Rid them from ill men's might.
- 5 They know not, nor will under-
stand ;
In darkness they walk on :
All the foundations of the earth
Out of their course are gone.
- 6 I said that ye are gods, and are
Sons of the Highest all :
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and as
One of the princes fall.

- 6 Is dée sibh (thubhairt mi,) 's is mic
Do'n Ti a's àirde t'ann: [dhaoín',
7 Ach tuitidh, 's gheibh sibh bàs mar
'S mar aon do phrionusaibh fann.
8 Dhia, éirich, air an talamh dean
Deadh bhreitheanas gu grad:
Oir gabhaidh tu mar oighreachd
Na fineachan air fad. [dhuit

SALM LXXXIII.—83.

- 1 NA bi a'd' thosd a nis, na bi
A'd' thàmh, O Dhia ar neart,
Na bi-sa sàmhach nis 'nar feum,
Dhia chumhachdaich nam feart.
2 Oir feuch, a ta do naimhde treun
Ri stri is buaireas àrd;
'S an dream ud leis am fuathach thu,
An cinn thog suas an àird.
3 Oir dhealbh iad olc gu cuilbheartach
'N aghaidh do phobuill féin,
'N aghaidh do mhuinntir dhiomhair
Ghabh comhairle le chéil'. [fòs
4 A deir iad, Thigibh leinn g'an sgrios
O bhi ni 's mò 'nan sluagh;
A chum nach biodh air Israel
Iomradh gu bràth no luaidh:
5 Oir ghabh iad comhairle le chéil':
A' t'aghaidh ceangal rinn.
6 Pàillion Edoim, 's Ismaelich,
Moab is Hagaren;
7 Gebal, Amon, is Amalec,
Palestin, 's muinntir Thior;
8 Dhruid Asur leo: 's bu chòmhua dh
Do ghineil Lot gu fìor. [iad
9 Mar rinneadh leat air Midian,
'S air Sisera le chéil';
Air Iabin aig sruth Chisoin cas,
Dean orra sud d'a réir:
10 Aig Endor mar a chaidh an claidh
Mar aolach air an làr.
11 Air Oreb mar rinn thu, 's air Seeb,
Dean air an uaislibh tàir:
Mar Sheba fòs is Shalmuna,
Am prionnsan dean gu léir:
12 A thubhairt, Glacamaid dhuinn
Mar oighreachd, àrois Dé. [féin,
13 Dean iad mar asbhuain, O mo Dhia;
Mar mholh roimh ghaoith nan
gleann. [chrion,
14 Mar chlaoidheas teine coillteach
'S mar loisgeas lasair beann:
15 Mar sin le d' dhoininn orra sud,
Dean thusa tòrachd dhian;
Le d'iom-gbaoith, is le d' dhoininn
Cuir orra geilt is fiamh. [mhòir,
16 An eudan lion le masladh mòr,
'S le rughadh-gruaidh' gach rè,
Gu ruig an uair an iarrar leo
T'ainm glòrmhor féin, a Dhé.

- 8 O God, do thou raise up thy-
self,
The earth to judgment call:
For thou, as thine inheritance,
Shalt take the nations all.

PSALM LXXXIII.—83.

- 1 KEEP not, O God, we thee entreat,
O keep not silence now:
Do thou not hold thy peace, O
God,
And still no more be thou.
2 For, lo, thine enemies a noise
Tumultuously have made;
And they that haters are of thee
Have lifted up the head.
3 Against thy chosen people they
Do crafty counsel take;
And they against thy hidden ones
Do consultations make.
4 Come, let us cut them off, said they,
From being a nation,
That of the name of Isr'el may
No more be mention.
5 For with joint heart they plot, in
league
Against thee they combine.
6 The tents of Edom, Ishm'elites,
Moab's and Hagar's line:
7 Gebal, and Ammon, Amalek,
Philistines, those of Tyre;
8 And Assur join'd with them, to
help
Lot's children they conspire.
9 Do to them as to Midian,
Jabin at Kison strand;
10 And Sis'ra, which at Endor fell,
As dung to fat the land.
11 Like Oreb and like Zeeb make
Their noble men to fall;
Like Zeba and Zalmunna like
Make thou their princes all;
12 Who said, For our possession,
Let us God's houses take.
13 My God, them like a wheel, as
chaff
Before the wind, them make.
14 As fire consumes the wood, as
flame
Doth mountains set on fire,
15 Chase and affright them with the
storm
And tempest of thine ire.
16 Their faces fill with shame, O
Lord,
That they may seek thy name.

- 17 Biodh amhluidh orramar an ceudn',
Is trioblaid mhòr a chaoidh :
Is glacadh nàire mhaslach iad,
G'am milleadh is g'an claidh.
18 Gu'n aithnich iad gur tusa mhàin
D'an ainm Iehobhah treun,
Tha t'uachdaran os ceann gach tìr
San domhan mhòr gu léir.

SALM LXXXIV.—84.

- 1 CIA mòr an airidh-ghràidh do theach,
Iehobhah mhòir nan sluagh !
Cia taitneach dhomh-sa t'àros naomh,
O Thighearna nam buadh !
2 Tha m'anam fann, aig meud a
Air chùirtibh Dhé gach lò: [mbiann
Mo chridh' is m'theoil ri scar-teachd
'N geall air an Dia ta beò. [chruaidh,
3 Feuch fhuair an sud an gealbhonn
beag
Tigh-còmhnuidh maith 'na fheum,
San gobhlan-gaoithe mar an ceudn'
Do sholair uead dhi féin.
Is taisgidh i an sin a h-eoin,
'S a h-àlach beag gun chli :
Aig t'altair féin, O Dhia nan sluagh,
Mo Thighearn, is mo Rìgh.
4 'S beannaicht' an dream an còmh-
A'd' àros naomh, a Dhé, [nuidh ta
Oir bheir iad, (mar is cubhaidh dho-
Mòr-mholadh dhuit gach rè. [ibh,)
5 'S beannaicht' an duine sin 'gam
Annads' a neart gach là: [bheil
An dream 'gam bheil 'nan cridhe
Do shlighe féin a ghnàth. [stigh
6 An dream sin tregheann Baca théid,
Ni tobair ann, 'nam feum :
Is lionaidh 'n t-uisge thig a nuas
Na sluic gu ruig am bèil.
7 Sior-ghluaisidh iad mar sin gun
A' dol o neart gu neart: [sgios,
An Sion nochdar iad fadheòidh
An làthair Dhé nam feart.
8 O Dhia nan sluagh, cluinn m'urnuigh
Dhé Iacoib, éisd gu grad. [féin,
9 O Dhia ar sgiath, feuch 's amhairc
Gnùis t'ungaidh féin gun stad. [air
10 'S fearr là a'd' chùirt na mìle là:
B'fhearr leam bbi dorsaireachd
An àros Dé, na m' chòmhnuidh fòs
Am pàillion aingidheachd.
11 Oir 's grian, 's is sgiath Iehobhah
Is bheir e gràs is glòir; [Dia;
'S cha chum e maith air bith o'n
Ghluaiséas gu dìreach còir. [dream
12 O Thighearn is a Dhia nan sluagh,
Is beannaicht' e gun cheisd,
An duine sin, gu muinghineach,
D'an dòchas thu am feasd.

- 17 Let them confounded be, and vex'd,
And perish in their shame :
18 That men may know that thou, to
whom
Alone doth appertain
The name JEHOVAH, dost most
high
O'er all the earth remain.

PSALM LXXXIV.—84.

- 1 HOW lovely is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me !
The tabernacles of thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be !
2 My thirsty soul longs veh'mently,
Yea faints, thy courts to see :
My very heart and flesh cry out,
O living God, for thee.
3 Behold, the sparrow findeth out
An house wherein to rest ;
The swallow also for herself
Hath purchased a nest ;
Ev'n thine own altars, where she
safe
Her young ones forth may bring,
O thou almighty Lord of hosts,
Who art my God and King.
4 Bless'd are they in thy house that
dwell,
They ever give thee praise.
5 Bless'd is the man whose strength
thou art,
In whose heart are thy ways :
6 Who passing thorough Baca's vale,
Therein do dig up wells ;
Also the rain that falleth down
The pools with water fills.
7 So they from strength unwearied go
Still forward unto strength,
Until in Sion they appear
Before the Lord at length.
8 Lord God of hosts, my prayer hear ;
O Jacob's God, give ear.
9 See God our shield, look on the face
Of thine anointed dear.
10 For in thy courts one day excels
A thousand ; rather in
My God's house will I keep a door
Than dwell in tents of sin.
11 For God the Lord's a sun and shield:
He'll grace and glory give ;
And will withhold no good from
them
That uprightly do live.
12 O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
That man is truly blest,
Who by assured confidence
On thee alone doth rest.

- 1 BHA thusa gràsmhor fàbharach,
A Dhé, do d' dhùthaich féin;
Bruid Iacoib thug thu air a h-ais
A ris le d' ghairean treun.
- 2 Cionta do phobull mhaith thu féin;
Dh'fholuich thu 'n uile lochd.
- 3 Choisg thu do chorruih uile, 's phill
O'n lasan a bha ort.
- 4 Pill sinn a ris, a Dhia ar slàint',
Is tog do lasan dhinn.
- 5 Am bi do chorruih ruinn gu bràth?
'S an sin ear t'fhearg gach linn?
- 6 Nach deanar leatsa, Dhia nan gràs,
A ris ar tabhairt beó:
Gu'n deanadh annad gairdeachas
Do phobull féin gach lò?
- 7 Taisbein do thròcair dhuinn a nis,
A Thighearn is a Dhé:
Is deònuich dhuinn t'fhurtachd fòs,
'S do shlàinte féin gach rè.
- 8 Nis éisdeam ris an nì their Dia:
Labhraidh e sith gu beachd
R'a phobull naomh; 's na pilleadh
A ris chum amaideachd. [iad
- 9 Gu dearbh tha 'chabhair dlùth do'n
D'an eagale e gu fìor; [dream
Chum glòir a bhi 'na còmhnuidh fòs
Gu bunaiteach 'nar tìr.
- 10 Tha tròcair agus fìrinn ghlan
Air còmhlaichadh a chèil':
Tha ceartas agus sìochaint mhaith
A' pògadh beul ri beul.
- 11 Is fàsaidh as an talamh fòs
Fìrinn a nìos gu pailt:
Is seallaidh ceart is fireantachd
O nèamh a nuas gun airc.
- 12 Is amhluidh bheir le hobhah dhuinn
Nì maith gu toirbheartach;
Is bheir ar fearann is ar fonn
Deadh thoradh trom a mach.
- 13 Sior-ghluaisidh ceart is fireantachd
'Na fhianuis san gu réidh:
Is sinn air sligh' a cheumanna
Gu dìreach stiùraidh e.

PSALM LXXXVI.—86.

- 1 AOM rium do chluas is cluinn mi,
Oir tha mi ainnis truagh: [Dhia,
- 2 Dean thusa, chionn gu 'm buin mi
dhuit,
M'anam a dhion gu luath:
Oir 's tu mo Dhia, saor t'òglach féin
Tha 'g earbsadh riut a ghnàth.
- 3 Dean tròcair orm, a Dhia, le iochà:
Oir gaiream ort gach là.
- 4 Dean anam t'òglaich dhileis féin
Fìor-aoibhinn agus ait:
Air son gu'n togam riut, a Dhé,
M'anam gu léir a'm' airc.

- 1 O LORD, thou hast been favourable
To thy beloved land:
Jacob's captivity thou hast
Recall'd with mighty hand.
- 2 Thou pardoned thy people hast
All their iniquities;
Thou all their trespasses and sins
Has cover'd from thine eyes.
- 3 Thou took'st off all thine ire, and
turn'dst
From thy wrath's furiousness.
- 4 Turn us, God of our health, and
cause
Thy wrath 'gainst us to cease.
- 5 Shall thy displeasure thus endure
Against us without end?
Wilt thou to generations all
Thine anger forth extend?
- 6 That in thee may thy people joy,
Wilt thou not us revive?
- 7 Show us thy mercy, Lord, to us
Do thy salvation give.
- 8 I'll hear what God the Lord will
speak:
To his folk he'll speak peace,
And to his saints; but let them
not
Return to foolishness.
- 9 To them that fear him surely near
Is his salvation;
That glory in our land may have
Her habitation.
- 10 Truth met with mercy, righteous-
ness
And peace kiss'd mutually:
- 11 Truth springs from earth, and
righteousness
Looks down from heaven high.
- 12 Yea, what is good the Lord shall
give;
Our land shall yield increase:
- 13 Justice, to set us in his steps,
Shall go before his face.

PSALM LXXXVI.—86.

- 1 O LORD, do thou bow down thine
ear
And hear me graciously;
Because I sore afflicted am,
And am in poverty.
- 2 Because I'm holy, let my soul
By thee preserved be:
O thou my God, thy servant save,
That puts his trust in thee.
- 3 Sith unto thee I daily cry,
Be merciful to me.
- 4 Rejoice thy servant's soul; for, Lord,
I lift my soul to thee

- 5 Oir tha thu féin ro-mhaith, a Dhé,
Làn iochd is acarachd :
Is tha thu do na ghairmeas ort,
Pailt anu an tròcaireachd.
- 6 Eisd m'urnuigh, Dhia ; is thoir fa'n-
Guth gearanach mo chaoidh. [ear
- 7 An là mo thrioblaid gaiream ort ;
Oir freagraidh tusa mi.
- 8 Am measg nan dée cha'n 'eil, a
Dhia,
Aon neach tha cosmhuil riut :
No guìomh air bith tha cosmhuil ris
Gach gnìomh a rinneadh leat.
- 9 Thig iad, gach cinneach rinneadh
leat,
Is sleuchdaidh dhuit, a Dhé,
Is bheir iad glòir is moladh àrd
Do t'ainm-sa feadh gach rè.
- 10 Air son, a Dhé, gu bheil thu mòr,
'S gu'n deanar oibre leat
Tha miorbhuileach ; 's tu féin a
mhàin
Dia cumbachdach uam feart.
- 11 Do shlighe teagaisg dhomh, a Dhia,
A'd' shirinn gluaisidh mi :
Chum eagal t'ainme gu'm biodh orm
Mo chridhe druid riut féin.
- 12 Le m' uile chridh' àrd mholam thu,
O Thighearna mo Dhia :
Do t'ainm ro-usal bheir mi fòs,
Àrd ghlòir air feadh gach ial.
- 13 Oir 's mòr do thròcair dhomhsa,
Is fòs o ifrinn shìos [Dhé,
Thug thusa saors' do m'anam bochd,
Is thog thu e a nìos.
- 14 Luchd-àrdain dh'èirich rium, a Dhé,
Is cuideachd làidir dhian, [Dhé,
'G iarraidh m'anam', ach thus', a
Nìor chuir iad rompa riamh.
- 15 Ach tha thu, Dhé, mòr-thròcair-
each,
Ro-ìochdmhor anns gach càs ;
Chum feirge mall, ach saoi bhir pailt
Am firinn is an gràs.
- 16 O pill rium, is dean tròcair orm,
Thoir neart do t'òglach féin,
Do m' hac do bhanoglaich faraon
Dean fuasgladh ann a fheum.
- 17 Combar air maith nochd dhomhsa,
Dhia,
Luchd m'fhuath' gu'm faiceadh e,
'S gu'n gabhadh nàir', a chionn gur
tu
Mo neart, is m' fhurtachd féin.
- SALM LXXXVII.—87.
- 1 THA 'bhunaite sna sléibhtibh
naomh' :
2 'S ro-ionmhuinneach le Dia

- 5 For thou art gracious, O Lord,
And ready to forgive ;
And rich in mercy, all that call
Upon thee to relieve.
- 6 Hear, Lord, my pray'r ; unto the
voice
Of my request attend :
- 7 In troublous times I'll call on thee ;
For thou wilt answer send.
- 8 Lord, there is none among the gods
That may with thee compare ;
And like the works which thou hast
done,
Not any work is there.
- 9 All nations whom thou mad'st shall
come
And worship rev'rently
Before thy face ; and they, O Lord,
Thy name shall glorify.
- 10 Because thou art exceeding great,
And works by thee are done
Which are to be admir'd ; and thou
Art God thyself alone.
- 11 Teach me thy way, and in thy
truth,
O Lord, then walk will I ;
Unite my heart, that I thy name
May fear continually.
- 12 O Lord my God, with all my heart
To thee I will give praise ;
And I the glory will ascribe
Unto thy name always :
- 13 Because thy mercy toward me
In greatness doth excel ;
And thou deliver'd hast my soul
Out from the lowest hell.
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And vile men have met,
That for my soul have sought ; and
thee
Before them have not set.
- 15 But thou art full of pity, Lord,
A God most gracious,
Long-suffering, and in thy truth
And mercy plenteous.
- 16 O turn to me thy countenance,
And mercy on me have ;
Thy servant strengthen, and the son
Of thine own handmaid save.
- 17 Show me a sign for good, that they
Which do me hate may see,
And be asham'd, because thou, Lord,
Didst help and comfort me.
- PSALM LXXXVII.—87.
- 1 UPON the hills of holiness
He his foundation sets.
- 2 God, more than Jacob's dwellings
Delights in Sion's gates. [all,

- Geatacha Shioin, thar gach àit
A bha aig Iacob riamh.
- 3 Nithe ro-ghlòrmhor innsear ort,
A chaithir àluinn Dé.
- 4 Rahab, is Babel cuimhniceam,
Do'n dream d'an aithne mi ;
Gabh beachd air Tirus mar an
Is dùthaich Phalestin, [ceudn',
Maille ri Etiopia :
Am fear so rugadh 'n sin.
- 5 Mu thimchioll Shioin theirear so,
Am fear so rugadh fòs,
'S am fear ud innt' ; an Ti a's àird
Socraichidh i air chòir.
- 6 Tràth sgrìobhas Dia le cuimhne
Na fineacha fa leth, [mhaith
'N sin àirmhidh e gu'm b'ann an
Bha 'm fear so air a bhreith. [sud
- 7 Luchd-seinn nan òran bidh an sud,
Luchd innil-citil d'an réir :
'S ann annad féin, a Dhia nan gràs,
Mo thobair tha gu léir.

SALM LXXXVIII.—88.

- 1 IEHOBAH Dhia mo Shlànuighir,
Ort ghair mi dh'oidhch' 's a là.
- 2 A'd' fhiannuis thigeadh m'urnuigh
Is éisd mo ghlaodh a ghnàth. [fòs ;
- 3 Oir m'anam làn do thrioblaid ta ;
'S do'n uaigh mo bheatha dlùth.
- 4 Seadh mheasadh mi mar neach théid
Do'n t-slochd, is mi gun lùth. [sìos
- 5 Saor tha mi measg nam marbh, is
fòs
Mar mharbh san uaigh gun deò,
A sgathadh sìos le d' làimh gu
beachd,
'S nach cuimhnicear ni 's mò.
- 6 Chuir thu mi'n àite domhain, dorch,
San t-slochd a's isle t'ann.
- 7 Is chlaoidh thu mi le d' shumain-
eadh,
Luidh orm-sa t'fhearg gu teann.
- 8 Chuir thu luchd m'eòlais fada uam :
'S ro-sgreataidh mise leo :
Mar neach am prìosan druidt' a taim,
Nach faigh a mach ni's mò.
- 9 Do bhrìgh mo thrioblaid tha mo
Ri caoidh is bròn a ghnàth : [shùil
Mo làmhnan shin mi riut, a Dhé,
Is ghairm mi ort gach là.
- 10 Do mhiorbhuile do'n dream tha
A Dhé, an taisbein thu ? [marbh,
An éirich iad a nìos a ris,
A thabhairt dhuistae cliu ? [caomh,
- 11 Do thròcair is do chaoimhneas
Am foillsichear san uaigh ?
Air t'fhìrinn ann an sgrios a' bhàis,
Le neach an toirear luaidh ?

- 3 Things glorious are said of thee,
Thou city of the Lord.
- 4 Rahab and Babel I, to those
That know me, will record :
Behold ev'n Tyrus, and with it
The land of Palestine,
And likewise Ethiopia ;
This man was born therein.
- 5 And it of Sion shall be said,
This man and that man there
Was born ; and he that is most
High
Himself shall stablish her.
- 6 When God the people writes, he'll
count
That this man born was there.
- 7 There be that sing and play ; and
all
My well-springs in thee are.

PSALM LXXXVIII.—88.

- 1 LORD God, my Saviour, day and
night
Before thee cried have I.
- 2 Before thee let my prayer come ;
Give ear unto my cry.
- 3 For troubles great do fill my soul ;
My life draws nigh the grave.
- 4 I'm counted with those that go down
To pit, and no strength have.
- 5 Ev'n free among the dead, like them
That slain in grave do lie ;
Cut off from thy hand, whom no
more
Thou hast in memory.
- 6 Thou hast me laid in lowest pit,
In deeps and darksome caves.
- 7 Thy wrath lies hard on me, thou
hast
Me press'd with all thy waves.
- 8 Thou hast put far from me my friends ;
Thou mad'st them t' abhor me ;
And I am so shut up, that I
Find no 'vation for me.
- 9 By reason of affliction
Mine eye mourns dolefully :
To thee, Lord, do I call, and stretch
My hands continually
- 10 Wilt thou show wonders to the dead ?
Shall they rise, and thee bless ?
- 11 Shall in the grave thy love be told ?
In death thy faithfulness ?
- 12 Shall thy great wonders in the dark,
Or shall thy righteousness
Be known to any in the land
Of deep forgetfulness ?

12 Am bi maoin eòlais anns an dorch'
Air t'fheartaibh miorbhuileach ?
No 'm bi au tir na diehuimhn' fios,
No beachd air t'fhireantachd ?
13 Ach riutsa ghlaodh mì, O mo Dhia:
Gu moch théid m'urruigh suas.
14 Dhia c'uim' au tilg thu m'anam
uait ?

'S an cum thu uam do ghnùis ?

15 O m' òige tha mi air mo chràdh,
Ro-dhlùth do bhàs is uaigh ;
Air dhomh bhi fulang t'uambasan,
Tha mi an imcheist chruaidh :

16 Oir dh'imich tharum t'fhearg gu
trom ;

Chlaoidh t'uamlais mi a ghnàth :

17 Mar uisge chaidh iad timchioll orm,
Ga m' chuairteachadh gach là.

18 Mo charaid chuir thu uam am fad,
'S am fear thug dhomhsa gràdh :
Luchd m'eolais mar an ceudna tha
An dorchadas 'nan tàmh.

SALM LXXXIX.—89.

1 AIR trocair Dhé sior.sheinnidh mi,
Is vi mi oirre sgeul ;

O àl gu h-àl gu maireannach

Air t'fhirinn thig mo bheul.

2 Oir thubhairt mi, gu'n togar suas
Do thròcair mhor do shior :

Is t'fhirinn cheart sna nèamhaibh
Socruichear leat gu fìor. [ard'

3 Coimhcheangal rinn mi ris an Tì
A ròghnaich mi gu sior: [dhomh,

'S do Dhaibhidh tha 'na òglach
Mhionnaich mi fèin gu fìor.

4 Socraichidh mi gu daingean buan
Do ghinealach 's do shìol,

Do chaithir rioghail togam suas
O linn gu linn gu sior.

5 Molaidh na nèamhan àrd' gu binn
Do mhiorbhuilean, a Dhé ;

Is t'fhirinn ann an coimhthional
Do chloinne naomha fèin.

6 Oir cò sna nèamhaibh choimeasar
Ri Dia Ichobhah mòr ?

Is cò ta measg nan cumhachdach
Cosmhuil ri Dia na glòir' ?

7 An coimhthional nan naomh gu
beachd

'S cùis eagail Dia gun cheisd :

Ard-urram o gach neach mu'n cuairt
Dha 's dleasdhanach am feasd.

8 O Thighearna 's a Dhia nan sluagh,
Cò 'n Triath sin ann an neart

Is cosmhuil riut ? a'd' fhirinn fòs
Ga d' chuairteachadh gu beachd ?

9 Ard-onfha cuain is fairge mòir,
'S tu chuireas iad fo reachd :

13 But Lord, to thee I cried ; my pray'r
At morn prevent shall thee.

14 Why, Lord, dost thou cast off my
soul,

And hid'st thy face from me ?

15 Distress'd am I, and from my youth
I ready am to die ;

Thy terrors I have borne, and am
Distracted fearfully.

16 The dreadful fierceness of thy wrath
Quite over me doth go :

Thy terrors great have cut me off,
They did pursue me so.

17 For round about me ev'ry day,
Like water, they did roll ;

And, gathering together, they
Have compassed my soul.

18 My friends thou hast put far from
And him that did me love ; [me,

And those that mine acquaintance
To darkness didst remove. [were

PSALM LXXXIX.—89.

1 GOD'S mercies I will ever sing ;
And with my mouth I shall

Thy faithfulness make to be known
To generations all.

2 For mercy shall be built, said I,
For ever to endure ;

Thy faithfulness, ev'n in the heav'ns,
Thou wilt establish sure.

3 I with my chosen One have made
A cov'nant graciously ;

And to my servant, whom I lov'd,
To David sworn have I ;

4 That I thy seed establish shall
For ever to remain,

And will to generations all
Thy throne build and maintain.

5 The praises of thy wonders, Lord,
The heavens shall express ;

And in the congregation
Of saints thy faithfulness.

6 For who in heaven with the Lord
May once himself compare ?

Who is like God among the sons
Of those that mighty are ?

7 Great fear in meeting of the saints
Is due unto the Lord ;

And he of all about him should
With rev'rence be ador'd.

8 O thou that art the Lord of hosts,
What lord in mightiness

Is like to thee ? who compass'd
round

Art with thy faithfulness.

9 Ev'n in the raging of the sea
Thou over it dost reign ;

- A tonnan àrd' tràth dh'èireas suas,
Coisgidh tu iad le smachd.
- 10 Mar dhuine buailte dol do'n eug,
Mhin-phronnadh Rahab leat :
Do naimhde sgaoil thu as a chéil'
Le d' ghairdean treun 's le d' neart.
- 11 Is leatsa, Dhé, na flaitheanais,
'S an talamh ta fo'r bonn :
'S tu dhaingnich fòs an cruinne-cé,
Le 'làn do thoradh trom.
- 12 An àirde deas is tuath faraon,
Do chruthaichheadh iad leat :
Sliabh Thaboir agus Hermoin àird
A'd' aium bidh aoibhneach ait.
- 13 Tha agad gairdean cumhachdach :
A ta do làmh ro-threun,
A Dhé, a ta do dheas làmh fòs
Arduichte mar an ceudn'.
- 14 Mar àite tàimh do d' chaithir rìgh
Tha cothrom agus ceart :
Bidh tròcair agus firinn fòs
Dol roimh do ghnùis gu beachd.
- 15 'S beannaicht' an sluagh a thuigeas
An shuaim tha aoibhneach ait: [fòs
An solus glan do ghnùis', a Dhé,
Sior-ghluaisidh iad gu ceart.
- 16 A'd' ainms' air feadh an là bidh iad
Gu h-aoibhneach mar bu chóir :
Is ann ad fhreantachd faraon,
Arduichear iad gu mòr.
- 17 Oir mais' is glòir an spionnaidh sud
Is tus' a mha'n a Dhé :
Ar n-adharc ann ad chaoimhneas
Arduichear leat gu treun. [caomh
- 18 Oir 'se lehobhah Dia nam feart,
Ar targaid is ar sgiath ;
'Se 'n ti ro-naomh sin Israeil
Ar n-Ard Rìgh is ar Triath.
- 19 An taisbean, anna an àm sin fein,
Labhair thu, Dhé, gu ceart
Ri d' dhuine naomh ; is thubhairt
Le firinn, ris gu beachd ; [thu,
Leag mise 's chuir mi cuideachadh
Air gaisgeach treun nam buadh ;
Is dh'àrdnich mi gu mòr an neach
A thagh mi as an t-sluagh.
- 20 B'e Daibhidh neach a shuaradh leam,
Mo sheirbhiseach ro chaomh ;
'Se sin an neach a rinneadh leam
Ugadh le m'oladh naomh.
- 21 Is socruichear mo làmh do shior
Gu dileas daingean leis ;
Is nì mo ghairdean cumhachdach
A neartachadh le treis.
- 22 Le mac an uilc cha chlaoidhear e :
A nàmh cha tog dheth eis.
- 23 Buailidh mi 'eascairde 'na làth'r,
Leagaidh mi nàmh a sìos.

- And when the waves thereof do swell,
Thou stillest them again.
- 10 Rahab in pieces thou didst break,
Like one that slaughter'd is ;
And with thy mighty arm thou hast
Dispers'd thine enemies.
- 11 The heav'ns are thine, thou for
thine own
The earth dost also take ;
The world, and fulness of the same
Thy pow'r did found and make.
- 12 The north and south from thee alone
Their first beginning had ;
Both Tabor mount and Hermon hill
Shall in thy name be glad.
- 13 Thou hast an arm that's full of pow'r,
Thy hand is great in might :
And thy right hand exceedingly
Exalted is in height.
- 14 Justice and judgment of thy throne
Are made the dwelling-place ;
Mercy, accompanied with truth,
Shall go before thy face.
- 15 O greatly bless'd the people are
The joyful sound that know ;
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go.
- 16 They in thy name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly ;
And in thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high.
- 17 Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in thee ;
And in thy favour shall our horn
And pow'r exalted be.
- 18 For God is our defence ; and he
To us doth safety bring :
The Holy One of Israel
Is our Almighty King.
- 19 In vision to thy Holy One
Thou saidst, I help upon
A strong one laid ; out of the folk
I rais'd a chosen one ;
- 20 Ev'n David, I have found him out
A servant unto me ;
And with my holy oil, my king
Anointed him to be.
- 21 With whom my hand shall stablish'd
be ;
Mine arm shall make him strong.
- 22 On him the foe shall not exact,
Nor son of mischief wrong.
- 23 I will beat down before his face
All his malicious foes ;
I will them greatly plague who do
With hatred him oppose.
- 24 My mercy and my faithfulness
With him yet still shall be ;

- 24 Ach bidh mo thròcair maille ris,
Is m'fhirinn mar an ceudn':
Is 'adharc-san a'm' ainm-sa fòs
Bidh àrdaichte gu treun.
- 25 A làmh-san cuiridh mi sa' chuan,
'S na sruthaibh a làmh dheas.
- 26 Carraig mo shlàinte, their e rium,
M' athair, mo Dhia, 's mo threis.
- 27 Mo cheud-ghin ni mi dheth faraon,
Arduichte thar gach righ.
- 28 Mo chùmhnannt seasaidh daingean
Mo ghràs dha gleidhidh mi. [leis;
- 29 Is bheir mi air a shliochd gu mair
Iad feadh gach linn gu bràth:
'S a chaithir rioghail uasal àrd
Mar làithe nèimh a ghnàth.
- 30 Ma 'se 's gu'n tréig a chlann mo
lagh,
'S nach gluais iad ann am reachd;
31 Gu'n truail iad m' àitheanta ro-
naomh,
M'iarrais nach cum gu ceart:
- 32 Fiosraichidh mi an sin gu beachd
Le slait, an eucoir chlaon;
Am peacaidh fiosraicheam 's an
Le sgiùrsadh goirt faraon. [lochd,
- 33 Gidheadh, gu tur mo chaoimhneas-
gràidh
Cha bhuin mi uaith gun cheisd:
Cha'n fhuiling mi gu'm breugaich-
Mo ghealladh fìor am feasd. [ear,
- 34 Mo choimhcheangal cha bhrisear
leam,
No'n cùmhnannt rinn mi ris:
'S am focal a chaidh as mo bheul,
Am feasd cha chaochail mis'.
- 35 Oir aon uair mhionnaich mi mar so,
'S ann air mo naomhachd féin,
Do Dhaibhidh tha 'na òglach dhomh,
Am feasd nach dean mi breug.
- 36 Bithidh a shliochd 's a ghinealach
Sior-mhaireannach gach ial,
'S a chaithir rioghail bithidh i
A'm' fhianuis mar a' ghrian.
- 37 Is bithidh mar a' ghealach ghlan
Gu daingean buan do shior:
'S mar fhianuis anns na nèamhaibh
Bhios tairis agus fìor. [àrd'
- 38 Ach thilg thu uait, is thréig gu tur,
Is ghabh thu gràin a nis;
'San ti dh'ung thu le t'oladh naomh,
Tha thu an corruich ris.
- 39 Coimhcheangal t'òglach dhileis
Sgaoil thusa, Dhé, le tàir: [féin,
'S a choron uasal thruilleadh leat,
'G a thilgeadh air an làr.
- 40 A ghàradh didein bhriseadh leat;
'S a dhaingneach làidir leag.

- And in my name his horn and
pow'r
Men shall exalted see.
- 25 His hand and pow'r shall reach
afar,
I'll set it in the sea;
And his right hand established
Shall in the rivers be.
- 26 Thou art my Father, he shall cry,
Thou art my God alone;
And he shall say, Thou art the
Rock
Of my salvation.
- 27 I'll make him my first-born, more
high
Than kings of any land.
- 28 My love I'll ever keep for him,
My cov'nant fast shall stand.
- 29 His seed I by my pow'r will make
For ever to endure;
And, as the days of heav'n, his throne
Shall stable be, and sure.
- 30 But if his children shall forsake
My laws, and go astray,
And in my judgments shall not walk,
But wander from my way:
- 31 If they my laws break, and do not
Keep my commandements;
- 32 I'll visit then their faults with
rods,
Their sins with chastisements.
- 33 Yet I'll not take my love from
him,
Nor false my promise make.
- 34 My cov'nant I'll not break, nor
change
What with my mouth I spake.
- 35 Once by my holiness I swear,
To David I'll not lie;
- 36 His seed and throne shall, as the
sun,
Before me last for aye.
- 37 It, like the moon, shall ever be
Establish'd stedfastly;
And like to that which in the heav'n
Doth witness faithfully.
- 38 But thou, displeased, hast cast off,
Thou didst abhor and loathe;
With him that thine anointed is
Thou hast been very wroth.
- 39 Thou hast thy servant's covenant
Made void, and quite cast by;
Thou hast profan'd his crown while
it
Cast on the ground doth lie.
- 40 Thou all his hedges hast broke
down,
His strongholds down hast torn.

- 41 Mar chobhartach e do luchd-ròid :
D'a choimhearsnaich mar sgeig.
- 42 Làmh dheas a nàmhaid thog thu
Uil' eascaird' rinn thu ait. [suas
- 43 Is phill thu faobhar 'arm; sa' chath
Cha d'thug thu dhasan neart.
- 44 Choisg thu a ghldir, 's a chaithir-
Leag thusa sìos gu làr. [righ
- 45 Is aimsir 'oige ghearradh leat ;
Chòmhdaich thu e le nàir'.
- 46 Cia fhad a dh'fhomicheas tu, Dhé,
Thu féin a chaidh nan cian ?
An loisg do chorruich fòs gu cas,
Mar theine lasrach dian ?
- 47 Tabhair fa'near is cuimhnich féin
Giorrad mo rè 's mo lò :
C'arson a rinn thu clann nan daoine'
Mar dhiomhanas no ceò ?
- 48 Cò e am fear am measg nam beò,
Am bàs nach faicear leis ?
No 'anam féin o làimh na h-uaigh',
An teasairg e le treis ?
- 49 C'ait bheil do chaoimheas-gràidh,
A thaisbein thu o thùs, [a Dhé,
A mhionnaich thu air t'fhìrinn
cheirt
Do Dhaibhidh chumail suas ?
- 50 Cuimhnich, a Thighearn, toibh-
eum trom
Do sheirbhiseach gu léir :
Is mar a ghiùlain mis' a'm' uchd
Masladh a' phobuill thréin,
- 51 Le 'n d' thug do naimhde masladh
uath'
Gun aobhar, Dhé nam feart,
Oir mhasluich iadsan ceumanna
An ti a dh' ungadh leat.
- 52 Mòr-bheanuaicht' agus cliùiteach
Gu robh le hobliach treun, [fòs
Gu sìorruidh suthain fad gach rè !
Amen agus Amen.

SALM XC.—90.

- 1 'S TU b'ionad còmhnuidh dhuinn
gach linn,
A Thighearna na glòir' :
2 Cian mu'n do ghineadh fòs na cnuic,
'S na sléibhte beag no mòr.
Cian mu'n do dhealbh thu'n talamh
trom,
No'n cruinne-cè le d' neart ;
O bhith-bhuantachd gu bith-bhuant-
Is tusa Dia gu beachd. [achd,
- 3 Gu neo-ùil pillear leatsa ris
An duine truagh 'ga sgrios ;
Is thuir thu fòs, O chlànn nan daoine'
Grad-phillibh air 'ur n-ais.
- 4 Oir mìle bliadhn' a'd' shealladh féin,
Mar an là 'n dè a ta,

- 41 He to all passers-by a spoil,
To neighbours is a scorn.
- 42 Thou hast set up his foes' right
hand ;
Mad'st all his en'mies glad :
- 43 Turn'd his sword's edge, and him to
In battle hast not made. [stand
- 44 His glory thou hast made to cease,
His throne to ground down cast :
- 45 Shorten'd his days of youth, and him
With shame thou cover'd hast.
- 46 How long, Lord, wilt thou hide thy-
For ever, in thine ire ? [self?
And shall thine indignation
Burn like unto a fire ?
- 47 Remember, Lord, how short a time
I shall on earth remain :
O wherefore is it so that thou
Hast made all men in vain ?
- 48 What man is he that liveth here,
And death shall never see ?
Or from the power of the grave
What man his soul shall free ?
- 49 Thy former loving-kindnesses,
O Lord, where be they now ?
Those which in truth and faithful-
ness
To David sworn hast thou ?
- 50 Mind, Lord, thy servant's sad re-
How I in bosom bear [proach ;
The scornings of the people all,
Who strong and mighty are.
- 51 Wherewith thy raging enemies
Reproach'd, O Lord, think on ;
Wherewith they have reproach'd
the steps
Of thine anointed one.
- 52 All blessing to the Lord our God
Let be ascribed then :
For evermore so let it be.
Amen, yea, and amen.

PSALM XC.—90.

- 1 LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-
place
In generations all.
- 2 Before thou ever hadst brought
forth
The mountains great or small ;
Ere ever thou hadst form'd the earth,
And all the world abroad ;
Ev'n thou from everlasting art
To everlasting God.
- 3 Thou dost unto destruction
Man that is mortal turn ;
And unto them thou say'st, Again,
Ye sons of men, return.
- 4 Because a thousand years appear
No more before thy sight

- 'N tràth thèid e seach : is amhluidh fòs
Mar fhorair' oidhch' a'd' làth'r.
- 5 Dh'fhuadaich thu sìos iad mar le
Mar chodal iad no suain : [sruth
Sa' mhaduinn bidh iad mar am feur
Gu moch a dh'èireas suas.
- 6 Air maduinn brisidh e fo bhlàth,
Is fàsaidh e gu h-àrd :
Ri àm an fheasgair gearrar e,
Is seargaidh air an làr.
- 7 Oir chaitheadh sinn le d' chorruidh
ghéir ;
Chlaoidh t'fhearg-sa sinn gu tur.
- 8 Ar peacaidh dhiombhair, is ar lochd,
An sealladh t'eudain chuir.
- 9 Oir ann ad fheirg ar n-uile làith'
Tha teireachduinn fa seach :
Is chaithear leinn ar bliadhnaidh fòs,
Mar sgeul a dh'innseadh neach.
- 10 'S iad làith' ar bliadhna mar an
ceudn'
Tri fichead bliadhn' 'sa deich,
No, feudaidh bhith, le tuilleadh
neart
Ceith'r fichead bliadhn' do neach:
Gidheadh cha 'n 'eil 'nan spionnadh
Ach cràdh is cùradh geur : [sud
Oir sgathar sìos gu h-ealamh e,
Is siùbhlaidh sinn gu léir.
- 11 Cò aig am bheil deadh thuigs' is fìos
Air neart do chorruidh féin ?
Is amhluidh fòs mar t'eagal mòr,
Tha lasair t'fheirg' d' a réir.
- 12 O teagaisg dhuinn, a Dhé nam feart,
Mar àirmhear leinn ar làith' ;
A chum ar cridh' a shocruchadh
Air gliocas ceart gach tràth.
- 13 O Thighearna Iehobhah mhòir,
Pill féin a ris : cia fhad ?
Mu thimchioll staid do sheirbhiseach
Gabh aithreachas gu grad.
- 14 O dean ar sàsachadh gu moch
Le d' thròcair chaoimh, a Dhé,
A chum gu'm bi sinn aoibhneach ait,
Ri fad ar là 's ar rè.
- 15 Dean subhach sinn a réir nan là
A chràidh thu sinn gu goirt :
A réir nam bliadhna ud faraon
Am faca sinn an t-òle.
- 16 Taisbean do d' sheirbhisich do ghnì-
Faiceadh an clann do ghlòir. [omh,
17 Is bitheadh mais' ar Tighearn Dia
A' dealradh oirnn gu mòr.
- Na gnìomhara a rinn ar làmh,
Socruidh iad dhuinn, a Dhé ;
Na gnìomhara a rinneadh leinn,
Dean daingean iad gu léir.
- Than yesterday, when it is past,
Or than a watch by night.
- 5 As with an overflowing flood
Thou carry'st them away ;
They like a sleep are, like the
grass
That grows at morn are they.
- 6 At morn it flourishes and grows,
Cut down at ev'n doth fade.
- 7 For by thine anger we're con-
sum'd,
Thy wrath makes us afraid.
- 8 Our sins thou and iniquities
Dost in thy preseuce place,
And sett'st our secret faults before
The brightness of thy face.
- 9 For in thine anger all our days
Do pass on to an end ;
And as a tale that hath been told,
So we our years do spend.
- 10 Threescore and ten years do sum
Our days and years, we see ; [up
Or if, by reason of more strength,
In some fourscore they be :
Yet doth the strength of such old
men
But grief and labour prove ;
For it is soon cut off, and we
Fly hence, and soon remove.
- 11 Who knows the power of thy
wrath ?
According to thy fear
- 12 So is thy wrath : Lord, teach thou us
Our end in mind to bear ;
And so to count our days, that we
Our hearts may still apply
To learn thy wisdom and thy truth,
That we may live thereby.
- 13 Turn yet again to us, O Lord,
How long thus shall it be ?
Let it repent thee now for those
That servants are to thee.
- 14 O with thy tender mercies, Lord,
Us early satisfy ;
So we rejoice shall all our days,
And still be glad in thee.
- 15 According as the days have been,
Wherein we grief have had,
And years wherein we ill have seen,
So do thou make us glad.
- 16 O let thy work and pow'r appear
Thy servant's face before ;
And show unto their children dear
Thy glory evermore :
- 17 And let the beauty of the Lord
Our God be us upon :
Our handy-works establish thou,
Establish them each one.

- 1 AN neach sin tha 'na thàmh gach
An ionad naigneach Dhé, [uair
Fo sgàil an Uile-chumhachdaich
Buan-chòmhnuidh ni gach ré.
- 2 Their mi a nis mu thimchioll Dhé,
Mo thearmunn e, 's mo neart;
Mo dhaingneach: cuiream dòchas
ann:
Mo Dhia; 's e Dia nam feart.
- 3 Gu dearbh o rib an eunadair
Ni esan fuasgladh ort,
Is ni do shaoradh inar an ceudn'
O'n phlàigh tha gràineil goirt.
- 4 Le 'iteich ni e d'fhòlach fòs,
Bidh t'earbsa fuidh a sgéith;
Is 'thirinn bidh 'na targaid dhuit,
Mar sgéith do d' dhion gach rè.
- 5 Fa chùis an uambais anns an oidhch'
Cha bhi ort geilt no sgàth;
No fòs fa chùis na saighde blios
A' ruith air feadh an là:
- 6 Cha bhi maoin eagail ort roimh 'n
Tha triall an dorchadas: [phlàigh
No fòs fa chùis an uile a bhios
Mu mheadhon là ri sgrios.
- 7 Bidh mìle tuiteam sìos ri d' thaobh,
Deich mìle fòs ri d' dheis;
Ach olc dhiubh sud cha tig a'd' chòir
No 'm fagus duit am feasd.
- 8 A mhàin le d' shùilibh seallaidh tu,
Is bheir fa'near le beachd:
Droch-dhiol is tuarasdal nan daoibh,
Gun cheist do chithear leat.
- 9 A chionn gu'n d'ròghnaich thusa Dia,
Mar chòmhnuidh dhuit gach àm,
An Dia ud tha 'na thearmunn domh,
'Se 'n Ti a's àirde t'ann:
- 10 Aon olc cha'n éirich dhuit; is plàigh
Do d'fhàrdaich cha tig dlùth.
- 11 Oir bheir e àithn' d'a ainglibh, chum
A'd' ròd gu'n dìon iad thu.
- 12 Is togaidd iadsan thusa suas
Gu h-àrd air bhàrr am bos;
Eagal gu'm buailteadh leat air cloich,
Aon uair air bith do chos.
- 13 Air leòmhann is air nathair-nimh'
Gun dòrainn saltrar leat:
Pronnaidh tu 'n dràgon sìos le d'
chois,
'S an leòmhann òg le d' neart.
- 14 A chionn gur ionmhuinn leis-san
Sàr-fhuasgladh bheir mi dha; [mi,
Air m'ainm a chionn gur eòlach e
Ardaicheam e gach là.
- 15 Gairidh e orm, is freagram e:
'Na thrioblaid bitheam leis;
Onoir is urram bheir mi dha,
Is fuasglam air gu deas.

- 1 HE that doth in the secret place
Of the most High reside,
Under the shade of him that is
Th' Almighty shall abide.
- 2 I of the Lord my God will say,
He is my refuge still,
He is my fortress, and my God,
And in him trust I will.
- 3 Assuredly he shall thee save,
And give deliverance
From subtle fowler's snare, and from
The noisome pestilence.
- 4 His feathers shall thee hide; thy trust
Under his wings shall be:
His faithfulness shall be a shield
And buckler unto thee.
- 5 Thou shalt not need to be afraid
For terrors of the night;
Nor for the arrow that doth fly
By day, while it is light;
- 6 Nor for the pestilence, that walks
In darkness secretly;
Nor for destruction, that doth waste
At noon-day openly.
- 7 A thousand at thy side shall fall,
On thy right hand shall lie
Ten thousand dead; yet unto thee
It shall not once come nigh.
- 8 Only thou with thine eyes shalt look,
And a beholder be;
And thou therein the just reward
Of wicked men shalt see.
- 9 Because the Lord, who constantly
My refuge is alone,
Ev'n the most High, is made by thee
Thy habitation;
- 10 No plague shall near thy dwelling
come,
No ill shall thee befall:
- 11 For thee to keep in all thy ways
His angels charge he shall.
- 12 They in their hands shall bear thee
Still waiting thee upon; [up,
Lest thou at any time should'st dash
Thy foot against a stone.
- 13 Upon the adder thou shalt tread,
And on the lion strong;
Thy feet on dragons trample shall,
And on the lions young.
- 14 Because on me he set his love,
I'll save and set him free;
Because my great name he hath
known,
I will him set on high.
- 15 He'll call on me, I'll answer him,
I will be with him still
In trouble, to deliver him,
And honour him I will.

- 16 Le saoghal fad is maireannach
Sàsuicheam e gu leòr ;
Mo shlàinte dha-san mar an ceudn'
Foillsichidh mi gu mòr.

SALM XCII.—92.

- 1 BHI tabhairt buidheachais do Dhia,
'S ni sàr-mhaith maiseach e ;
Bhi tabhairt cliu, O Thi a's àird',
Do t'ainm-sa feadh gach rè :
2 Do chaoimhneas-gràidh sa'mhaduinn
Gach là bhi cur an céill ; [mhoich,
'S air t'fhirinn ta neo-mhearachdach,
Gach oidhch' bhi deanamh sgéil,
3 Air inneal-ciùil nan teuda deich,
Is air an t-saltair ghrinn ;
'S air clàrsaich le guth fonnmhor àrd,
A sheinneas ceòl gu binn.
4 Oir tre do ghnìomhara, a Dhé,
Rinn thu mi aoibhin ait ;
Is ann an oibribh fòs do làmh
Nim' gairdeachas gu pailt.
5 T'òibre-sa, Dhé, cia iongantach !
Do smuainte cò d'an léir ?
6 An t-amadan cha tuig e so,
'S cha'n eòl do'n amhlair e.
7 Tràth chinneas luchd na h-aingidh-
A nios mar chinneas fear, [eachd
Tràth bhitheas fòs luchd-deanamh
A' fas fo bhlàth gu léir : [uile
'Se sud is deireadh dhoibh fadheòidh
Gu'n sgriosar iad ann feasd.
8 Ach thusa, Dhé, gu siorruidh ta
Àrd-urramach gun cheisd.
9 Oir feuch, do naimhde féin, a Dhé,
Oir feuch, do naimhde féin,
Làn-sgriosar iad : iom-sgaoillear fòs
Luchd-aingidheachd gu léir :
10 Ach m'adharc togaidh tusa suas,
Mar adharc buabhuill àird' :
Is mar le h-oladh fhior-ghlan ùir,
Ungar mi féin le d' ghràs.
11 Chi mi mo mhiann air m'eascaird-
Is cluinnidh fòs mo chluas [ibh ;
A toil air luchd na h-aingidheachd,
A'm' aghaidh dh'éireas suas.
12 Bidh piseach air an fhìrean chòir
Mar phailm-chrann ùrar glas :
Mar sheudar àrd air Lebanon,
A' fas gu dìreach bras.
13 An dream tha air an suidheachadh
An tigh 's an àros Dé,
An cùirtibh greadhnach àrd' ar Dia,
Sior-thàsaich iad gach rè.
14 San àm am bi iad aosmhor liath,
Bheir iad mòr mheas a mach ;
Is bithidh sultmhor le deadh bhlàth
Dhiubh sud gach uile neach.

- 16 With length of days unto his mind
I will him satisfy ;
I also my salvation
Will cause his eyes to see.

PSALM XCII.—92.

- 1 TO render thanks unto the Lord
It is a comely thing,
And to thy name, O thou most High,
Due praise aloud to sing.
2 Thy loving-kindness to show forth
When shines the morning light ;
And to declare thy faithfulness
With pleasure ev'ry night,
3 On a ten-stringed instrument,
Upon the psaltery,
And on the harp with solemn sound,
And grave sweet melody.
4 For thou, Lord, by thy mighty works
Hast made my heart right glad ;
And I will triumph in the works
Which by thine hands were made.
5 How great, Lord, are thy works ! each
Of thine a deep it is : [thought
6 A brutish man it knoweth not ;
Fools understand not this.
7 When those that lewd and wicked are
Spring quickly up like grass,
And workers of iniquity
Do flourish all apace ;
It is that they for ever may
Be destroyed be and slain :
8 But thou, O Lord, art the most High,
For ever to remain.
9 For, lo, thine enemies, O Lord,
Thine en'mies perish shall ;
The workers of iniquity
Shall be dispersed all.
10 But thou shalt, like unto the horn
Of th' unicorn, exalt
My horn on high : thou with fresh oil
Anoint me also shalt.
11 Mine eyes shall also my desire
See on mine enemies ;
Mine ears shall of the wicked hear,
That do against me rise.
12 But like the palm-tree flourishing
Shall be the righteous one ;
He shall like to the cedar grow
That is in Lebanon.
13 Those that within the house of God
Are planted by his grace,
They shall grow up, and flourish all
In our God's holy place.
14 And in old age, when others fade,
They fruit still forth shall bring ;
They shall be fat, and full of sap,
And aye be flourishing ;

15 A chum gu feuch iad gu bheil Dia
Ro-chothromach is ceart;
Mo charraig e, 's cha'n 'eil ann féin
Aon eucoir no droch bheart.

SALM XCIII.—93.

- 1 Is Rìgh Dia, air a sgeudachadh
Le mòralachd gach àm;
Ta air a sgeudachadh le neart,
Is criosluichte gu teann.
Shocruicheadh leis an cruinne-cé,
Nach gluaisear e a chaoidh.
- 2 Do chaitheir daingean ta o chian;
'S tu féin gun tús gun chrìoch.
- 3 Do thog na tuitlean suas, a Dhé,
Na tuitlean thog an guth;
Seadh thog na tuitlean suas gu h-àrd
Au tonna mor' gu tiugh.
- 4 Is treise Dia ta chòmhnuidh shuas
Na fuaim nan uisge garbh';
Is treise Dia nan sumainnean,
Is tonna cuain gu dearbh.
- 5 A ta do theisteis is do reachd
Ro-dhaingean agus fìor:
Tha naomhachd iomchuidh air do
A Dhé nam feart, gu sìor. [thigh,
SALM XCIV.—94.

O DHIA, d'am buin ceart-dhioghaltas,
Iehobhah neartmhoir thrèin,
D'am buin a mhàin ceart-dhioghaltas,
Gu dealrach nochd thu féin.

- 2 O Bhreitheimh cheirt na talmhainn,
Thu féin a thogail suas; [dean
Is ioc do luchd an uaibhreachais
Ceart-luigheachd agus duais.
- 3 Cia fhad a ni luchd aingidheachd,
Cia fhad, a Dhia, a ni
Luchd aingidheachd ùr-ghairdeach-
Le aoibhneas mòr gun dìth? [as,
4 Cia fhad a bhrùrdar briathra leò,
A' teachd air nithibh cruaidh?
'S a bhitheas luchd na h-aingidh-
Ri ràiteachas is uail? [eachd,
- 5 Bhreis iad do shluagh gu min, a Dhé,
Is t'òighreachd chlaoidh gu goirt.
- 6 Bantracha, coigrich, 's dilleachdain,
'Gam marbhadh, is 'gam mort.
- 7 Theiriad gidheadh, cha léir do Dhia,
Is fòs ni mò a ni
Dia lacoib sud a thoirt fa'near,
'S cha chuir am feasd am prìs.
- 8 O dhaoine brùideil measg an t-
Nis tuigibh agaibh féin, [sluaigh,
Is amadain, cia fhad a bhios
Sibh gabhail thugaibh ceill'?
- 9 An neach a chuir air faillein cluas,
Am bi gun chlàisteachd ghéir?
An Ti a dhealbh an t-sùil faraon,
Nach ann da féin is léir?

15 To show that upright is the Lord:
He is a rock to me;
And he from all unrighteousness
Is altogether free.

PSALM XCIII.—93.

- 1 The Lord doth reign, and cloth'd is
With majesty most bright; [he
His works do show him cloth'd to be,
And girt about with might.
The world is also stablished,
That it cannot depart.
- 2 Thy throne is fix'd of old, and thou
From everlasting art.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And made a mighty noise.
- 4 But yet the Lord, that is on high,
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are.
- 5 Thy testimonies ev'ry one
In faithfulness excel;
And holiness for ever, Lord,
Thine house becometh well.

PSALM XCIV.—94.

- 1 O LORD God, unto whom alone
All vengeance doth belong;
O mighty God, who vengeance own'st,
Shine forth, avenging wrong.
- 2 Lift up thyself, thou of the earth
The sov'reign Judge that art;
And unto those that are so proud
A due reward impart.
- 3 How long, O mighty God, shall they
Who lewd and wicked be,
How long shall they who wicked
are
Thus triumph haughtily?
- 4 How long shall things most hard by
them
Be uttered and told?
And all that work iniquity
To boast themselves be bold?
- 5 Thy folk they break in pieces,
Lord,
Thine heritage oppress:
- 6 The widow they and stranger slay,
And kill the fatherless.
- 7 Yet say they, God it shall not
see,
Nor God of Jacob know.
- 8 Ye brutish people! understand;
Fools! when wise will ye grow?
- 9 The Lord did plant the ear of
man,
And hear, then, shall not he?

- 10 N ti smachdaicheas na fineachan,
An e nach cronuich e ?
An ti bheir eòlas do gach neach,
An neach gun eòlas e ?
- 11 Air smuaintibh dhaoi' is fiosrach
Dia,
Gur dìomhan iad gu beachd.
- 12 Dhia, 's beannaicht' iad d'an thoir
thu smachd,
Is teagasg as do reachd :
- 13 Chum fois gu'n tugadh tusa dhoibh,
O làithibh àmhghair olc,
Gu ruig an uair an cladhaichear
Do dhaoineibh daoì an slochd.
- 14 Oir Dia cha tilg e dheth am feasd
An sluagh d'an d' thug e spéis :
'S ni mò na sin a thréigear leis
An oighreachd a's leis féin.
- 15 Ach pillidh breitheanas a ris
Ri fireantachd air ais :
Is luchd a' chridhe threibhdhìrich
Leanaidh 'na déigh gu cas.
- 16 An aghaidh fòs luchd-deanamh uile
Cò dh'éireas leam an àird ?
An aghaidh luchd na h-aingidh-
eachd,
Cò sheasas air mo phàirt ?
- 17 Mur bitheadh Dia Iehobhah leam,
Ga m' chuideachadh le buaidh,
'S beag nach robh m'anam bochd
an tàmh
Gu tosdach anns an uaigh.
- 18 Tràth thubhairt mi, a ta mo chos
Air sleamhnachadh uam sìos ;
Do thròcair chaomh sa 'n sin, a Dhé,
Chum suas mi, agus dhìon.
- 19 Air bhith do m' smuainte muldach,
Is lionmhor ann am chom,
Do chomhfhurtachd-sa thug an sin
Sòlas do m'anam trom.
- 20 Aig caithir rioghail luchd an uile
'M bi comunn riut gu beachd,
Tha dealbh gu seòlta aimhleis
mhoir,
'S ga orduchadh le reachd ?
- 21 An aghaidh an'ma 'n fhìrein chòir
Chruinnicheadh leò gu dlùth ;
A dh'fhàgail ris fuil neochiontaich,
Le breitheanas nach fiù.
- 22 Ach Dia mo dhaingneach 'se : mo
Dhia,
Mo charraig dhìon gach lò.
- 23 'Se dhiolas orra sud air ais
Gach eucoir rinneadh leo :
An sgathadh sìos do nithear leis
Gu ceart 'nan eucoir féin ;
Is ni Iehobhah mòr ar Dia,
An sgathadh sìos gu treun.

- He, only, form'd the eye, and then
Shall he not clearly see ?
He that the nations doth correct,
Shall he not chastise you ?
He knowledge unto man doth
teach,
And shall himself not know ?
- 11 Man's thoughts to be but vanity
The Lord doth well discern.
- 12 Blest is the man thou chast'nest,
Lord,
And mak'st thy law to learn :
- 13 That thou may'st give him rest
from days
Of sad adversity,
Until the pit be digg'd for those
That work iniquity.
- 14 For sure the Lord will not cast
off
Those that his people be,
Neither his own inheritance
Quit and forsake will he :
- 15 But judgment unto righteousness
Shall yet return again ;
And all shall follow after it
That are right-hearted men.
- 16 Who will rise up for me against
Those that do wickedly ?
Who will stand up for me 'gainst
those
That work iniquity ?
- 17 Unless the Lord had been my
help
When I was sore oppress'd,
Almost my soul had in the house
Of silence been at rest.
- 18 When I had uttered this word,
(My foot doth slip away,)
Thy mercy held me up, O Lord,
Thy goodness did me stay.
- 19 Amidst the multitude of thoughts,
Which in my heart do fight,
My soul, lest it be overcharg'd,
Thy comforts do delight.
- 20 Shall of iniquity the throne
Have fellowship with thee,
Which mischief, cunningly con-
triv'd,
Doth by a law decree ?
- 21 Against the righteous souls they
join,
They guiltless blood condemn.
- 22 But of my refuge, God's the rock,
And my defence from them.
- 23 On them their own iniquity
The Lord shall bring and lay,
And cut them off in their own sin ;
Our Lord God shall them slay.

- 1 O THIGIBH, seinneamaid do Dhia :
Thigeadh gach neach 'na làth'r ;
Do charraig thréin ar sláinte fòs,
Togamaid iolach àrd.
- 2 A steach 'na fhianuis thigeamaid
Le buidheachas gach là ;
Togamaid ceòl gu suilbhreach
A' seinn le salmaibh dha :
- 3 Is Dia ro-mhòr Iehobhah treun ;
Rìgh mòr os ceann gach dia.
- 4 Doimhneachd na talmhainn tha 'na làimh :
'S leis neart nan cnoc 's nan sliabh.
- 5 'Se rinn an cuan tha farsuinn mòr,
Tha còir aig air is sealbh ;
'S an talamh tioram le a làimh
'Se chruthaich is a dhealbh.
- 6 O thigibh agus sleuchdamaid,
Is deanar cromadh leinn ;
Is air ar glùinibh tuiteamaid
Do 'n Dia a chruthaich sinn :
- 7 Oir 'se ar Dia, is sinn a shluagh,
A bheathaich e mar thrend. [leibh,
Caoraich a làimh' : ma dh'éisdear
An diugh r'a ghuth gun bhreug.
- 8 Na cruaidhichear 'ur cridhe leibh,
Mar anns a' chomh-stri dhian,
Mar rinneadh leibh san fhàsach
chruaidh,
- Ga m' bhuaireadh le bhur miann :
- 9 Tràth dh'fhionn 's a dhearbh 'ur sinnsir mi ;
'S mo ghnìomh tràth chunnaic iad.
- 10 An t-àl ud rè dà fhichead bliadhn'
Chuir campar orm is eud :
Thubhairt mi, 'S pobull iad 'gam
Droch chridhe seachranach : [bheil
Is air mo shligibh nach do ghabh,
Riamh eòlas firinneach :
- 11 D'an d'thug mi féin mo mhionnan mòr,
A'm' fheirg 's a'm' chorruih ghéir,
Nach rachadh iad a chaoidh a steach
Do m'ionad-suaimhneas féin.

SALM XCVI.—96.

- 1 CANAIBH do'n Tighearn òran nuadh,
Gach aon tìr, canaibh dha.
- 2 Seinnibh do Dhia : 'ainm beannaich-
Nochdaibh a shlàint' gach là. [ibh,
- 3 Am measg nam fineachan gu léir
Sior-thaisbeinibh a ghlòir :
Am measg gach pobuill aithrisibh
A mhìorbhuile ro-mhòr.
- 4 Oir 's mòr Iehobhah Dia nam feart,
'S ion-mholta feadh gach rè ;
Isaobhar eagail e faraon
Os ceann nan uile dhée .

- 1 O COME, let us sing to the Lord :
Come, let us ev'ry one
A joyful noise make to the Rock
Of our salvation.
- 2 Let us before his presence come
With praise and thankful voice :
Let us sing psalms to him with
grace,
And make a joyful noise.
- 3 For God, a great God, and great
King,
Above all gods he is.
- 4 Depths of the earth are in his hand,
The strength of hills is his.
- 5 To him the spacious sea belongs,
For he the same did make ;
The dry land also from his hands
Its form at first did take.
- 6 O come, and let us worship him,
Let us bow down withal,
And on our knees before the Lord
Our Maker, let us fall.
- 7 For he's our God, the people we
Of his own pasture are,
And of his hand the sheep ; to-day,
If ye his voice will hear.
- 8 Then harden not your hearts as in
The provocation,
As in the desert, on the day
Of the tentation :
- 9 When me your fathers tempt'd and
prov'd,
And did my working see :
- 10 Ev'n for the space of forty years
This race hath grieved me.
- I said, This people errs in heart,
My ways they do not know :
- 11 To whom I swear in wrath that to
My rest they should not go.

PSALM XCVI.—96.

- 1 O SING a new song to the Lord :
Sing all the earth to God.
- 2 To God sing, bless his name, show
His saving health abroad. [still
- 3 Among the heathen nations
His glory do declare ;
And unto all the people show
His works that wond'rous are.
- 4 For great's the Lord, and greatly he
Is to be magnified ;
Yea, worthy to be fear'd is he
Above all gods beside.

- 5 Oir uile dhée nam fineachan
Is iodhoil iad gu léir:
Ach 'se Iehobhah Cruithfhear àrd
Nam flaitheas is nan speur.
- 6 Àrd-urram agus mòralachd
'Na fhianuis-san a ta:
Treun-spionnadh agus maisealachd
'Na theampull naomh a ghnàth.
- 7 O fhineacha nan slògh gu léir
Thugaibh do Dhia nam feart;
Thugaibh do'n Tighearna faraon
Glòir, urram, agus neart.
- 8 A' ghlòir a's cubhaidh fòs d'a ainm,
Do'n Tighearn thugaibh uaibh:
Thigibh d'a chùirtibh naomha
Is thugaibh ofrail leibh. [steach,
- 9 Do Dhia Iehobhah sleuchdaibh sìos
Am mais' a naomhachd fèin:
Biodh eagal oirbh, gach uile thir,
'Na fhianuis-san gu léir.
- 10 Abraibh measg fhineach, gu bheil
Dia
Riaghladh mar rìgh gu beachd.
Buan-dhaingnichear an domhan leis;
Air daoineibh bheir breth cheart.
- 11 Biodh aoibhneas air na nàmhaidh
Is biodh an talamh ait; [àrd',
Beacadh an cuan gu farumach,
'S a lànachd-san gu pailt.
- 12 Biodh aoibhneas air a' mhachair fòs,
Is air gach nì a t'ann:
An sin bidh aiteas air gach coill',
Is air gach craoibh is crann
- 13 An làthair Dhé; oir tha e teachd,
Oir tha e teachd gu breth;
Air talamh chum gu'n deantadh leis
Ceart-bhreitheanas fa leth:
Le ceartas maith bheir e a mach
Breth air a' chruinne-ché;
Bheir air a' phobull breitheanas
Le firinn fhior-ghlòin réidh.

SALM XCVII.—97.

- 1 IEHOBBAH mòr 'se tha 'na Rìgh,
Biodh aiteas air gach tìr;
'S air eileanaibh tha lionmhor ann,
Biodh gairdeachas gu léir.
- 2 Tha neula tìugh' is dorchadas
M'a thimchioll air gach leth:
'Se 's còmhnuidh fòs d'a chaithir-rìgh
Deadh chothrom is ceart-bhreth.
- 3 Tha teine millteach roimh a ghnùis
Ag imeachd air gach àird,
Le'n loisgear suas gu lasarach
A naimhdean anns gach àit.
- 4 Le solus glan a dhealanaich
Dhealruich an cruinne-cé:
Chunnaic an talamh sud gu dearbh,
Ghrad-chlisg is chriothnuich e.
- 5 For all the gods are idols dumb,
Which blinded nations fear:
But our God is the Lord, by whom
The heav'ns created were.
- 6 Great honour is before his face,
And majesty divine;
Strength is within his holy place,
And there doth beauty shine.
- 7 Do ye ascribe unto the Lord,
Of people ev'ry tribe,
Glory do ye unto the Lord,
And mighty pow'r ascribe.
- 8 Give ye the glory to the Lord
That to his name is due;
Come ye into his courts, and bring
An offering with you.
- 9 In beauty of his holiness,
O do the Lord adore;
Likewise let all the earth throughout
Tremble his face before.
- 10 Among the heathen say, God
reigns;
The world shall stedfastly
Be fix'd from moving; he shall
judge
The people righteously.
- 11 Let heav'ns be glad before the Lord,
And let the earth rejoice;
Let seas, and all that is therein,
Cry out and make a noise.
- 12 Let fields rejoice, and ev'ry thing
That springeth of the earth:
Then woods and every tree shall
sing
With gladness and with mirth
- 13 Before the Lord; because he comes,
To judge the earth comes he:
He'll judge the world with righteous-
ness,
The people faithfully.

PSALM XCVII.—97.

- 1 God reigneth, let the earth be
glad,
And isles rejoice each one.
- 2 Dark clouds him compass; and in
right
With judgment dwells his throne.
- 3 Fire goes before him, and his foes
It burns up round about:
- 4 His lightnings lighten did the
world;
Earth saw, and shook through-
out.
- 5 Hills, at the presence of the Lord,
Like wax, did melt away;
Ev'n at the presence of the Lord
Of all the earth, I say.

- 5 Na cnuic, an làthair Dhia nan dùl,
Leagh as air fad mar chéir :
Roimh ghnùis Ard-Rìgh an domhain
Leagh iadsan as gu léir. [mhòir
6 Na nèamha cuiridh 'n céill a cheart ;
Is chì gach sluagh a ghlòir.
7 Do dhealbhaibh snaidhte meud 'sa
chrom
Gu'n robh dhoibh amhluidh mòr,
Tha deanamh uail' is ràiteachais
A iodholaibh nach fù ;
Gach uile dhéa a ta sibh ann,
Sleuchdaibh do Dhia nan dùl.
8 Rinn Sion aoibhneas nach bu ghann,
An uair a chual i 'n sgeul,
Rinn nighean Iudah gairdeachas
Mu d' bhreitheanaidh, a Dhé.
9 Oir tha thu, Dhia Iehobhah, àrd
Os ceann gach uile thìr :
Tha thu air t'ardachadh gu mòr,
Os ceann gach dia gu léir.
10 Sibhse le'n ionmhuinn Dia ro-
naomh.
Fuathaichibh olc a chaoidh :
Anam a naomh sìor-ghleidhidh e ;
Saoraidh o làimh nan daoibh.
11 Cuirear mar phòr gu frasach pailt,
Solus do'n fhireanach ;
Is aoibhneas dhoibh-san fòs a ta
'Nan cridhe treibhdhireach.
12 Biodh aiteas oirbh an Dia na glòir',
O fhireana gu léir :
Is thugaibh buidheachas do Dhia,
Ri cuimhn' a naomhachd féin.

SALM XCVIII.—98.

- 1 O SEINNIBH òran nuadh do Dhia,
Rinn bearta mìorbhuileach :
'Si 'dheas làmh féin 's a ghairdean
naomh
Thug dhasan buaidh a mach.
2 Feuch, thaisbein Dia gu follaiseach
'Fhurtachd 's a shlàinte mhòr :
Am fianuis chinneach nochdadh leis
'Fhireantachd féin gu leòr.
3 Chuimhnich e 'fhirinn is a ghràs
Do theaghlach Israeil ;
Is slàint' ar Dia-ne chunnaic fòs
Gach iomall tìr gu léir.
4 Do Dhia Iehobhah togaibh suas
Ard-iolach ait, gach tìr :
Togaibh bhur guth : bibh subhach
Is seinnibh moladh fìor. [fòs,
5 Do Dhia Iehobhah mòr nam feart
Seinnibh air clàrsaich ghrinn ;
Le clàrsaich (deirim) seinnibh dha,
Le guth na sailm gu binn.
6 Le fuaim na h-adhairc seinnibh dha,
'S le guth na trompaid àird' :

- 6 The heav'ns declare his righteous-
ness,
All men his glory see,
7 All who serve graven images,
Confounded let them be.
Who do of idols boast themselves,
Let shame upon them fall :
Ye that are called gods, see that
Ye do him worship all.
8 Sion did hear, and joyful was,
Glad Judah's daughters were ;
They much rejoic'd, O Lord, be-
cause
Thy judgments did appear.
9 For thou, O Lord, art high above
All things on earth that are ;
Above all other gods thou art
Exalted very far.
10 Hate ill, all ye that love the Lord :
His saints' souls keepeth he ;
And from the hands of wicked men
He sets them safe and free.

- 11 For all those that be righteous
Sown is a joyful light,
And gladness sown is for all those
That are in heart upright.
12 Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice ;
Express your thankfulness
When ye into your memory
Do call his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII.—98.

- 1 O SING a new song to the Lord,
For wonders he hath done :
His right hand and his holy arm
Him victory hath won.
2 The Lord God hath salvation
Hath caused to be known ;
His justice in the heathen's sight
He openly hath shown.
3 He mindful of his grace and truth
To Israel's house hath been ;
And the salvation of our God
All ends of th' earth have seen.
4 Let all the earth unto the Lord
Send forth a joyful noise ;
Lift up your voice aloud to him,
Sing praises, and rejoice.
5 With harp, with harp, and voice of
psalms,
Unto Jehovah sing :
6 With trumpets, cornets, gladly
sound
Before the Lord the King.

Do Dhia an t-Ard-Rìgh seinnibh fòs,
Le iolach a' t'gach àit.

7 Beucadh an fhaire mhòr gu borb,
'S an làn tha innt' le chèil';
An domhan, is gach dùil a ta
An còmhnuidh ann gu léir.

8 Buaileadh na tuitte mòr 'am bos';
Na sléibhte bitheadh a'it,

9 An làthair Dhé; oir tha e teachd
Air talamh thabhairt ceirt:

Le ceartas maith bheir e a mach
Breth air a' chruinne-ché;
Bheir air a' phobull breitheanas
Le cothrom fìor-ghlan réidh.

SALM XCIX.—99.

1 THA Dia 'na Rìgh, is crìothnaich-
eadh

Gach uile shluagh air bith:
'Se shuidheas eadar cheruban,
Biodh air an talamh crith.

2 An Sion tha Iehobhah mòr,
Is àrd os ceann gach sluaigh.

3 T'ainm mòr ro-uamhor molar leo,
Oir tha e naomh r'a luaidh.

4 Is toigh le neart an Rìgh ceart-
bhreth:

'S tu shocrucias a' cheart:
An Iacob breitheanas is còir
Cuiridh tu 'n gnìomh gu beachd.

5 Ar Dia Iehobhah àrdaichibh,
Is sleuchdaibh dha gu caomh,
Aig stòl a chos gu h-urramach;
Oir tha e féin ro-naomh.

6 Am measg a shagart Aaron 's Maois,
Bha Samuel do'n dream
A ghair air 'ainm: dh'iarr iadsan
Fhreagair e iad san am. [Dia,

7 Am baideal neoil gu gràsmhor
Labhair an Tighearn riu: [caoin
Na h-àitheantan a thug e dhoibh,
'S a theisthas ghlèidheadh leo.

8 Iehobhah Dia, thug freagradh
dhoibh:

'S tu 'n Dia a mhaith an lochd,
Ge d' rinn thu orra dìoghaltas
Air son an innleachd olc.

9 Air Dia Iehobhah àrdaichibh,
'S 'na thulaich naomh a ghnàth,
Sios sleuchdaibh dha gu h-iriosal;
Oir 's naomh ar Dia gu bràth.

SALM C.—100.

1 TOGADH gach tir àrd-iolach
glaoidh,

Do Dhia Iehobhah mòr.

2 Thigibh, is deanaibh seirbhis a'it,
'Na làthair-san le ceòl.

3 Biodh agaibh fios gur esan Dia,
'Se rinn sinn, 's cha sinn féin;

7 Let seas and all their fulness roar;
The world and dwellers there;

8 Let floods clap hands, and let the
hills
Together joy declare

9 Before the Lord; because he
comes,
To judge the earth comes he:
He'll judge the world with righteous-
ness,
His folk with equity.

PSALM XCIX.—99.

1 TH' eternal Lord doth reign as king,
Let all the people quake;
He sits between the cherubims,
Let th' earth be moved and
shake.

2 The Lord in Sion great and high
Above all people is;

3 Thy great and dreadful name (for it
is holy) let them bless.

4 The king's strength also judgment
Thou settlest equity: [loves;
Just judgment thou dost execute
In Jacob righteously.

5 The Lord our God exalt on high,
And rev'rently do ye
Before his footstool worship him:
The Holy One is he.

6 Moses and Aaron 'mong his priests,
Samuel, with them that call
Upon his name: these call'd on God,
And he them answer'd all.

7 Within the pillar of the cloud
He unto them did speak:
The testimonies he them taught,
And laws, they did not break.

8 Thou answer'dst them, O Lord our
God;

Thou wast a God that gave
Pardon to them, though on their
deeds

Thou wouldest vengeance have.

9 Do ye exalt the Lord our God,
And at his holy hill
Do ye him worship: for the Lord
Our God is holy still.

PSALM C.—100.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,

2 Him serve with mirth, his praise forth
tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

3 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make:

- A phobull sinn, 's a chaoraich fòs
Dh' ionaltradh leis gu léir.
- 4 Thigibh a nis le buidheachas
'Na gheataibh-san a steach,
Is thigibh fòs le mòladh mòr
An cùirtibh naomh' a theach :
Is thugaibh dha mòr-bhuidheachas,
'Ainm beannaichibh gu binn.
- 5 Oir Dia ta maith, tha 'thròcair buan,
Is 'fhìrinn feadh gach linn.

SALM CI.—101.

- 1 BRETH cheart is tròcair canar leam;
Dhé, seinneam dhuit le ceòl.
- 2 Is iomchaiream mi féin gu glic
Air slighe fhoirfe chòir.
O c'uin do m'ionnsuidh-sa a thig
Thu féin, a Dhia nam feart ?
A steach a'm' fhàdaich gluaisidh mi
Le cridhe fìor-ghlan ceart.
- 3 Fa chomhair fòs mo shùile féin
Cha chuir mi olc am feasd [leam,
Obair luchd-ceannairc 's fuathach
'S cha lean i rium gun cheisd.
- 4 An cridhe iargalt ceannairceach
Uam triallaidh e an céin :
Eòlas no furan air an daoì
A chaoidh cha chuir mi féin.
- 5 An ti bheir beum d'a choimhears-
Lom-sgrìosaidd mi as 'àit ; [nach,
An cridhe borb cha'n fhuiling mi,
No neach a sheallas àrd.
- 6 Bidh m' air' air fireanaibh na tir',
Gu'n gabh iad còmhnuidh leam :
An ti bhios foirfe glan 'na bheus,
'Se 's òglach dhomh gach àm.
- 7 Fear-deanamh ceilg' is mealltair-
eachd,
A'm' thigh-sa cha'n fhaigh tàmh ;
A'm' làthair, neach a labhras breug
Cha'n fhuirich e gu bràth :
- 8 Lom-sgrìosaidd mise fòs gu moch
Gach droch dhuin' as an tir,
Chum luchd an uile a sgathadh as
O chaithir Dhé gu léir.

SALM CII.—102.

- 1 RI m' urnuigh éisd, Iehobhah Rìgh ;
Is ruigeadh ort mo ghlaodh.
- 2 Na foluich uam do ghnùis san là
Thig trioblaid orm gach taobh :
San là an gairm mi ort gu geur,
Crom thugam féin do chluas ;
Is freagair mi gu deifireach,
A' furtachd air mo chruas.
- 3 Do bhrìgh gu bheil mo làith' mar
A' teireachduinn a ghnàth ; [cheò
Mar lic an teinntein 's amhluidh sin
Mo chuàmhnan loisgte ta.

We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

- 4 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name al-
For it is seemly so to do. [ways,
5 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.
(Second Version, see page 167.)

PSALM CI.—101.

- 1 I MERCY will and judgment sing,
Lord, I will sing to thee.
- 2 With wisdom in a perfect way
Shall my behaviour be.
O when, in kindness unto me,
Wilt thou be pleas'd to come ?
I with a perfect heart will walk
Within my house at home.
- 3 I will endure no wicked thing
Before mine eyes to be :
I hate their work that turn aside,
It shall not cleave to me.
- 4 A stubborn and a froward heart
Depart quite from me shall ;
A person giv'n to wickedness
I will not know at all.
- 5 I'll cut him off that slandereth
His neighbour privily :
The haughty heart I will not bear,
Nor him that looketh high.
- 6 Upon the faithful of the land
Mine eyes shall be, that they
May dwell with me : he shall me
serve
That walks in perfect way.
- 7 Who of deceit a worker is
In my house shall not dwell ;
And in my presence shall he not
Remain that lies doth tell.
- 8 Yea, all the wicked of the land
Early destroy will I ;
All from God's city to cut off
That work iniquity.

PSALM CII.—102.

- 1 O LORD, unto my pray'r give ear,
My cry let come to thee ;
- 2 And in the day of my distress
Hide not thy face from me.
Give ear to me ; what time I call,
To answer me make haste :
- 3 For, as an hearth, my bones are burnt,
My days, like smoke, do waste.
- 4 My heart within me smitten is,
And it is withered
Like very grass ; so that I do
Forget to eat my bread.

- 4 Trom-bhuailte tha mo chridhe bochd,
Is shearg e mar am fear ;
Ionnas gu'n d' dhearmad mi gu beachd
Greim arain chur a'm' bheul.
- 5 Leguth mo chaoidh, mo chnàmhan
lean
Ri m' chraicionn féin gu teann :
6 Mar phelican an fhàsaich mi,
'S mar chaillich-oidhch' nam beann.
7 Ri faire taim gu furachair,
Is cosmhuil mi a ghnàth
Ri gealbhonn beag 'na aonar fòs
Air mullach tighe ta.
- 8 Ri fad an là mo naimhde garg'
Ga m' mhasluchadh gu trom ;
A'm' aghaidh mhionnaich iad gu
léir ;
Air bhoile dh'éirich rium.
- 9 Le m' dheuraibh choimhmeasg mi
mo dheoch ;
Mar aran dh'ith mi luath',
10 Tre lasan t'fheirg' ; oir thog thu mi,
Is leag thu ris gu truagh.
- 11 Mar sgàile chlaon mo làithean sìos ;
Is shearg mi féin mar fheur.
12 Ach mairidh tus', am feasd, a Dhé,
'S do chuimhne féin gu sìor.
13 Nis éiridh tu a dheanamh gràis
Air Sion naoimh gu dlùth :
Oir àm a cabhair tha air teachd,
Seadh, 'n t-àm a dh'orduich thu.
- 14 Oir t'òglaich tha a' gabhail tlachd
'Na clachaibh breagh' gach uair ;
Tha deadh thoil aig do sheirbhisich
D'a luaithe is d'a h-ùir.
15 Mar sin bidh air na fineachaibh
Eagal roimh ainm an Triath .
Is air gach rìgh air thalamh ta
Bidh roimh do ghlòir-sa fiamh.
- 16 'Tràth thogar Sion suas le Dia
Taisbeanar e 'na ghlòir.
17 Urnuigh nam bochd bheir e fa'-
near,
'S cha diùlt e iad le tàir.
18 Do 'n àl a ta ri teachd 'nar déigh,
Sud sgriobhar dhoibh gu beachd :
'S an dream a ghinear e so suas,
Molaidh iad Dia nam feart.
- 19 Oir dh'amhairc e a nuas gu beachd,
O àird a uaomhachd fein ;
Is air an talamh dh'amhairc Dia,
A nuas o nèamh nan speur ;
- 5 By reason of my groaning voice
My bones cleave to my skin.
6 Like pelican in wilderness
Forsaken I have been :
I like an owl in desert am,
That nightly there doth moan ;
7 I watch, and like a sparrow am
On the house-top alone.
8 My bitter en'mies all the day
Reproaches cast on me ;
And, being mad at me, with rage
Against me sworn they be.
9 For why ? I ashes eaten have
Like bread, in sorrows deep ;
My drink I also mingled have
With tears that I did weep.
10 Thy wrath and indignation
Did cause this grief and pain ;
For thou hast lift me up on high,
And cast me down again.
11 My days are like unto a shade,
Which doth declining pass :
And I am dried and withered,
Ev'n like unto the grass.
12 But thou, Lord, everlasting art,
And thy remembrance shall
Continually endure, and be
To generations all.
13 Thou shalt arise, and mercy have
Upon thy Sion yet ;
The time to favour her is come,
The time that thou hast set.
14 For in her rubbish and her stones
Thy servants pleasure take ;
Yea, they the very dust thereof
Do favour for her sake.
15 So shall the heathen people fear
The Lord's most holy name ;
And all the kings on earth shall dread
Thy glory and thy fame.
16 When Sion by the mighty Lord
Built up again shall be,
In glory then and majesty
To men appear shall he.
17 The prayer of the destitute
He surely will regard ;
Their prayer will he not despise,
By him it shall be heard.
18 For generations yet to come
This shall be on record :
So shall the people that shall be
Created praise the Lord.
19 He from his sanctuary's height
Hath downward cast his eye ;
And from his glorious throne in
heav'n
The Lord the earth did spy ;

20 A chluinntinn osnaich ghearanaich
A' phrìosanaich ta 'n sàs;
Chum fuasgladh air a' mhuinntir sin
A dh'orduicheadh chum bàis.

21 An Sion chum a chur an céill
Ainm uasal àrd ar Dia,
'S a dh'innseadh an Ierusalem
Moladh is-clìù an Triath.

22 An t-àm a bhios na fineacha
Air cruinneachadh le chéil';
'S gu seirbhis Dé tràth thionailcar
Na rioghachda gu léir.

23 Air feadh na slighe is an ròid
Mo thrèidir do lagadh leis:
Mo làithe chuir an giorrad fòs.

24 'S mar so do labhair mis,
Mo Dhia, na glacar mi le bàs,
Mu thimchioll leth mo là:
O aois gu h-aois gu maireannach,
Do bhliadhnaidh buan a ta.

25 O chian leag thusa bunaite,
Na talmhainn so, a Dhé;
Is iad na nèamha fìor-ghlan àrd'
Oibre do làmbha féin.

26 Teirgidh iadsan 's théid iad as,
Ach mairidh tusa, Dhé:
Seadh teirgidh iadsan 's gabhaidh
Mar eudach sean gu léir: [seach

Feuch caochlaidh tu mar thrusan
Is caoch'ear iad gun cheisd. [iad,

27 Tha thus' a mhàin gun chaochlaidh
ort,
'S do bhliadhnaidh buan am feasd.

28 Bidh clann do sheirbhiseach, a Dhé,
Maireannach buan a ghnàth:
Is ann ad fhianuis socruichear
An gineal-san gu bràth.

SALM CIII.—103.

1 O M'ANAM, beannaich thusa nis
An Dia Iehobhah mòr:
Moladh gach ni an taobh stigh dhiom
'Ainm naomha mar is còir.

2 O m'anam, beannaich féin a nis
Iehobhah mòr do Dhia:
Na dichuimhnich na tiodhlacan
A dheònuich dhuit an Triath

3 'Se mhaitheas duit gu gràs-mhor
Gach peacadh annad féin: [caoin
'Se bheir dhuit slàint', is furtachd
O t'euslaintibh gu léir. [fòs,

4 Do bheatha fòs o sgrios a' bhàis,
'Se dh'fhuasglas duit gu pailt:
'Se chrùnais thu le coron gràidh,
'S le tròcair chaomh gun airc.

5 Le 'mhaitheas is le 'thiodhlacaibh
Sàr-lìonaidh e do bheul:
'S tha t'òige air a nuadhachadh
Mar iolair luath nan speur.

20 That of the mournful prisoner
The groanings he might hear,
To set them free that unto death
By men appointed are:

21 That they in Sion may declare
The Lord's most holy name,
And publish in Jerusalem
The praises of the same;

22 When as the people gather shall
In troops with one accord,
When kingdoms shall assembled be
To serve the highest Lord.

23 My wonted strength and force he
Abated in the way, [hath
And he my days hath shortened:

24 Thus therefore did I say:
My God, in mid-time of my days
Take thou me not away:
From age to age eternally
Thy years endure and stay.

25 The firm foundation of the earth
Of old time thou hast laid;
The heavens also are the work
Which thine own hands have made.

26 Thou shalt for evermore endure,
But they shall perish all;
Yea, ev'ry one of them wax old,
Like to a garment, shall:

Thou, as a vesture, shalt them change,
And they shall changed be:

27 But thou the same art, and thy years
Are to eternity.

28 The children of thy servants shall
Continually endure;
And in thy sight, O Lord, their seed
Shall be establish'd sure.

(Second Version, see page 167.)

PSALM CIII.—103.

1 O THOU my soul, bless God the
Lord;

And all that in me is
Be stirred up his holy name
To magnify and bless.

2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy
God,

And not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestow'd on thee.

3 All thine iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive:
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that
thou

To death may'st not go down;
Who thee with loving kindness
doth

And tender mercies crown:

- 6 Air sgàth na muinntir ud, a ta
Le fòirneart air an claidh,
Ceartas is breitheanas faraon,
'Se Dia ni dhoibh gun dith.
- 7 Do Mhaois an neach a b' òglach dha,
A shlighe chuir e 'n cèill :
Is mar an ceudna 'ghulomhara
Do chlan-naibh Israeil.
- 8 Tha'n Tighearn iochd-mhor trocair-
each,
'S mall 'fhearg, 's is pailt a ghràs.
9 Cha bhi e tagradh ruinn do shior,
'S cha ghléidh e 'fhearg gu bràth.
- 10 A réir ar peacaidh iomarcaich,
Dioghaltas oirnn cha d'riun ;
'S a réir ar ciont' is eusaontais
Cha d'thug e luigheachd dhuinn.
- 11 Oir mar os ceann na talmhainn ta
Na speuran àrd gach rè,
Is amhluidh sin tha 'thròcair mòr
Do'n dream d'an eagal e.
- 12 Mar tha an àrd an ear 's an iar
A' gabhail fad o chéil' ;
'S co fhad a chuireas Dia nan gràs
Ar peacaidh uainn gu léir. [dàimh
- 13 Amhluidh mar ghabhas athair
Is truas d'a leanbaibh maoth,
Mar sin d'a fhìor luchd-eagail féin
Dia gabhaidh truas gu caomh.
- 14 Oir 's aithne dhasan agus 's léir
Ar cruth 's ar dealbh gu ceart ;
Gur duslach talmhainn sinn air fad,
Is cuimhne leis gu beachd.
- 15 An duine truagh, a ta a làith'
Amhluidh mar fheur a ghnàth ;
Mar bhàrr na luibh' air machair fòs
A ta e fàs fo bhlàth.
- 16 Oir gabhaidh thairis osag ghaoith',
'S cha bhi e idir ann ;
'S cha 'n fhaicear e san ionad ud
An robh e fàs gu teann.
- 17 Ach mairidh tròcair Dhé gu sìor
Do'n dream d'an eagal e,
Is fòs do chloinn an cloinne-san
Bidh 'fhìreantachd gach rè :
- 18 Do 'n aitim ud a chumas ris
An cùmhnant rinn e riu :
'S a chuimhniceas 'uil' àitheantan,
A chum gu'n deant' iad leo.
- 19 Dia shocruidh anns na nèamhaibh
A chaithir rioghail féin ; [àrd'
A rioghachd tha an uachdar fòs
Os ceann gach nì fo 'n ghréin.
- 20 Sior-bheannaichibh Iehobhah mòr,
O 'aingle treun an neart,
Tha deanamh iartuis mar is còir ;
'S a' tabhairt géill d'a reachd.
- 5 Who with abundance of good
things
Doth satisfy thy mouth ;
So that, ev'n as the eagle's age,
Renewed is thy youth.
- 6 God righteous judgment executes
For all oppressed ones.
- 7 His ways to Moses, he his acts
Made known to Isr'el's sons.
- 8 The Lord our God is merciful,
And he is gracious,
Long-suffering, and slow to wrath,
In mercy plenteous.
- 9 He will not chide continually,
Nor keep his anger still.
- 10 With us he dealt not as we
sinn'd,
Nor did requite our ill.
- 11 For as the heaven in its height
The earth surmounteth far ;
So great to those that do him
fear
His tender mercies are :
- 12 As far as east is distant from
The west, so far hath he
From us removed, in his love,
All our iniquity.
- 13 Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear ;
Like pity shows the Lord to such
As worship him in fear.
- 14 For he remembers we are dust,
And he our frame well knows.
- 15 Frail man, his days are like the
grass,
As flow'r in field he grows :
- 16 For over it the wind doth pass,
And it away is gone :
And of the place where once it was,
It shall no more be known.
- 17 But unto them that do him fear
God's mercy never ends ;
And to their children's children
still
His righteousness extends :
- 18 To such as keep his covenant,
And mindful are alway
Of his most just commandments,
That they may them obey.
- 19 The Lord prepared hath his
throne
In heavens firm to stand ;
And ev'ry that being hath
His kingdom doth command.
- 20 O ye his angels, that excel
In strength, bless ye the Lord ;
Ye who obey what he commands,
And hearken to his word.

21 Gach uile shluagh a bhuineas da,
Beannaichibh Dia a nis;
A sheirbhisich le 'n coimhlionar
Gach ni a's toileach leis.

22 'Uil' oibre, feadh a thighearnais,
A rinneadh leis an Triath,
An rìgh Iehobhabh beannaichibh :
O m'anam, beannaich Dia.

SALM CIV.—104.

1 O M'ANAM, beannaich thusa Dia :
Mo Dhia, 's tu 'n Triath ro-mhòr;
Tha thusa air do sgeadachadh
Le mòralachd is glòir.

2 Seadh chuir thu solus dealrach glan,
Mar thrusgan umad féin;
Is shìn thu mach, is sgaoileadh leat,
Mar chùirtean nèamh nan speur.

3 Sailean a sheòmar leagadh leis
Air uisgeachaibh mar stèidh;
Mar charbad rinn na neula tiugh,
'Se ruith air sgiathaibh gaoith'.

4 'Se féin a rinn na h-aingil fòs
'Nan spioraid làidir threun;
'Se rinn 'nan teine lasarach
A theachdairean gu léir.

5 Is bunaite na talmhainn fòs
Shocruicheadh leis 'nan àit,
A chum nach gluaist' as 'ionad e
A chaoidh nan cian gu bràth.

6 Is dh'fholuich thu le doimhneachd e,
Ceart mar gu'm b'ann le brat :
Os ceann nam beann 's nan sléibhte
Na h-uisgeacha do stad. [àrd']

7 Air cluinntinn doibh guth t'ach-
mhasain,
Theich iad air falbh gu cas :
Is fòs ri guth do thairneanaich,
Le deifir chaidh iad as. [suas]

8 Rì taobh nam beann chaidh iad a
'S a sìos air feadh nan gleann :
Gu ruig an t-àit' a dh'orduich thu
'S a shocruich thu gu teann.

9 Chuir thusa rompa crìocha buan
Nach téid iad tharta null;
'S nach pill iad air an ais a ris
Dh'fholach na tìr' le tuinn.

10 Cuiridh e mach na tobraichean
Air feadh nan glac 's nan gleann,
A ta gun tàmh le 'n sruthaibh bras,
A' ruith air feadh nam beann.

11 Do bheathaichibh na macharach
Deoch bheir e dhoibh r'a h-òl :
'S na h-asail fhiadhaich coisgidh iad
An tart 's an iota mor.

12 Am fagus doibh ni eoin nan speur,
Tigh clùthor tàimh dhoibh féin :
Is eadar gheugan cuirear leo
An ceileir binn an céill.

21 O bless and magnify the Lord,
Ye glorious hosts of his;
Ye ministers, that do fulfil
Whate'er his pleasure is.

22 O bless the Lord, all ye his works,
Wherewith the world is stor'd
In his dominions, ev'ry where.
My soul, bless thou the Lord.

PSALM CIV.—104.

1 BLESS God, my soul. O Lord my
God,
Thou art exceeding great;
With honour and with majesty
Thou clothed art in state.

2 With light, as with a robe, thy-
self
Thou coverest about;
And, like unto a curtain, thou
The heavens stretchest out.

3 Who of his chambers doth the
beams
Within the waters lay;
Who doth the clouds his chariot
make,
On wings of wind make way.

4 Who flaming fire his ministers,
His angels sp'rits, doth make :

5 Who earth's foundations did lay,
That it should never shake.

6 Thou didst it cover with the deep,
As with a garment spread
The waters stood above the hills,
When thou the word but said.

7 But at the voice of thy rebuke
They fled, and would not stay;
They at thy thunder's dreadful
voice
Did haste them fast away.

8 They by the mountains do ascend,
And by the valley-ground
Descend, unto that very place
Which thou for them didst found.

9 Thou hast a bound unto them set,
That they may not pass over,
That they do not return again
The face of earth to cover.

10 He to the valleys sends the
springs,
Which run among the hills :

11 They to all beasts of field give
drink,
Wild asses drink their fills.

12 By them the fowls of heav'n shall
have
Their habitation,
Which do among the branches
sing
With delectation.

- 13 Uisgichidh e o 'sheòimraibh àrd'
Na beannta mòr' gun tàmh :
An talamh tioram gheibh a dhìol
Le toradh gnìomh do làmh.
- 14 Bheir e air feur bhi fàs do'n
spréidh,
'S air luibh bhi fàs gun sgios
Do dhaoineibh, chum gu'n tugadh
O'n talamh biadh a nìos : [iad
- 15 Is fion a chuireas cridhe dhaoine'
Air shubhachas 's air ghean,
Is oladh fòs a nì an gnùis
Le maise dealrach glan.
'Se bheir dhoibh aran mar an ceudn'
Fhreasdail am feum gu leòr,
An cridhe dhaoine' a chuireas neart,
Le misneich mhaith is treòir.
- 16 Tha craobhan àrd' an Tighearna
Ro làn do bhrìgh gu léir,
Is seudair mhaiseach Lebanon
A shuidhicheadh leis féin.
- 17 Is bithidh nid san ionad ud
Aig eunlaith luath nan speur :
Na craobhan giùmhais aig an store
Mar ionad tàmh dhi féin.
- 18 An tearmunn féin, am beanntaibh
Na gabhair fhiadhaich leag ;[àrd',
Na coinein bheaga' mar an ceudn'
An còsaibh blàth nan creag.
- 19 A' ghealach dh'orduich esan fòs
A sgarachduinn nan tràth :
Is aig a' ghréin tha eòlas maith
Mar luidheas i gach là.
- 20 Do nìhear leat-sa dorchadas,
Is thig an oidhch' gu grad ;
An sin bidh beathaich allt' na coill'
A' dol a mach air fad.
- 21 Rì beucadh bidh na leòmhain òg'
Ag iarraidh cobhartaich,
Is bithidh iad ag iarraidh bidh
Air Dia ro-chumhachdach.
- 22 An sin 'nuair dh'èireas suas a'
ghrian,
Cruinnichidh iad le chéil',
Gu h-uaigneach luidhidh iad a stigh
'Nan garaidh didein féin.
- 23 Is théid an duine mach an sin
Gu 'obair mar is còir,
Is leanaidh e gu dìchiollach
A shaothair gu tràth nòin'.
- 24 Cia lionmhor t'òibre mòr', a Dhé !
An gliocas rinn thu iad :
An talamh fòs le d' shaoibhreas mòr,
Tha làn air fad 's air leud.
- 25 Mar sin an cuan tha farsuinn mòr,
'S gach nì a shnàgas ann,
Na beathaichean tha beag is mòr,
Gun orra cunntas cheann.

- 13 He from his chambers watereth
The hills, when they are dried :
With fruit and increase of thy
works
The earth is satisfied.
- 14 For cattle he makes grass to grow,
He makes the herb to spring
For th' use of man, that food to
him
He from the earth may bring ;
- 15 And wine, that to the heart of
man
Doth cheerfulness impart,
Oil that his face makes shine, and
bread
That strengtheneth his heart.
- 16 The trees of God are full of sap ;
The cedars that do stand
In Lebanon, which planted were
By his almighty hand.
- 17 Birds of the air upon their boughs
Do choose their nests to make ;
As for the stork, the fir-tree she
Doth for her dwelling take.
- 18 The lofty mountains for wild
goats
A place of refuge be ;
The conies also to the rocks
Do for their safety flee.
- 19 He sets the moon in heav'n,
thereby
The seasons to discern :
From him the sun his certain time
Of going down doth learn.
- 20 Thou darkness mak'st, 'tis night,
then beasts
Of forest creep abroad.
- 21 The lions young roar for their
prey,
And seek their meat from God.
- 22 The sun doth rise, and home they
flock,
Down in their dens they lie.
- 23 Man goes to work, his labour he
Doth to the ev'ning ply.
- 24 How manifold, Lord, are thy works !
In wisdom wonderful
Thou ev'ry one of them hast made ;
Earth's of thy riches full :
- 25 So is this great and spacious sea,
Wherein things creeping are,
Which number'd cannot be ; and
beasts
Both great and small are there.

- 26 Tha longan siubhal ann gu tigh ;
'S tha'n lebhliatan mòr,
A chumadh is a dhealbhadh leat,
Ri sùgradh ann le treòir.
- 27 Na slòigh ud uile tha, a Dhé,
A' feitheamh ort a ghnàth,
A chum dhoibh biadh gu'n tugadh
G'an cumail beò gach tràth. [tu
- 28 Na bheir thu dhoibh a'd' thoirbh-
'Ga thional sud tha iad : [eartas
Tràth dh'fhosglas tu do làmh gu
Le maith sàr-lionar iad. [pailt,
- 29 Air folach dhuit do ghnùis a ris,
Thig cabhag orr' air fad ;
Eugaidh, tràth bheir thu asd' an deo,
Pillidh ri 'n ùir gu grad.
- 30 Do spiorad fèin g'an cruthachadh,
Ris cuirear leat a mach :
Aghaidh na talmhainn mar an
ceudn'
Nuadhaichidh tu le dreach.
- 31 Bidh glòir an Triath ro-mhaireann-
Air feadh gach linn ann feasd ; [ach
Is nì Iehobhah gairdeachas
'Na ghnìomharaibh gun cheisd.
- 32 Air sealltuinn air an talamh dha,
Criothnaichidh e gu grad ;
Tràth bheanas e ri sléibhtibh àrd'
Bidh deatach dhiubh air fad.
- 33 Do Dhia Iehobhah seinnidh mi
An cian a bhios mi beò ;
Is bheir mi moladh mòr do m' Dhia
Ri fad mo rè 's mo lò.
- 34 'S ro-mhilis blast' mo smuaintean
Biom ait an Dia a ghnàth. [air ;
- 35 Gu'n tigeadh sgrios air peacaichibh,
Mach as an tìr gu bràth,
'S na biodh na h-aingidh ann nì 's
O m'anam, moladh seinn [mò.
Do Dhia Iehobhah ; seinneamaid
Le h-Alleluia binn.

SALM CV.—105.

- 1 O THUGAIBH buidheachas do Dhia ;
Air 'ainm-san gairibh fèin ;
Is cuiribh fòs a ghnìomhara
Am measg nan sluagh an céill.
- 2 Seinnibh do Dhia Iehobhah mòr,
Sailm seinnibh dha gu binn ;
Is aithrisibh gu h-ìomlan fòs
Na mìorbhuilean a rinn.
- 3 As 'ainm ro-naomha-san faraon
Deanaibh deadh-uail is glòir ;
Biodh gairdeachas air cridh' an
Dh'iarras Iehobhah mòr. [dream
- 4 Iarraibh Iehobhah mòr nam feart,
Iarraibh a neart a ghnàth :
A ghnùis ta gràsmhor fàbharach,
Sior-iarraibh i gu bràth.

- 26 There ships go ; there thou mak'st
to play
That leviathan great.
- 27 These all wait on thee, that thou
may'st
In due time give them meat.
- 28 That which thou givest unto them
They gather for their food ;
Thine hand thou open'st lib'rally,
They filled are with good.
- 29 Thou hid'st thy face ; they troubled
are,
Their breath thou tak'st away ;
Then do they die, and to their dust
Return again do they.
- 30 Thy quick'ning spirit thou send'st
forth,
Then they created be ;
And then the earth's decayed face
Renewed is by thee.
- 31 The glory of the mighty Lord
Continue shall for ever :
The Lord Jehovah shall rejoice
In all his works together.
- 32 Earth, as affrighted, trembleth all,
If he on it but look :
And if the mountains he but touch,
They presently do smoke.
- 33 I will sing to the Lord most high,
So long as I shall live ;
And while I being have I shall
To my God praises give.
- 34 Of him my meditation shall
Sweet thoughts to me afford ;
And as for me I will rejoice
In God, my only Lord.
- 35 From earth let sinners be con-
Let ill men no more be. [sum'd,
O thou my soul, bless thou the
Lord.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CV.—105.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, call on his
name ;
To men his deeds make known.
- 2 Sing ye to him, sing psalms ; proclaim
His wondrous works each one.
- 3 See that ye in his holy name
To glory do accord ;
And let the heart of ev'ry one
Rejoice that seeks the Lord.
- 4 The Lord Almighty, and his
strength,
With stedfast hearts seek ye :
His blessed and his gracious face
Seek ye continually.
- 5 Think on the works that he hath
Which admiration breed ; [done

5 Cuimhnichibh fòs na mìorbhuile
 A rinneadh leis gu treun :
 A ghniomhara ro-iongantach,
 Is breitheanais a bhéil ;
 6 O sibhs' a ghineil Abraham,
 Deadh òglach dhùileis Dé :
 Sibhs' chlann Iacoib mar an ceudn',
 A ròghnuich e dha féin.
 7 'S esan ar Tighearn is ar Dia,
 Iehobhah mòr gu fìor :
 Tha 'bhreitheanais ro-chothromach
 Air sgaoileadh feadh gach tìr'.
 8 Oir chuimhnich e gu sìorruidh buan
 A choimhcheangal gu beachd ;
 'S am focal fòs a dh'orduich e
 Do mhiltibh àl ri teachd ;
 9 An coimhcheangal a rinn e féin
 Ri Abraham gu caoin,
 'S na mìonnan a thug e le 'bheul
 Do Isaac òglach caomh :
 10 Is amhluidh sin do Iacob fòs
 Dhaingnich se e mar reachd ;
 Mar choimhcheangal gu sìorruidh
 Do Israel gu beachd : [buan
 11 Ag ràdh, Tìr Chanaain bheir mi
 dhuibh, [féin.
 Mar chrann bhur n-oighreachd
 12 'Nuair bha iad tearc, 's 'nam buidh-
 inn bhig,
 'S 'nan coigrich innt' gu léir.
 13 Is air bhi dhoibh ag imeachd fòs
 O thìr gu tìr gun tamh ;
 A' triall feadh sluaigh is rìoghachda,
 Nach fac' iad riamh roimh làimh :
 14 Cha d' leig le neach an gortachadh ;
 Ach smachdaich air an sgàth
 Mor-rìghre neartmhor cumhach-
 'S a riu mar so ag ràdh ; [dach ;
 15 'Feuchaibh nach bean sibh ris an
 dream
 A dh' ungas leam gu caomh :
 Is fòs na deanaibh cron air bith
 No lochd air m' fhàidhibh naomh'.
 16 Fòs ghairm e gorta steach do 'n tìr,
 Is lorg an arain bhris.
 17 Ach chuir e Ioseph rompa sìos,
 Reiceadh mar thràill gun fhios.
 18 Le geimhlìbh dhochaunn iad a chos',
 Luidh e an iarunn teann ;
 19 Gu 'n uair an d'thàinig focal Dé ;
 Is dhearbhadh sud e san àm.
 20 An rìgh an sin chuir airsan fios,
 Is dh'fhuasgail air gu caoin :
 Seadh uachdaran nam fineacha
 Is leig se e fa sgaoil.
 21 Is air a theaghlach thug e dha
 Ard-thighearnas gu léir :
 Ard-uachdranachd a stòrais mhòir,
 Thug esàn dha d'a réir.

His wonders, and the judgments all
 Which from his mouth proceed ;
 6 O ye that are of Abr'ham's race,
 His servant well approv'n ;
 And ye that Jacob's children are,
 Whom he chose for his own.
 7 Because he, and he only, is
 The mighty Lord our God ;
 And his most righteous judgments
 In all the earth abroad. [are
 8 His cov'nant he remember'd hath,
 That it may ever stand :
 To thousand generations
 The word he did command.
 9 Which covenant he firmly made
 With faithful Abraham,
 And unto Isaac, by his oath,
 He did renew the same :
 10 And unto Jacob, for a law,
 He made it firm and sure,
 A covenant to Israel,
 Which ever should endure.
 11 He said, I'll give Canaan's land
 For heritage to you ;
 12 While they were strangers there,
 In number very few : [and few,
 13 While yet they went from land to
 Without a sure abode ; [land
 And while through sundry kingdoms
 Did wander far abroad ; [they
 14 Yet, notwithstanding, suffer'd he
 No man to do them wrong :
 Yea, for their sakes, he did reprove
 Kings, who were great and strong.
 15 Thus did he say, Touch ye not
 those
 That mine anointed be,
 Nor do the prophets any harm
 That do pertain to me.
 16 He call'd for famine on the land,
 He brake the staff of bread :
 17 But yet he sent a man before,
 By whom they should be fed ;
 Ev'n Joseph, whom unnat'rally
 Sell for a slave did they ;
 18 Whose feet with fetters they did
 And he in ionic lay ; [hurt,
 19 Until the time that his word came
 To give him liberty ;
 The word and purpose of the Lord
 Did him in prison try.
 20 Then sent the king, and did com-
 That he enlarg'd should be ; [mand
 He that the people's ruler was
 Did send to set him free.
 21 A lord to rule his family
 He rais'd him as most fit ;
 To him of all that he possess'd
 He did the charge commit :

- 22 A cheangal mar a chiteadh dha
Ard-cheannardan na tìr:
'S gu'n tugadh e d'a sheanairibh
Teagasg air gliocas fìor.
- 23 Do riogh'chd na h-Eiphit thàinig
Clann Israeil gu léir, [fòs,
'S bha Iacob is a shliochd air cnuairt
An talamh Cham le chéil':
- 24 Thug esan air a phobull féin
An sin ro-lionmhor fàs,
Is ni bu treise rinn e iad
Na'n naimhdean anns gach càs.
- 25 Cridhe an dream ud dh'iompaich e
Thoir fuath d'a phobull naomh,
'S gu'm buineadh iad gu cealgach ole
R'a sheirbhisich ro-chaomh.
- 26 Ansin chuir e 'dheadh òglach Maois,
Aaron a thagh e féin.
- 27 Nochd iad a bhearta mìorbhuileach,
An talamh Cham gu treun.
- 28 Chuir orra duibhre, 's dhorchaidh-
eadh;
'N sin thug iad géill d'a ghuth.
- 29 Dh'iompaich gu fuil an uisgeachan,
Is mharbh e 'n t-iasg 'nan sruth.
- 30 Is losgann ann an lionmhoireachd
Sin bhrùchd an tìr a mach,
Am fàrdaichibh an rìghre-san,
'S 'nan seòmraichibh a steach.
- 31 Air 'iarrtus thàinig iomadh gnè
Do chuileagaibh gu grad:
Is miala lionmhor mar an ceudn'
'Nan crìochaibh féin air fad.
- 32 Air son an uisge thug e dhoibh
Clach-shneachd gu ìrasach geur,
Is lasair theine-dhealanaich
Air feadh na tìr' gu léir.
- 33 Na craobhan fion, is fige fòs
Ghrad-bhuaileadh leis gu trom;
Is bhriseadh agus reubadh leis
Gach crann a bha 'nam foun.
- 34 Thug esan àithne 's thàinig iad,
Locuist gu lionmhor ann,
'S na burruis sgriosach iomarcach,
Gun orra cunntas cheann;
- 35 Gach luibh san fhearann dh'itheadh
leo;
Is dh'itheadh leo gach meas.
- 36 Bhual e gach ceud-ghin anns an tìr,
Toiseach am brìgh 's an treis'.
- 37 Le h-òr 's le h-àirgiod thug e mach
A phobull féin gun dìth;
'S cha robh 'nan treubhaibh-san air
Neach enslainteach gun chli. [fad
- 38 Bu shubhach leis na h-Eiphitich
'Nuair chaidh iad uath' a mach:
Oir thuit an eagal-san gu mòr
Le h-uainhunn air gach neach.

- 22 That he might at his pleasure bind
The princes of the land;
And he might teach his senators
Wisdom to understand.
- 23 The people then of Israel
Down into Egypt came;
And Jacob also sojourned
Within the land of Ham.
- 24 And he did greatly by his pow'r
Increase his people there;
And stronger than their enemies
They by his blessing were.
- 25 Their heart he turned to envy
His folk maliciously,
With those that his own servants
were
To deal in subtilty.
- 26 His servant Moses he did send,
Aaron his chosen one.
- 27 By these his signs and wonders
great
In Ham's land were made known.
- 28 Darkness he sent, and made it
dark;
His word they did obey.
- 29 He turn'd their waters into blood,
And he their fish did slay.
- 30 The land in plenty brought forth
frogs
In chambers of their kings.
- 31 His word all sorts of flies and lice
In all their borders brings.
- 32 He hail for rain, and flaming fire
Into their land he sent:
- 33 And he their vines and fig-trees
smote;
Trees of their coasts he rent.
- 34 He spake, and caterpillars came,
Locusts did much abound;
- 35 Which in their land all herbs con-
sum'd,
And all fruits of their ground.
- 36 He smote all first-born in their
land,
Chief of their strength each one:
- 37 With gold and silver brought them
forth,
Weak in their tribes were none.
- 38 Egypt was glad when forth they
went,
Their fear on them did light.
- 39 He spread a cloud for covering,
And fire to shine by night.

- 39 Neul os an ceann sgaol esan mach
Mar bhrat no cuirtein mòr;
Le teine mar an ceudn' san oidhch'
Thug solus dhoibh gu leòr.
- 40 Am pobull dh'iarr, is thug e dhoibh
Na gearra-goirt gu pailt;
'S le h-aran nèimh o speuraibh àrd'
Thug dhoibh an sàth gun airc.
- 41 A' charraig sgoilt e, bhrùchd a mach
Na h-uisgeacha gu leòr;
Is anns an fhàsach thartmhor theth
Ruith iad mar ambainn mhòir.
- 42 Chionn gu'n do chuimhnich e an
'Fhocal's aghealladh naomh, [sin
Is mar an ceudna Abraham
'Oglach ro dhileas caomh.
- 43 Is uime sin thug e a mach
A shluagh le h-aoibhneas mòr;
'S a dhaoine féin a ròghnaich e,
Le gairdeachas is ceòl.
- 44 Is fearann fòs nam fineacha
Thug esan dhoibh air fad;
Is mheal iad mar an oighreachd féin
Saothair nan cinneach ud.
- 45 A chum gu'n tugadh iad fa'near
A reachda mar is còir,
'S gu'n gleidheadh iad a lagh faraon.
Molaibh Iehobhah mòr.

SALM CVI.

- 1 O THUGAIBH moladh mòr do Dhia,
Is buidheachas faraon,
Oir tha e maith, mairidh gu bràth
A thròcair ghràs-mhor chaoim.
- 2 Gniomhara treun' Iehobhah mhòir,
Cò dh'fheudas chur an cèill?
Cò dh'fheudas fòs a chliu ro-mhòr
A thaisbeanadh gu léir?
- 3 'S beannaicht' an aitim ud gu beachd
A ghleidheas breitheanas,
'S an neach ud fòs a ni gach uair
Ceartas is ionracas.
- 4 Dhia, cuimhnich ormsa, leis a' ghràdh
Thug thu do d' phobull féin;
O thig le d' shlàinte shòlasaich
Gu m' fhiosrachadh a'm' fheum.
- 5 Gu faic sinn maith dò dhaoine taght',
'S gu'n dean sinn aoibhneas mòr
'Nan aoibhneassud; 's le t' oighreachd
féin
Gu'n dean sinn uaill is glòir.
- 6 Do pheacaich sinn le'r siunsearaibh;
Is fòs do rinneadh leinn
Mòr chiont' a' d' aghaidh féin, a Dhé;
Gu h-aingidh pheacaich sinn.
- 7 Ar sinnseara cha d'thug fa'near
Do bhearta miorbhuileach,
A rinneadh leat an tìr na h-Eiph't
Gu treumhor cumbachdach;

- 40 They ask'd, and he brought quails;
with bread
Of heav'n he filled them.
- 41 He open'd rocks, floods gush'd, and
ran
In deserts like a stream.
- 42 For on his holy promise he,
And servant Abr'ham, thought.
- 43 With joy his people, his elect
With gladness, forth he brought.
- 44 And unto them the pleasant lands
He of the heathen gave;
That of the people's labour they
Inheritance might have.
- 45 That they his statutes might ob-
serve
According to his word;
And that they might his laws obey.
Give praise unto the Lord.

PSALM CVI.

- 1 GIVE praise and thanks unto the
Lord.
For bountiful is he;
His tender mercy doth endure
-Unto eternity.
- 2 God's mighty works who can ex-
press?
Or show forth all his praise?
- 3 Blessed are they that judgment
keep,
And justly do always.
- 4 Remember me, Lord, with that
love
Which thou to thine dost bear,
With thy salvation, O my God,
To visit me draw near.
- 5 That I thy chosen's good may see,
And in their joy rejoice;
And may with thine inheritance
Triumph with cheerful voice.
- 6 We with our fathers sinned have,
And of iniquity
Too long we have the workers been;
We have done wickedly.
- 7 The wonders great, which thou, O
Lord,
Didst work in Egypt land,
Our fathers, though they saw, yet
They did not understand: [them

- Is lìonmhoireachd do thròcair
chaoimh?
Dhìchuimhnich iad gu truagh;
'S iad aig a' mhuir ga d' bhrosnach-
Ri cois na fairge ruaidh'. [adh,
- 8 Ach theasairg e gu tèaruint' iad,
Air sgàth dheadh ainme féin;
A chum gu'n nochdadh e mar sin
A chumhachda ro-threun.
- 9 Leig e a mach geur achmhasan
Is thioraich a' mhuir-ruadh;
Is stiùir e troimhan doimhneachd iad,
Mar troimh an fhàsach chruidh.
- 10 Olàimh an ti thug dhoibhsan fuath,
Dh'fhuasgail e 'phobull féin,
'S o làimh an naimhde mì-runach
Shaoradh leis iad gu treun.
- 11 Is dh'fholuich uisg' an eascairde:
Cha d'fhan fiu aon diubh beò.
- 12 Chreid iad an sin a bhriathra-san,
'S a chliu do sheinneadh leo.
- 13 Air dearmad leigeadh leo gu cas
A ghniomhara ro-threun;
Cha d' fhuirich iad gu foighidneach
R'a chomhairl' eagnuidh féin.
- 14 San fhàsach ghlac mianu ciocrach
'N sin bhuaire iad Dia gu luath. [iad,
- 15 An iarrtus thug e dhoibh, ach chuir
Caol' air an anam truagh.
- 16 Sa' champa ghabh iad farmad mòr
Ri Maois an duine caomh,
'S ri Aaron neach a ròghnaich Dia
Dha féin 'na shagart naomh.
- 17 An talamh dh'fhosgail e a bheul,
Shluig Datan sìos gu grad;
Buidhinn Abiraim mar an ceudn'
Dh'fholuich e iad air fad.
- 18 Is fòs am measg an cuideachd-san
Ghrad-las an teine teth;
Is loisg an lasair suas gu léir
Na h-aingidh ud fa leth.
- 19 Dhealbh iad an sin is rinn iad laogh,
Gu truagh aig Horeb àrd,
'S do'n iomhaigh leaght' a rinneadh
Aoradh thug iad gun dàil. [leo
- 20 Is amhluidh chaochail iad gu bochd,
An Dia 's an glòir gu léir,
Gu cosamhlachd is iomhaigh fhaoin
An daimh a dh'itheas feur.
- 21 An Dia thug tèarnadh dhoibh 'nam
feum
Dhìchuimhnich iad gu grad;
An neach le 'n d' rinneadh bearta
An tìr na h-Eiph't air fad: [mòr'
- 22 Is gnìomhara ro-iongantach
An dùthaich Cham le buaidh,
Mar sin is nithe uamhasach
Ri cois na fairge ruaidh':

- And they thy mercies' multitude
Kept not in memory;
But at the sea, ev'n the Red sea,
Provok'd him grievously.
8 Nevertheless he sav'd them,
Ev'n for his own name's sake;
That so he might to be well known
His mighty power make.
- 9 When he the Red Sea did rebuke,
Then dried up it was:
Thro' depths, as thro' the wilderness,
He safely made them pass.
- 10 From hands of those that hated
them
He did his people save;
And from the en'my's cruel hand
To them redemption gave.
- 11 The waters overwhelm'd their foes;
Not one was left alive.
- 12 Then they believ'd his word, and
praise
To him in songs did give.
- 13 But soon did they his mighty works
Forget unthankfully,
And on his counsel and his will
Did not wait patiently;
- 14 But much did lust in wilderness,
And God in desert tempt.
- 15 He gave them what they sought, but
Their soul he leanness sent. [to
- 16 And against Moses in the camp
Their envy did appear;
At Aaron they, the saint of God,
Envious also were.
- 17 Therefore the earth did open wide,
And Dathan did devour,
And all Abiram's company
Did cover in that hour.
- 18 Likewise among their company
A fire was kindled then;
And so the hot consuming flame
Burnt up these wicked men.
- 19 Upon the hill of Horeb they
An idol-calf did frame,
A molten image they did make,
And worshipped the same.
- 20 And thus their glory, and their God,
Most vainly changed they
Into the likeness of an ox
That eateth grass or hay.
- 21 They did forget the mighty God,
That had their saviour been,
By whom such great things brought
to pass
They had in Egypt seen.
- 22 In Ham's land he did wondrous
works,
Things terrible did he,

23 Thubhairt e air an aobhar sin
 Gu'm millt' iad leis gu léir,
 Mur seasadh òglach taghta, Maois,
 Fa chomhair, anns a' bheum :
 A chum gu'n deant' a chorruich
 A philleadh air a h-ais, [mhòr
 Eagal 'na fheirg gu'n deanadh e
 A phobull féin a sgrios.
 24 Dhiùlt iad le tàir an tìr ro-mhaith ;
 Nìor chreid iad focal Dé :
 25 'Nam pàilliuanaibh rinn monmhor
 mòr,
 'S d'a ghuth cha d'thug iad géill.
 26 An sin 'nan aghaidh thog e 'lámh,
 G'an sgrios san fhàsach lom :
 27 A sgrios an sliochd measg fhineacha,
 'S g'an sgaoileadh feadh gach fuinn.
 28 Rì Baal-peor mar an ceudn',
 Naisg siad iad féin gu dlùth :
 Is dh'ith iad cuid do iobairtibh
 Nan iodhol marbh' nach fiù.
 29 Bhrosnuich iad e mar sin gu feirg,
 Le'n innleachdaibh gu truagh ;
 Is bhris a' phlàigh an sin gu mòr
 A steach am measg an t sluaigh.
 30 Sheas Phinehas, is rinn e 'n ceart :
 'N sin aguir a' phlàigh d'an claidh :
 31 Sud mheasadh dha mar fhìreant-
 O linn gu linn a chaidh. [achd
 32 Aig uisge comh-stri Mheribah
 Bhrosnuich iad Dia a ris ;
 Air chor, fa chùis a' phobuill ud,
 Gu'n d' éirich olc do Mhaois.
 33 Oir rinneadh leo a spiorad san
 A bhrosnachadh gu geur ;
 Ionnsu gu'n d' labhair e an sin
 Gu cabhagach le 'bheul.
 34 Na cinnich cha do sgriosadh leo
 Mar dh'aithu Iehobhah dhoibh :
 35 Ach mheasg iad leis na fineachaibh,
 Is dh'fhòghluim iad an dòigh.
 36 Do iodholaibh nam fineacha
 Iad seirbhis rinn gu truagh :
 Bha sud mar lion 's mar ribe dhoibh,
 Le'n ghlacadh iad gu luath.
 37 Seadh thug iad suas mar iobairtean
 Do dheamhnaibh 's dhealbhaibh
 bréig',
 Am mic 's an nigheana faraon,
 An aghaidh naomh-reachd Dhé.
 38 Is fuil nan neòchiontach gu truagh
 Do dhòirteadh leo gun sgàth ;
 B'i fuil am mac 's an nighean féin
 A dhòirt iad gun chion-fàth.
 Do iodholaibh Chanaain fòs
 Mar iobairt thug an sliochd ;
 Mar sin do thruaillleadh leo an tìr,
 Le fuil gun truas gun iochd.

When he his mighty hand and arm
 Stretch'd out at the Red sea.

23 Then said he, He would them de-
 stroy,
 Had not, his wrath to stay,
 His chosen Moses stood in breach,
 That them he should not slay.
 24 Yea, they despis'd the pleasant
 land,
 Believed not his word :
 25 But in their tents they mur-
 mured,
 Not heark'ning to the Lord.
 26 Therefore in desert them to slay
 He lifted up his hand :
 27 'Mong nations to o'erthrow their
 seed,
 And scatter in each land.
 28 They unto Baal-peor did
 Themselves associate ;
 The sacrifices of the dead
 They did profanely eat.
 29 Thus, by their lewd inventions,
 They did provoke his ire ;
 And then upon them suddenly
 The plague brake in as fire.
 30 Then Phin'has rose, and justice did,
 And so the plague did cease ;
 31 That to all ages counted was
 To him for righteousness.
 32 And at the waters, where they
 strove,
 They did him angry make,
 In such sort, that it fared ill
 With Moses for their sake :
 33 Because they there his spirit meek
 Provoked bitterly,
 So that he utter'd with his lips
 Words unadvisedly.
 34 Nor, as the Lord commanded them,
 Did they the nations slay :
 35 But with the heathen mingled were,
 And learn'd of them their way.
 36 And they their idols serv'd, which
 did
 A snare unto them turn.
 37 Their sons and daughters they to
 dev'ls
 In sacrifice did burn.
 38 In their own children's guiltless
 blood
 Their hands they did imbrue,

- 39 Is amhluidh sin le'n gnìomharaibh
Do thruailleadh leo iad féin :
Chaidh iad air striopachas o Dhia
Le 'n innleachdaibh gu léir.
- 40 Fa 'n aobhar ud las corruich Dhé
R'a phobull féin gu teth :
Ionnuis gu'n ghabh e gràin gu mòr
D'a oighreachd air gach leth.
- 41 Is amhluidh rinn e 'n tabhairt suas
Do làimh nam fineach fiat' ;
Is thug thu dhoibh mar uachdarain,
An dream a dh'fhuathaich iad.
- 42 Rinneadh gu mòr an sàruchadh
Le 'n naimhdeibh làidir treun' ;
Is leagadh iad gu h-ìosal sìos
Fo'n làimh sud mar an ceudn'.
- 43 Gu minic thug e saorsa dhoibh ;
Ach bhrosnuich iad e ris
Le'n comhairlibh, is leagadh iad
Air son an ceannairc sìos.
- 44 Ach thug e 'n àmhghar mòr fa'near,
'Nuair chualadh leis an glaoth ;
- 45 Is chuimhnich e dhoibh mar an ceudn'
A chùmhnannt gràs-mhor caomh ;
Is ghabh e aithreachas a réir
Mòr-shaoibhireachd a ghràis :
- 46 'S 'nan sealladh-san rinn braighde diubh
Fhuair e dhoibh iochd is truas.
- 47 Thusa Iehobhah mhòir ar Dia,
Dean saoradh dhuinn 'nar feum,
Is dean, am measg nam fineacha,
Ar tional leat gu léir :
Do t'ainm ro-naomh gu'n tugamaid
Mòr bhuidheachas gu pailt' :
Do chliu 's do mholadh mòr faraon
Gu seinneamaid gu h-ait.
- 48 'S beannaicht' an Triath, Dia Is-
O chian nan cian gu bràth : [raeil,
Abradh an sluagh gu léir, Amen '
Molaibh-sa Dia a ghnàth.

SALM CVII.—107.

- 1 O THUGAIBH moladh mòr do Dhia,
Is buidheachas faraon,
Oir tha e maith, 's mairidh gu bràth
A thròcair ghràs-mhor chaoim.
- 2 Pobull Iehobhah shaoradh leis,
Labhradh mar so gun tàmh,
A' mhuinntir ud a bhuin e saor
A mach o làimh an nàmh :
- 3 Is as gach tìr san robh iad sud
Do chruinnicheadh iad leis,
O 'n àird an ear, 's o'n àird an iar,
O'n àirde tuath, is deas.
- 4 San fhàsach iad air seachran chaidh
An ionad falamh fàs ;

- Whom to Canaan's idols they
For sacrifices slew :
So was the land defil'd with blood.
- 39 They stain'd with their own way,
And with their own inventions
A whoring they did stray.
- 40 Against his people kindled was
The wrath of God therefore,
Insomuch that he did his own
Inheritance abhor.
- 41 He gave them to the heathen's
hand ;
Their foes did them command.
- 42 Their en'mies them oppress'd, they
were
Made subject to their hand.
- 43 He many times deliver'd them ;
But with their counsel so
They him provok'd, that for their sin
They were brought very low.
- 44 Yet their affliction he beheld,
When he did hear their cry :
- 45 And he for them his covenant
Did call to memory.
- After his mercies multitude
- 46 He did repent : And made
Them to be pity'd of all those
Who did them captive lead.
- 47 O Lord our God, us save, and
gather
The heathen from among,
That we thy holy name may praise
In a triumphant song.
- 48 Bless'd be Jehovah, Isr'el's
God,
To all eternity :
Let all the people say, Amen.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CVII.—107.

- 1 PRAISE God, for he is good: for still
His mercies lasting be.
- 2 Let God's redeem'd say so, whom he
From th' en'my's hand did free ;
- 3 And gather'd them out of the lands,
From north, south, east, and west.
- 4 They stray'd in desert's pathless
way,
No city found to rest.
- 5 For thirst and hunger in them
faints
- 6 Their soul. When straits them
press,

- Is bail' air bith cha d'fhuaradh leo
Gu còmhnuidh ann no tàmh.
- 5 Ocrach is iotmhor bha iad fòs ;
Chlaoidheadh an anam truagh.
- 6 Ghlaodh iad an sin ri Dia 'nan teinn,
Shaor iad o'n àmhghar chruaidh.
- 7 Stiùir esan agus threòruich iad
Air bealach ceart fa'n cois,
A chum gu'n rachadh iad fadheoidh
Gu baile tàimh is fois'.
- 8 O b'fhearr gu'm moladh daoine Dia
Air son a mbaitheis chaoin,
'S air son a bhearta iongantach
Rinn e do chloinn nan daoin'!
- 9 Oir ni e 'n t-anam miannach trom
A shàsachadh gun airc,
'S an t-anam ciocrach lionaidh e
Le 'mhaitheas féin gu pailt.
- 10 An dream a shuidh an dorchadas,
Is ann an dubhar bàis ; [truagh,
Fo chuibhreach ta an àmhghar
'S an iarunn cruaidh an sàs ;
- 11 Air son gu'n robh iad ceannairceach
An aghaidh briathra Dhé,
'S air comhairle an Ti a's àird'
Gu'n d'rinn iad tàir gu léir ;
- 12 An sin an cridhe leag e sìos
Le saothair is le péin ;
Thuit iad, is aon neach cha robh ann
G'an cuideachadh 'nam feum ;
- 13 Ghlaodh iad an sin ri Dia 'nan airc,
Dh'fhuasgail o'n teinn gu grad.
- 14 O'n dorchas bhuin, 's o dhubhar bàis,
'S an cuibhreach bhris air fad.
- 15 O b'fhearr gu'm moladh daoine Dia
Air son a mbaitheis chaoin,
'S air son a bhearta iongantach
Rinn e do chloinn nan daoin'!
- 16 Chionn gu'n do bhriseadh leis le
Na geatan prais gu léir ; ['neart
Na stapuill iarunn is na croinn
Sgaoil esan as a chéil'.
- 17 Bha amadain le 'n cron, 's le 'n
Fo àmhghar goirt an sàs. [lochd,
- 18 Bha 'n anam gabhail gràin do
bhiadh,
'S iad dlùth do dhorsaibh bàis.
- 19 Ghlaodh iad an sin ri Dia 'nam feum,
Dh'fhuasgail o'n teinn gu grad.
- 20 Le 'fhocal rinn e 'n slànuchadh :
Is shaor o'n sgrios air fad.
- 21 O b'fhearr gu'm moladh daoine Dia
Air son a mbaitheis chaoin,
'S air son a bhearta iongantach
Rinn e do chloinn nan daoin'!
- 22 Thugadh iad iobairt buidheachais
Is cliù do Dhia na glòir' ;

- They cry unto the Lord, and he
Them frees from their distress.
- 7 Them also in a way to walk
That right is he did guide,
That they might to a city go,
Wherein they might abide.
- 8 O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men !
- 9 For he the soul that longing is
Doth fully satisfy ;
With goodness he the hungry soul
Doth fill abundantly.
- 10 Such as shut up in darkness deep,
And in death's shade abide,
Whom strongly hath affliction
bound,
And irons fast have tied :
- 11 Because against the words of God
They wrought rebelliously,
And they the counsel did contemn
Of him that is most High :
- 12 Their heart he did bring down with
grief ;
They fell, no help could have.
- 13 In trouble then they cried to God,
He them from straits did save.
- 14 He out of darkness did them bring,
And from death's shade them
take ;
These bands, wherewith they had
been bound,
Asunder quite he brake.
- 15 O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men !
- 16 Because the mighty gates of brass
In pieces he did tear,
By him in sunder also cut
The bars of iron were.
- 17 Fools, for their sin and their
offence,
Do sore affliction bear ;
- 18 All kind of meat their soul abhors ;
They to death's gates draw near.
- 19 In grief they cry to God ; he saves
Them from their miseries.
- 20 He sends his word, them heals, and
them
From their destructions frees.
- 21 O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men !
- 22 And let them sacrifice to him
Offrings of thankfulness ;

- Aithriseadh iad a ghníomhara,
Le subhachas is ceòl.
- 23 Luchd-loingeis théid air muir, 's a bhios
Ri gníomh an uisgibh buan ;
- 24 Dhoibh sud is léir mór-oibre Dhé,
'S a mhiorbhuilcan sa' chuan.
- 25 Air 'iarrtus, daisgear leis a' ghaoth
Gu h-árd 's gu doiníonnach :
Le 'n togar suas gu h-atmhor borb
A thonna garbh' fa seach.
- 26 Tha iad ag éirigh suas gu nèamh ;
'S a ris dol domhain sìos :
Ionns gu'n d' leagh an anam truagh
Le trioblaid chruaidh 's le sgios.
- 27 Dol thuig' is uaith, gu tuisleach fòs,
Amhlaidh mar dhuin' air mhisg ;
Ionns gu'n d' thréig gu buileach iad
Gach gliocas bha 'nam measg.
- 28 Ghlaodh iad ri Dia 'nan teinn ; is shaor
E iad o'n trioblaid ghéir.
- 29 Ghrad-chuireadh leis an stoirm gu féith,
'S na tuinn 'nan tàmh gu léir ;
- 30 An sin tha iad ro-ait, air son
Gu bheil iad sàmhach beò :
'S gu'n d'thug e iad do'n chalachd sin,
'S do'n phort bu mhiannach leo.
- 31 O b'fhearr gu'm moladh daoine Dia
Air son a mhaitheis chaoimh,
'S air son a bhearta iongantach
Rinn e do chloinn nan daoin' !
- 32 Is fòs an coimhthional an t-sluaigh
Ard-mholair e gu mòr ;
'S an cruinneachadh nan seanair glic'
Cliu thugar dha is glòir.
- 33 Aimhniche nì 'nam fàsach lom,
Tobair 'nan talamh cruaidh ;
- 34 Tìr bheartach nì e fàs, air son
Mòr aingidheachd an t-sluaigh.
- 35 Am fàsach tiorann tionndaidh e
Gu uisge tàimh nach gann.
'S gu tobair fìor-uisg' iompaichidh
Am fearann tartmhor teann.
- 36 Do dhaoineibh ocrach bheir e sud
Mar àite fois' is tàimh ;
A chum gu'n deasuidh' caithir leo
Chum còmhnuidh ann a ghnàth.
- 37 Chum craobhan fìon' a shuidheach-
Is sìol a chur san fhonn, [adh,
A bheir a mach san aimsir cheirt
Cinneas is toradh trom.
- 38 Bheannaich e fòs am pobull ud,
Is dh'fhàs iad lionmhor mòr ;
'S nìor leig e dhoibh dol air an ais
'Nam feudail no 'nan stòr.

- And let them show abroad his works
In songs of joyfulness.
- 23 Who go to sea in ships, and in
Great waters trading be,
- 24 Within the deep, these men God's
works
And his great wonders see.
- 25 For he commands, and forth in
The stormy tempest flies. [haste
Which makes the sea with rolling
Aloft to swell and rise. [waves
- 26 They mount to heav'n, then to the
depths
They do go down again ;
Their soul doth faint and melt away
With trouble and with pain.
- 27 They reel and stagger like one
drunk,
At their wit's end they be :
- 28 Then they to God in trouble cry
Who them from straits doth free.
- 29 The storm is chang'd into a calm,
At his command and will ;
So that the waves, which rag'd be-
Now quiet are and still. [fore,
- 30 Then are they glad, because at rest
And quiet now they be :
So to the haven he them brings,
Which they desir'd to see.
- 31 O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men !
- 32 Among the people gathered
Let them exalt his name ;
Among assembled elders spread
His most renowned fame.
- 33 He to dry land turns water-springs,
And floods to wilderness ;
- 34 For sins of those that dwell therein,
Fat land to barrenness.
- 35 The burnt and parched wilderness
To water-pools he brings ;
The ground that was dried up before
He turns to water-springs :
- 36 And there, for dwelling, he a place
Doth to the hungry give,
That they a city may prepare
Commodiously to live.
- 37 There sow they fields, and vine-
yards plant,
To yield fruits of increase.
- 38 His blessing makes them multiply,
Lets not their beasts decrease.
- 39 Again they are diminished,
And very low brought down,
Through sorrow and affliction,
And great oppression.

- 39 Lughdaichear iad gidheadh a ris,
Is leigear iad gu bochd,
Le sàruchadh is àmhghar geur,
Is doilgheas brònach goirt.
- 40 Air prionnsaibh dòirtear tarcuis
San thàsach mar an ceudn', [leis,
Cuiridh e iad air seachran fiar,
Gun bhealach ann d'an ceum.
- 41 'S o thrioblaid togaidh e am bochd,
'S ni teaghlach dha mar threud.
- 42 Sud chi na fireana, 's bidh ait,
Is druidear beul nam beud.
- 43 Cò iad tha glic, 's a bheir fa'near
Na nithe sud gu ceart?
'S iad sin a thuigeas tròcair chaomh
Is maithas Dhé nam feart.
- SALM CVIII.—108.
- 1 MO chridh' tha ann am fonn, a
Gu socair mar is còir; [Dhé,
Is seinnidh mi gu ceòlmhor dhuit,
Is molam thu le m' ghloir.
- 2 Mosglaibh, is éiribh grad an àird,
'Shaltair 's a chlàrsach ghrinn:
Mosglaidh mi féin, is éiridh mi
Gu moch chum ceòl a sheinn.
- 3 O Thighearna Iehobhah mhòir,
Measg chinneach, molam thu,
'Sam measg an t-sluaigh gu h-urram-
Ard-seinnidh mi do chliu. [ach
- 4 Oir tha do thròcair mòr os ceann
Nan nèamha shuas gu léir;
Is ruigidh t'fhirinn mar an ceudn'
Gu neultaibh àrd' nan speur.
- 5 Bi thusa, Dhé, os ceann nan nèamh
Air t'àrdachadh gu mòr;
Is fòs os ceann gach uile thir
Togar gu sior do ghloir.
- 6 A chum gu deanta fuasgladh leat
Do d' phobull ionmhuinn féin,
O teasaig mi le d' ghairdean deas,
Is freagair mi a'm' fheum.
- 7 'Na naomhachd labhair Dia nam feart:
Bidh aoibhneas orm nach gann,
Air Sechem ni mi roinn gu ceart,
Gleann Shucoit toimhsear leam.
- 8 'S leam Gilead le d'lighe cheirt,
Manaseh 's leam gu beachd:
S i treubh Ephraim neart mo chinn;
Bheir Iudah mach mo reachd.
- 9 Is soitheach-ionnlaid Moab dhomh,
Tilgeam thar Edom thraigh
Mo bhàr: is ni mi caithream binn
Thar Palestin le buaidh.
- 10 Cò bheir do 'n chaithir dhaingein
'S gu h-Edom bheir gu ceart? [mi?
- 11 Nach tusa, Dhé, le'n d' thréigeadh
sinn?
'S nach téid thu mach le'r feachd?
- 40 He upon princes pours contempt,
And causeth them to stray,
And wander in a wilderness,
Wherein there is no way.
- 41 Yet setteth he the poor on high
From all his miseries,
And he, much like unto a flock,
Doth make him families.
- 42 They that are righteous shall rejoice,
When they the same shall see;
And, as ashamed, stop her mouth
Shall all iniquity.
- 43 Whoso is wise, and will these things
Observe, and them record,
Ev'n they shall understand the love
And kindness of the Lord.
- PSALM CVIII.—108.
- 1 MY heart is fix'd, Lord; I will
sing,
And with my glory praise.
- 2 Awake up psaltery and harp;
Myself I'll early raise.
- 3 I'll praise thee 'mong the people,
Lord;
'Mong nations sing will I;
- 4 For above heav'n thy mercy's
great,
Thy truth doth reach the sky.
- 5 Be thou above the heavens, Lord,
Exalted gloriously;
Thy glory all the earth above
Be lifted up on high.
- 6 That those who thy beloved are
Delivered may be,
O do thou save with thy right hand
And answer give to me.
- 7 God in his holiness hath said,
Herein I will take pleasure;
Shechem I will divide, and forth
Will Succoth's valley measure.
- 8 Gilead I claim as mine by right;
Mausseseh mine shall be;
Ephraim is of my head the strength;
Judah gives laws for me;
- 9 Moab's my washing-pot; my shoe
I'll over Edom throw;
Over the land of Palestine
I will in triumph go.
- 10 O who is he will bring me to
The city fortified?
O who is he that to the land
Of Edom will me guide?
- 11 O God, thou who hadst cast us
off,
This thing wilt thou not do?
And wilt not thou, ev'n thou, O
God,
Forth with our armies go?

- 12 O thrioblaid tabhair còmhnaidh dhuinn,
Oir 's dìomhain furtachd dhaoin'.
13 Trid Dhé nì sinne treubhantas.
'Se shaltras naimhde fodh'nn.

PSALM CIX.—109.

- 1 O DHIA, ta t'aobhar molaigh dhomh,
Gu balbh a'd' thosd na bi.
2 Oir beul nan daoibh, 's nam fealltach
Gnàth-fhosgailt' air mo thì : [tha
Le teangaidh bhreugaich labhair iad
A'm' aghaidh-sa a ghnàth :
3 Chuairtich iad mi le briathraibh
fuath' :
Chuir cath orm gun chion-fàth.
4 Air son mo ghaoil taid naimhdeil
Is mi ri urnuigh ghnàth. [dhomh,
5 Olc dhiol iad rium an éiric maith,
Is fuath air son mo ghràidh.
6 Fear droch-bheirt cuir-sa os a cheann;
Biodh Satan aig a dheis.
7 Urnuigh gu robh 'na peacadh dha,
Fàgar am binn e ris.
8 Gearr gu robh 'aois ; is glacadh neach
Oifig 's a dhreuchd gun iochd.
9 Gu'n robh a bhean 'na ban-treabh-
aich,
'S 'nan dilleachdain a shliochd.
10 Air seachran biodh a shliochd a
ghnàth,
Ag iarraidh déire' 'nam feum ;
Is as an àitibh falamh fàs
Ag iarraidh bìdh dhoibh féin.
11 Gu'n glacar fòs le luchd nam fiach
Gach nì a bhuineas dha :
'S a shaothair-san mar chobhartaich,
Gu'm buineadh coigrich leo.
12 Na biodh neach ann nì tròcair air ;
Na bitheadh fòs a h-aon
A ghabhas truas d'a shliochd, a bhios
'Nan dilleachdain gun mhaoin.
13 Sgrìos gu robh air a ghineil-san,
G'an sgathadh as gu léir ;
Gu'n cuirear as an airm air fad,
San àl a thig 'nan déigh.
14 Aingidheachd 'aithriche gu'n robh
Air chuimhn' aig Dia a ghnàth :
Is ciont' a mhàthar mar an ceudn'
Na cuirear as gu bràth.
15 Gu robh iad air an taisbeanadh
Am fianuis Dhé do shìor ;
A chum gu'n sgathadh e a mach
An iomradh as an tìr.
16 Oir dhearmaid e bli trócaireach,
Is sbàruich e am bochd,
'S an t-ainnis, chum gu marbhadh e
Neach 'g an robh cridhe goirt.

- 12 Do thou from trouble give us
help,
For helpless is man's aid.
13 Through God we shall do valiantly ;
Our foes he shall down tread.
PSALM CIX.—109.
1 O THOU the God of all my praise,
Do thou not hold thy peace ;
2 For mouths of wicked men to speak
Against me do not cease :
The mouths of vile deceitful men
Against me open'd be :
And with a false and lying tongue
They have accused me.
3 They did beset me round about
With words of hateful spite :
And though to them no cause I gave,
Against me they did fight.
4 They for my love became my foes,
But I me set to pray.
5 Evil for good, hatred for love,
To me they did repay.
6 Set thou the wicked over him ;
And upon his right hand
Give thou his greatest enemy,
Ev'n Satan, leave to stand.
7 And when by thee he shall be judg'd,
Let him condemned be ;
And let his pray'r be turn'd to sin,
When he shall call on thee.
8 Few be his days, and in his room
His charge another take.
9 His children let be fatherless,
His wife a widow make.
10 His children let be vagabonds,
And beg continually ;
And from their places desolate
Seek bread for their supply.
11 Let covetous extortioners
Catch all he hath away :
Of all for which he labour'd hath
Let strangers make a prey.
12 Let there be none to pity him,
Let there be none at all
That on his children fatherless
Will let his mercy fall.
13 Let his posterity from earth
Cut off for ever be,
And in the foll'wing age their name
Be blotted out by thee.
14 Let God his father's wickedness
Still to remembrance call ;
And never let his mother's sin
Be blotted out at all.
15 But let them all before the Lord
Appear continually,
That he may wholly from the earth
Cut off their memory.

- 17 Mar thug e toil do mhallachadh,
Mallaicht' biodh e gach là :
Is mar nach b'àill leis beannachadh,
Na éireadh beannachd dha.
- 18 Amhluidh mar rinneadh leis e féin
A chuairteachadh gach ám,
Le h-eascaint is le mallachadh
Ceart mar le trusgan teann,
- 'S amhluidh gu tigeadh sud gu beachd
Mar uisge steach 'na chom,
'S mar oladh drúidheadh sud gu geur
'Na chnámhaibh féin gu trom.
- 19 Biodh sud mar eudach uime-san,
'Ga fholach air gach tráth :
Is amhluidh mar an crios a bhios
'G a chrìoslachadh a ghnáth.
- 20 O'n Tighearna gu'n toirear sud
Do m' naimhdeibh mar an duais,
'S do'n dream an aghaidh m'anam' ta
Gnàth-labhairt uile gun truas.
- 21 Ach air mo chrann bi thusa, Dhé,
Air sgàth t'ainm' uasail féin ;
Do bhrìgh gu bheil do thròcair maith,
Dean saoradh dhomh a'm' fheum.
- 22 Oir tha mi aim-beartach gu beachd,
Is tha mi ainnis lom,
A ta mo chridhe air a lot
An taobh a stigh do m' chom.
- 23 Is amhluidh ta mi gabhail seach
Mar sgàil a' claonadh sìos ;
Air m'fhuadach' mar an locust truagh
Thuig' agus uaith a ris.
- 24 Mo ghlùine ta air fàilneachadh,
Aig meud mo thrais a ghnáth ;
Is m'fheòil aig diobhail saill' is sult'
Air seargadh as a ta.
- 25 A'm' aobhar fo chaid tha mi fòs
Do'n aitim ud gu léir :
Chrath iad an cinn gu fanoideach,
Tràth sheall iad orm gu geur.
- 26 Fòir orm, a Thighearna mo Dhia ;
A'd' thròcair cuidich mi :
27 Gu'n tuig iad gur i so do làmh,
'S gur tu rinn sud, a Dhé.
- 28 'N tràth bhitheas iad ri mallachadh,
Beannaich-sa sìon gu pailt ;
Biodh orra nàir', air éirigh dhoibh ;
Ach t'òglach-sa biodh àit.
- 29 Gu robh iad air an cuairteachadh
M'uil' eascairde le nàir' ;
'S mar fhalluinn air an uachdar biodh
An amhluidh féin le tàir.
- 30 Ach mise, ghnáth, àrd-mholaidh
mi
Iehobhah Dia le m' bheul :
Is fòs, am measg a' choimhthionail,
Cuiridh mi 'chliu an céill.
- 16 Because he mercy minded not,
But persecuted still
The poor and needy, that he might
The broken-hearted kill.
- 17 As he in cursing pleasure took,
So let it to him fall ;
As he delighted not to bless,
So bless him not at all.
- 18 As cursing he like clothes put on,
Into his bowels so,
Like water, and into his bones,
Like oil, down let it go.
- 19 Like to the garment let it be
Which doth himself array,
And for a girdle wherewith he
Is girt about alway.
- 20 From God let this be their reward
That en'mies are to me,
And their reward that speak against
My soul maliciously.
- 21 But do thou, for thine own name's
O God the Lord, for me : [sake,
Sith good and sweet thy mercy is,
From trouble set me free.
- 22 For I am poor and indigent,
Afflicted sore am I,
My heart within me also is
Wounded exceedingly.
- 23 I pass like a declining shade,
Am like the locust tost :
- 24 My knees through fasting weaken'd
My flesh hath fatness lost. [are,
- 25 I also am a vile reproach
Unto them made to be ;
And they that did upon me look
Did shake their heads at me.
- 26 O do thou help and succour me,
Who art my God and Lord :
And, for thy tender mercy's sake,
Safety to me afford :
- 27 That thereby they may know that
Is thy almighty hand ; [this
And that thou, Lord, hast done the
same
They may well understand.
- 28 Although they curse with spite, yet,
Lord,
Bless thou with loving voice :
Let them asham'd be when they rise ;
Thy servant let rejoice.
- 29 Let thou mine adversaries all
With shame be clothed over ;
And let their own confusion
Them, as a mantle, cover.
- 30 But as for me, I with my mouth
Will greatly praise the Lord ;
And I among the multitude
His praises will record.

- 31 Oir tha e leis an duine bhochd
'Na sheasamh air a dheis,
G'a theasairginn o'n dream le 'm
'Anam-san fhàgail ris. [b'ail]

SALM CX.

- 1 THUBHAIRT Iehobhah ri mo Thri-
Bi d' shuidhe air mo dheis, [ath,
T'uil' eascairde gu'n cuir mi dhuit
'Nan stòl fo bhonn do chois'.
2 A Sion cuiridh Dia a mach
Slat-shuaicheantais do neirt :
'S am builsgéan t'eascairde gu léir
Bi féin a'd' uachdran ceart.
3 Bithidh do phobull taghta féin
Ro-thoileach mar is còir,
San là sin anns am foillsich thu
Do chumhachda gu mòr :
Am mais' 's an sgèimh 'na naomh-
achd ghrinn,
O bholg na m'adine moich,
Mar dhealt a thig a nuas o nèamh,
Tha t'òigridh iomarcach.
4 Do mhionnaich Dia Iehobhah mòr,
'S cha'n aithreach leis gu'n d' rinn,
Réir orduigh mhaith Mhelchisedeic,
Gur sagart thu gach linn.
5 An Tighearna ta air do dheis,
Trom-bhuailear leis gu garg
Mòr rìghrean làidir cumhachdach,
San là a lasas 'fhearg.
6 Bheir esan breth measg shineachan,
Lionaidh gach àit gu fìor
Le corpaidh marbh' : is lotar leis
Na h-uachdrain thar gach tìr.
7 Is anns an t-slighe òlaidh e
Deoch as na sruthaibh luath' ;
Is air an aobhar ud fa-dhedidh
Togaidh e 'cheann le buaidh.

SALM CXI.—111.

- 1 MOLAIBHSE Dia, sior-mholams' e
Le m'uile chridh' gu h-àrd ;
An coimhthional nam firean còir',
Sa' chuideachd mhòir 's gach àit.
2 Tha gnìomharan an Tighearna
Iomarcach mòr gu léir ;
Is leis an dream le'n tlachdmhor iad
Rannsaichear iad gu geur.
3 Tha 'obair-san ro-urramach,
Ro-ghlòrmhor i gun cheisd ;
Tha fireantachd Iehobhah fòs
Buan mhaireannach am feasd.
4 A ghnìomhara ro-iongantach,
Air chuimhne chuir gu beachd :
A ta Iehobhah gràsmhor caoin,
Is làn do thruacantachd.
5 Thug esan biadh is lòn do'n dream
D' an eagal e a ghnàth,

- 31 For he shall stand at his right hand
Who is in poverty,
To save him from all those that would
Condemn his soul to die.

PSALM CX.

- 1 THE Lord did say unto my Lord,
Sit thou at my right hand,
Until I make thy foes a stool
Whereon thy feet may stand.
2 The Lord shall out of Sion send
The rod of thy great pow'r :
In midst of all thine enemies
Be thou the governor.
3 A willing people in thy day
Of pow'r shall come to thee,
In holy beauties from morn's womb :
Thy youth like dew shall be.
4 The Lord himself hath made an
oath,
And will repent him never
Of th' order of Melchisedec
Thou art a priest for ever.
5 The glorious and mighty Lord,
That sits at thy right hand,
Shall, in his day of wrath, strike
through
Kings that do him withstand.
6 He shall among the heathen judge,
He shall with bodies dead
The places fill ; o'er many lands
He wound shall every head.
7 The brook that runneth in the
way
With drink shall him supply ;
And, for this cause, in triumph he
Shall lift his head on high.

PSALM CXI.—111.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord : with my whole
I will God's praise declare, [heart
Where the assemblies of the just
And congregations are.
2 The whole works of the Lord our
Are great above all measure, [God
Sought out they are of ev'ry one
That doth therein take pleasure.
3 His work most honourable is,
Most glorious and pure,
And his untainted righteousness
For ever doth endure.
4 His works most wonderful he hath
Made to be thought upon :
The Lord is gracious, and he is
Full of compassion.
5 He giveth meat unto all those
That truly do him fear ;

- 'S a choimhcheangal a riun e leo
Cuimhnichidh e gu bràth.
- 6 Neart 'oibre iongantach chuir Dia
An céill d'a phobull féin ;
A thabhairt doibh mar sheilbh gu
buan
Oighreachd nan sluagh gu léir.
- 7 Firinn is ceartas gnìomh a làmh ;
'Uil' àitheantan tha fìor.
- 8 Deanta le ceartas firinneach :
Taid seasmhach buan do shìor.
- 9 Shaoradh le Dia a phobull féin ;
Is dh'orduich e am feasd
A choimhcheangal : tha 'ainm-san
naomh
Is urramach gun cheisd.
- 10 Se tùs a' ghliocais eagal Dé,
Tha deadh thuigs' aig an dream
Le'n coimhlionar a reachda-san :
Mairidh a chliu gach àm.

SALM CXII.—112.

- 1 O THUGAIBH moladh mòr do Dhia :
'S beannaicht' an ti gu beachd
D' an eagal Dia, 's a ghabhas toil
Gu mòr d'a lagh 's d'a reachd.
- 2 Bidh 'shliochd-san làidir anns an tìr,
'S ro-bheannaicht' sìol nan saoi.
- 3 Bidh maoin is saobhbreas mòr 'na
thigh ;
Bidh 'cheartas buan a chaoidh.
- 4 Tràth bhitheas saoi an dorchadas,
'N sin éiridh solus da :
Tha e fìor-ghràsmhor tràcaireach
Is cothromach a ghnàth.
- 5 Is truacant' fùs, deadh-choingheall-
ach,
An duine maith a chaoidh ;
Is bheirear leis gu seòlta glic
A ghnòthuiche gu crìch :
- 6 Gu dearbh cha tig aon nì am feasd
Le'n gluaisear e gu mòr ;
Ach cuimhn' is iomradh maith a
chaoidh
Bidh air an fhìrean chòir.
- 7 Is air-san cha bhì faiteachas,
Air cluinntinn dha droch-sgéil ;
Tha 'chridhe socrach muighinneach
An Dia-lehobhah treun.
- 8 Tha 'chridhe air a shocrachadh,
Cha bhì air geilt no fiamh,
Gu ruig an uair am faicear leis
Air eascairdibh a mhiaun.
- 9 Sgaoil e a chuid, is thug do'n
bhòchd,
'S buan 'fhìreantachd am feasd ;
Bidh 'adharc air a h-àrdachadh
Le urram mòr gun cheisd.

- And evermore his covenant
He in his mind will bear.
- 6 He did the power of his works
Unto his people show,
When he the heathen's heritage
Upon them did bestow.
- 7 His handiworks are truth and
right ;
All his commands are sure :
- 8 And, done in truth and upright-
ness,
They evermore endure.
- 9 He sent redemption to his folk ;
His covenant for aye
He did command : holy his name
And rev'rend is alway.
- 10 Wisdom's beginning is God's fear :
Good understanding they
Have all that his commands fulfil :
His praise endures for aye.

PSALM CXII.—112.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord. The man is
That fears the Lord aright, [bless'd
He who in his commandments
Doth greatly take delight.
- 2 His seed and offspring powerful
Shall be the earth upon ;
Of upright men blessed shall be
The generation.
- 3 Riches and wealth shall ever be
Within his house in store ;
And his unspotted righteousness
Endures for evermore.
- 4 Unto the upright light doth rise,
Though he in darkness be :
Compassionate, and merciful,
And righteous, is he.
- 5 A good man doth his favour show,
And doth to others lend :
He with discretion his affairs
Will guide unto the end.
- 6 Surely there is not any thing
That ever shall him move :
The righteous man's memorial
Shall everlasting prove.
- 7 When he shall evil tidings hear,
He shall not be afraid :
His heart is fix'd, his confidence
Upon the Lord is stay'd.
- 8 His heart is firmly stablished,
Afraid he shall not be,
Until upon his enemies
He his desire shall see.
- 9 He hath dispers'd, giv'n to the poor ;
His righteousness shall be
To ages all ; with honour shall
His horn be raised high.

10 Cràdhar an daoi, tràth chi e so ;
Casaidh e 'fhiacra geur',
Seargaidh e as ; is sgrìosar miann
Nan aingidh ud gu léir.

SALM CXIII.—113.

- 1 MOLAIRHSE Dia, O molaibh e,
Oglacha dileas Dé ;
Ard-mholaibh fòs gu h-urramach
Deadh ainm Iehobhah thréin.
- 2 Ainm Dhé biodh beannaichte gu
O'n àm so is gu bràth. [mòr,
- 3 O éirigh gu ruig luidhe gréin',
Ainm Dhé ion-mholta ta.
- 4 'S àrd thar gach tir Iehobhah mòr,
'S a ghloir thar nèamha fòs.
- 5 Cò 's coimeas ris an Tighearna
Ar Dia, ta chòmhnuidh shuas ?
- 6 'S esan an neach a chromas sìos,
'S a dh'ìslicheas e féin,
Dh'amharc gach ni san talamh ta
'S an nèamhaibh àrd' nan speur.
- 7 Togaidh e 'n deòradh truagh o'n dus ;
'S am bochd o'n òtrach bhreun ;
- 8 G'an cur 'nan suidh' le prionnsaibh
àrd' ;
Le prionnsaibh 'phobuill féin.
- 9 Bheir e do'n mhnai a ta gun sliochd
Tigh còmhnuidh teaghlaich-mhòir' ;
Gu bhi 'na màthair aoibhneach mhac.
Molaibhse Dia na glòir'.

SALM CXIV.—114.

- 1 AIR teachd do Isra'el as an Eiph't,
'S do Iacob mach o'n dream
'G an robh an cainnt ro-chruaidh is
Aig coimhcheas an teang'. [dorch
- 2 Bha Iudah dha mar chòmhnuidh
Bu rioghachd Isra'el leis. [naomh,
- 3 Air faicinn sud, ghrad-theich an
Sruth Iordain phill air ais. [cuan ;
- 4 Mar reithe bras leum beannta suas ;
Leum cnocan beag' mar uain :
- 5 Iordain, c'arson a phill air t'ais ?
C'arson a theich thu, chuain ?
- 6 C'arson a leum sibh, shléibhte àrd',
Mar reithe meargant bras ?
C'arson, mar uain nan caorach fòs,
A leum sibh, chnoca glas' ?
- 7 O thalaimh, criothnaich fòs le geilt,
Roimh ghnùis Iehobhah mhòir ;
O criothnaich fòs le geilt roimh
Dhé Iacoib mar is còir ! [ghnùis
- 8 Oir thionndaidh e an aibhinn theann
Gu loch do uisge tàimh,
'S a' charraig chruaidh gu tobar uisg',
Le cumhachdaibh a làimh'.

SALM CXV.—115.

- 1 DHUINNE cha'n ann, a Thriath,
cha'n ann,
Ach do t'ainm uasal féin

10 The wicked shall it see, and fret,
His teeth gnash, melt away :
What wicked men do most desie
Shall utterly decay.

PSALM CXIII.—113.

- 1 PRAISE God : ye servants of the
Lord,
O praise, the Lord's name praise.
- 2 Yea, blessed be the name of God
From this time forth always.
- 3 From rising sun to where it sets
God's name is to be prais'd.
- 4 Above all nations God is high,
'Bove heav'ns his glory rais'd.
- 5 Unto the Lord our God that dwells
On high, who can compare ?
- 6 Himself that humbleth things to see
In heav'n and earth that are.
- 7 He from the dust doth raise the poor,
That very low doth lie ;
And from the dunghill lifts the man
Oppress'd with poverty ;
- 8 That he may highly him advance,
And with the princes set ;
With those that of his people are
The chief, ev'n princes great.
- 9 The barren woman house to keep
He maketh, and to be
Of sons a mother full of joy.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXIV.—114.

- 1 WHEN Isr'el out of Egypt went,
And did his dwelling change,
When Jacob's house went out from
those
That were of language strange,
- 2 He Judah did his sanctu'ry,
His kingdom Isr'el make :
- 3 The sea it saw, and quickly fled,
Jordan was driven back.
- 4 Like rams the mountains, and like
The hills skipp'd to and fro. [lamb
- 5 O sea, why fleddest thou ? Jordan
Why wast thou driven so ? [back
- 6 Ye mountains great, wherefore was
That ye did skip like rams ? [it
And wherefore was it, little hills,
That ye did leap like lambs ?
- 7 O at the presence of the Lord,
Earth, tremble thou for fear,
While as the presence of the God
Of Jacob doth appear :
- 8 Who from the hard and stony rock
Did standing water bring ;
And by his pow'r did turn the flint
Into a water-spring.

PSALM CXV.—115.

- 1 NOT unto us, Lord, not to us,
But do thou glory take

- Tabhair an cliu 's a' ghloir, air sgàth
Do ghràis is t'fhrinn réidh.
- 2 C'arson a theireadh fineacha,
C'àit bheil an Dia a nis?
- 3 Ar Dia a ta air nèamh, is rinn
Gach gnìomh bu toileach leis.
- 4 An iodhoil 's airgid iad is òr,
Gnìomh làmh dhaoine féin.
- 5 Tha béil ac', leis nach labhair iad;
Is shìlean, leis nach léir.
- 6 Tha cluasan ac', 's cha chluinn iad
Is sròin', gun fhàile ann'. [leo;
- 7 An làmh gun chli, an cos gun
cheum;
An scornan gun smid chainnt'.
- 8 Iadsan a dhealbh 's a ghéilleas doibh,
'S ro-chosmhuil iad riu féin.
- 9 O Isra'el, dean-sa bun á Dia;
'Se 'n sgiath, 's an còmhnaidh treun.
- 10 Tigh Aaroin, O dean bun á Dia;
'Se 'n còmhnaidh, is an sgiath.
- 11 Luchd-eagail Dé, làn-earbaibh as:
An sgiath 's an neart 'se Dia.
- 12 Iehobhah Dia bha cuimhneach
Beannaichidh e sinn féin; [oirn;
Beannaichear leis tigh Israel,
'S tigh Aaroin mar an ceudn'.
- 13 Na big 's na mòir d'an eagal Dia,
Beannaichidh e gu caoin.
- 14 Cuiridh e sibh an lionmhoireachd,
Sibh féin 's 'ur sliochd faraon.
- 15 Is beannaicht' sibh o'n Tighearna,
Rinn nèamh is lár gu léir. [daoin';
- 16 An talamh thug do chloinn nan
'S leis féin àrd nèamh nan speur.
- 17 Na mairbh, no'n dream théid tosd-
ach sìos
Do'n uaigh, cha mhol iad Dia.
- 18 Ach molar leinn e nis, 's gu bràth,
Molaibh gu h-àrd an Triath.

SALM CXVI.—116.

- 1 IS toigh leam Dia, air son gu'n
d'éisd
Ri m' ghuth, 's ri m' urnuigh fòs.
- 2 A chionn gu'n d'aom e rium a
chluais,
Sior-éigheam ris ri m' bheò.
- 3 Chaidh umam dòruinn gear a' bhàis,
Ghlac piantan ifrinn mi:
Theann-ghlacadh mi le trioblaid
thruaigh,
Is àmhghar cruaidh do m' chlaoidh.
- 4 Air ainm Iehobhah ghair mi 'n sin;
(Mar so a' labhairt ris,)
O Dhia mo Thighearn, guidheam
Saor m' anam bochd a nis. [ort,
- 5 A ta Iehobhah gràmhòr, ceart;
'S is trèaireach ar Dia.

- Unto thy name, ev'n for thy truth,
And for thy mercy's sake.
- 2 O wherefore should the heathen say,
Where is their God now gone?
- 3 But our God in the heavens is,
What pleas'd him he hath done.
- 4 Their idols silver are and gold,
Work of men's hands they be.
- 5 Mouths have they, but they do not
And eyes, but do not see; [speak;
- 6 Ears have they, but they do not hear;
Noses, but savour not;
- 7 Hands, feet, but handle not, nor
walk;
Nor speak they through their
[throat.
- 8 Like them their makers are, and all
On them their trust that build.
- 9 O Isr'el, trust thou in the Lord,
He is their help and shield.
- 10 O Aaron's house, trust in the Lord,
Their help and shield is he.
- 11 Ye that fear God, trust in the Lord,
Their help and shield he'll be.
- 12 The Lord of us hath mindful been,
And he will bless us still:
He will the house of Isr'el bless,
Bless Aaron's house he will.
- 13 Both small and great, that fear the
He will them surely bless. [Lord,
- 14 The Lord will you, you and your
Aye more and more increase. [seed,
- 15 O blessed are ye of the Lord,
Who made the earth and heav'n.
- 16 The heav'n, ev'n heav'ns, are God's,
but he
Earth to men's sons hath giv'n.
- 17 The dead, nor who to silence go,
God's praise do not record.
- 18 But henceforth we for ever will
Bless God. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXVI.—116.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord, because my voice
And prayers he did hear.
- 2 I, while I live, will call on him,
Who bow'd to me his ear.
- 3 Of death the cords and sorrows did
About me compass round;
The pains of hell took hold on me,
I grief and trouble found.
- 4 Upon the name of God the Lord
Then did I call, and say,
Deliver thou my soul, O Lord,
I do thee humbly pray.
- 5 God merciful and righteous is,
Yea, gracious is our Lord.
- 6 God saves the meek: I was brought
low,
He did me help afford.

ò 'Se ghleidheas daoine simplidh
ciùin':

Lag bha mi, 's dh'fhoir an Triath.

7 O m'anam, feuch gu'm pill thu nis,
Gu d'shuaimhneas is gu d' thàmh;
Oir dheònuich Dia gu saoibhir dhuit
Mòr thoirbheartas a làimh'.

8 O ghàbhadh is o chunnart bàis
Shaor thusa m'anam bochd;
Mo chosan shaor o shleamhnachadh,
'S mo shùil o dheuraibh goirt'.

9 An sealladh Dhé, an tir nam beò,
Gu dìreach gluaisear leam.

10 Do bhrìgh gu'n chreid mi, labhair
mi;

'S mi air mo chlaoidh gu trom.

11 A'm' dheifir thubhairt mi mar so;
'S breugach gach duin' air bith.

12 Ciod dh'ìocas mi do Dhia, air son
Na rian e dhomh do mhaith?

13 Cupan na slàinte glacar leam,
Air ainm Dhé gaiream féin,

14 Iocam mo bhòid do Dhia, a nis
An làth'r a shluaigh gu léir.

15 Aig Dia 's ro-phrìseil bàs a naomh.

16 Dhé, t'òglach 's mi gu beachd;
'S mi t'òglach, mac do bhanoglaich;
Mo chuibhreach sgaoileadh leat.

17 Bheir mise ìobairt-molaidh dhuit;
Air ainm Dhé gaiream féin.

18 Iocam mo bhòid do Dhia, a nis
An làth'r a shluaigh gu léir.

19 An cùirtibh àluinn àrois Dé,
A'd' bhuilsgan féin gu fìor,

O chaithir àrd Ierusalem.
Molaibh an Triath gu sior.

SALM CXVII.—117.

1 O THUGAIBH moladh mòr do Dhia,
Gach fine t'ann fa leth;

Seadh molaibh Dia gu founmhor
Gach uile shluagh air bith. [àrd,

2 Oir 's mòr a chaoimhneas tròcair-
A dheònuich e dhuinn féin; [each,
Tha fìrinn Dé sior-mhaireannach.
Molaibh Iehobhah treun.

SALM CXVIII.—118.

1 O MOLAIBH Dia, oir tha e maith,
Sior-mhairidh tròcair Dhé.

2 Abradh clann Israeil a nis,
Gur buan a ghràs gach ré.

3 Tigh Aaron abradh iad a nis,
Sior-mhairidh tròcair Dhé.

4 Abradh an dream d'an eagal Dia,
Gur buan a ghràs gach ré.

5 A'm' éigin ghair mi air an Triath:
Fhreagair e mi gu deas,
An ionad farsuinn agus réidh
Shoeruaich e mi le treis.

7 O thou my soul, do thou return
Unto thy quiet rest;

For largely, lo, the Lord to thee
His bounty hath exprest.

8 For my distressed soul from death
Deliver'd was by thee:

Thou did'st my mourning eyes from
tears,

My feet from falling, free.

9 I in the land of those that live
Will walk the Lord before.

10 I did believe, therefore I spake:
I was afflicted sore.

11 I said, when I was in my haste,
That all men liars be.

12 What shall I render to the Lord
For all his gifts to me?

13 I'll of salvation take the cup,
On God's name will I call:

14 I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before his people all.

15 Dear in God's sight is his saints'
death.

16 Thy servant, Lord, am I;

Thy servant sure, thine handmaid's
son:

My bands thou did'st untie.

17 Thank-off'rings I to thee will give,
And on God's name will call.

18 I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before his people all;

19 Within the courts of God's own
house,

Within the midst of thee,

O city of Jerusalem.

Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXVII.—117.

1 O GIVE ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be;

Likewise, ye people all, accord
His name to magnify.

2 For great to us-ward ever are
His loving-kindnesses:

His truth endures for evermore.
The Lord O do ye bless.

PSALM CXVIII.—118.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good;
His mercy lasteth ever.

2 Let those of Israel now say,
His mercy faileth never.

3 Now let the house of Aaron say,
His mercy lasteth ever.

4 Let those that fear the Lord now say,
His mercy faileth never.

5 I in distress call'd on the Lord;

The Lord did answer me:
He in a large place did me set,
From trouble made me free.

- 6 Tha Dia Iehobhah air mo chrann,
Cha'n eagal leam a chaoidh,
Aon ni a dh'fheudas clann nan daoine
A dheanamh orm ga m' chlaoidh.
- 7 Measg luchd mo chuideachaidh tha
A' seasamh leam gu beachd: [Dia
Air luchd mo mhi-ruin, uime sin,
Chi mi mo mhianan a' teachd.
- 8 'S fearr na bhi 'g earbs' á duine beò,
Ar dòchas chur an Dia.
- 9 'S fearr na bhi 'g earbs' á prionnsaibh
Ar dòchas chur san Triath. [mòr,
- 10 Do chuairtich umam air gach làimh
Na dùthchanna gu léir:
Ach sgatham agus sgriosam iad,
An aium Iehobhah thréin.
- 11 Do chuairtich iad mi air gach taobh,
Chuairtich iad mise fòs;
Ach sgatham agus sgriosam iad
An aium Iehobhah mhòir.
- 12 Mar bheachaibh chuairtich iad, ach
Iad as mar theine dris; [chaidh
Oir aun an aium Iehobhah thréin,
Ni mi gu léir an sgrios.
- 13 Ga m' leagadh, theann thu orm gu
Ach chuidich leam-sa Dia. [dlùth;
- 14 'Se Dia mo cheòl, 's mo shlàinte fòs,
Is e mo threòir an Triath.
- 15 Guth gairdeachais is slàinte ta
Am pàilliunaibh nan saoi:
Deas làmh Iehobhah uile thréin
Fhuaradh gu treubhach i.
- 16 Ta gairdean deas an Tighearna
Air 'ardachadh gu mòr;
Is rinneadh bearta treubhantais
Le deas làmh Dhé na glòir'.
- 17 Cha'n fhaigh mi bàs, ach maiream
Is innseam oibre Dhé. [beò,
- 18 Throm-smachdaich Dia mi, ach gu
Cha d'thug e thairis mi. [bàs
- 19 O fosglaihb dhomh gu farsuinn
Geatan an ionracais: [réidh
Is racham orra-san a steach;
Iehobhah molaidh mis'.
- 20 So dorus Dé, air 'n téid a steach
Na daoine còire naomh'.
- 21 Sior-mholam thu, oir chual' thu
Is tu mo shlàinte chaomh. [mi;
22 A' chlach a dhiùlt na clachairean,
Clach-chinn na h-oisinn i.
- 23 'Se Dia rinn sud, 's ro-iongantach
'Nar sùilibh-ne an gnìomh.
- 24 So féin an là a dh'orduich Dia,
Sam bi sinn suilbhir ait.
- 25 Fòir, guidheam, guidheam ort, a
Nis soirbhich leinn gu pailt. [Dhé;
26 Beannaicht' gu robh an neach a thig
An aium Iehobhah thréin:
- 6 The mighty Lord is on my side,
I will not be afraid;
For any thing that man can do
I shall not be dismay'd.
- 7 The Lord doth take my part with
That help to succour me: [them
Therefore on those that do me hate
I my desire shall see.
- 8 Better it is to trust in God
Than trust in man's defence;
- 9 Better to trust in God than make
Princes our confidence.
- 10 The nations, joining all in one,
Did compass me about;
But in the Lord's most holy name
I shall them all root out.
- 11 They compass'd me about; I say,
They compass'd me about:
But in the Lord's most holy name
I shall them all root out.
- 12 Like bees they compass'd me about;
Like unto thorns that flame
They quenched are: for them shall I
Destroy in God's own name.
- 13 Thou sore hast thrust, that I might
But my Lord helped me. [fall,
- 14 God my salvation is become,
My strength and song is he.
- 15 In dwellings of the righteous
Is heard the melody
Of joy and health: the Lord's right
Doth ever valiantly. [hand
- 16 The right hand of the mighty Lord
Exalted is on high;
The right hand of the mighty Lord
Doth ever valiantly.
- 17 I shall not die, but live, and shall
The works of God discover.
- 18 The Lord hath me chastised sore,
But not to death giv'n over.
- 19 O set ye open unto me
The gates of righteousness;
Then will I enter unto them,
And I the Lord will bless.
- 20 This is the gate of God, by it
The just shall enter in. [heard'st,
- 21 Thee will I praise for thou me
And hast my safety been.
- 22 That stone is made head corner-
Which builders did despise: [stone,
- 23 This is the doing of the Lord,
And wondrous in our eyes.
- 24 This is the day God made, in it
We'll joy triumphantly.
- 25 Save now, I pray thee, Lord; I pray,
Send now prosperity.
- 26 Blessed is he in God's great name,
That cometh us to save:

- Thingsinne beannachd oirbhe mach,
A tigh Iehobhah féin.
- 27 'Se Dia Iehobhah dhealraich oirnn;
Ceanglaibh le cordaibh cruaidh.
Ri adharcaibh na h-altair' naoimh',
An iobairt bheir sibh uaibh.
- 28 'S tusa mo Dhia, is molain thu;
Ardaicheam thu, mo Dhia.
- 29 O molaibh Dia, oir tha e maith:
Sior-mhairidh gràs an Triath.

SALM CXIX.—119.

ALEPH. *Earrain 1.*

- 1 'S BEANNAICHT' an dream tha foirfe
San t-slighe dhirich cheirt; [glan
An dream a ghluaiseas ann an lagh
Ard-Thighearna nam feart.
- 2 'S beannaicht' an aitim ud faraon
Le 'n coimhead teistean Dé,
'S a dh'iarras e gu dichollach,
Le 'n uile chridhe féin.
- 3 'Na shligheibh-san sior-ghluaisear leo,
'S cha dean iad aingidheachd.
- 4 Dh'àithn thu dhuinn gu coimhead-
Gu dichollach do reachd. [amaid
- 5 O stiùir mo cheum, 's gu coimhdear
Do reachda dìreach féin! [leam
- 6 Cha ghabh mi nàir', tràth bheir mi
Do t'aitheantaibh gu léir. [spéis
- 7 Le cridhe treibhdhireach gun ghò
Mór-mholam thu gu binn,
Tràth dh'fhoghlumas mi breitheauais
Do cheartais naomha ghrinn.
- 8 'Se so mo rùn gu coimhdear leam
Do reachda naomh a ghnàth:
O Thighearna, na tréig-sa mi
Gu buileach no gu bràth.

BETH. *Earrain 2.*

- 9 Ciod leis an glan au t-òganach
A shlighe féin gu ceart?
Trid faicill mhaith is furachrais,
Réir t'fhocail is do reachd.
- 10 Le m'uile chridhe féin, a Dhé,
Dh' iarradh leam thu gu coimh;
Na leig dhomh dol air seacharan
O t'aitheantaibh ro-naomh.
- 11 Air eagal peacaidh, dh'fholuich mi
A'm' chridhe t'fhocal ceart.
- 12 O teagaisg dhomh do reachda
naomh':
'S beannaicht' thu, Dhia nam feart.
- 13 Le m'bhilibh, breitheanaid do bheil
Nochd mi air fad 's air leud.
- 14 Slighe do theistean b'aoibhnic' leam,
Na saobhbreas mòr d'a mheud.
- 15 Socraichidh mi mo smuaineachadh
Air aitheantaibh do reachd;
Air ceumannaibh do shlighe féin
Sior-dhearcaidh mi le beachd.

- We, from the house which to the
Pertains, you blessed have. [Lord
- 27 God is the Lord, who unto us
Hath made light to arise:
Bind ye unto the altar's horns
With cords the sacrifice.
- 28 Thou art my God, I'll thee exalt;
My God, I will thee praise.
- 29 Give thanks to God, for he is good:
His mercy lasts always.

PSALM CXIX.—119.

ALEPH. *The 1st Part.*

- 1 BLESSED are they that undefil'd,
And straight are in the way;
Who in the Lord's most holy law
Do walk, and do not stray.
- 2 Blessed are they who to observe
His statutes are inclin'd;
And who do seek the living God
With their whole heart and mind.
- 3 Such in his ways do walk, and they
Do no iniquity.
- 4 Thou hast commanded us to keep
Thy precepts carefully.
- 5 O that thy statutes to observe
Thou would'st my ways direct!
- 6 Then shall I not be sham'd, when I
Thy precepts all respect.
- 7 Then with integrity of heart
Thee will I praise and bless,
When I the judgments all have learn'd
Of thy pure righteousness.
- 8 That I will keep thy statutes all
Firmly resolv'd have I:
O do not then, most gracious God,
Forsake me utterly.

BETH. *The 2d Part.*

- 9 By what means shall a young man
His way to purify? [learn
If he according to thy word
Thereto attentive be.
- 10 Unfeign'dly thee have I sought
With all my soul and heart:
O let me not from the right path
Of thy commands depart.
- 11 Thy word I in my heart have hid,
That I offend not thee.
- 12 O Lord, thou ever blessed art,
Thy statutes teach thou me.
- 13 The judgments of thy mouth each
one
My lips declared have:
- 14 More joy thy testimonies' way
Thau riches all, me gave.
- 15 I will thy holy precepts make
My meditation;
And carefully I'll have respect
Unto thy ways each one.

- 16 Gabhaidh mi tlachd is ciata mhaith
Do d' statuisibh gu léir :
Air dearmad fòs cha leig mi chaoidh
Deadh fhocal glan do bhéil.

GIMEL. *Earrann 3.*

- 17 Riumsa ta m'òglach dhuit, a Dhé,
Dean toirbheartas gach àm ;
A chum gu bithinn beò, is fòs
Gu'n coimhdear t'fhocal leam.
18 Fosgail mo shùilean, 's chi mi 'n
Mòr-iongantais do reachd. [sin
19 'S coigreach air thalamh mi ; na
ceil
Orm t'àitheanta ro-cheart.
20 Tha m'anam briste brùite stigh,
Is muldach a ghnàth ;
Aig meud mo thograidh is mo mhiann
Do d' bhreitheanais gach tràth.
21 Luchd-uabhair mhallaicht' smachd-
aich thu,
A chlaon o t'iarrtus ceart.
22 Cuir spid is masladh fada uam,
Oir choimhdeadh leam do reachd.
23 A'm' aghaidh labhair prionnsan
Air suidhe dhoibh le chéil' : [mòr',
Ach air do statuisibh ro-naomh
Do smuainich t'òglach féin ;
24 A ta mi gabhail tlachd gu mòr
Do d' theisteis naomha féin ;
Is mar an ceudna tha iad dhomh
'Nan combhairlich a'm fheum.

DALETH. *Earrann 4.*

- 25 Tha m'anam leantuinn ris an ùir ;
Réir t'fhocail beothaich mi.
26 Nochd mi mo shligh' is dh'éisd thu
rium :
Seòl dhomh do lagh, a Dhé.
27 Air slighe fhior-ghloin t'àitheanta
Thoir dhomhsa tuisge gheur ;
Mar sin air t'oibrìbh iongantach
Labhram, 'g an cur an céill.
28 Tha m'anam leaghadh as le bròn :
Réir t'fhocail deònulich neart.
29 Cuir slighe bhreugach fada uam ;
A'd' ghràs thoir dhomh do reachd.
30 Slighe na firinn foirfe gloin,
Is i bu roghainn leam :
Is chuir mi do cheart bhreitheanais
Fa m' chomhair féin gach àm.
31 Lean mi gu dlùth 's gu faicilleach
Ri d' theisteis naomha féin ;
Na cuir gu h-ambluadh nàire mi,
O Thighearna ro-thréin.
32 An slighe fhior-ghloin t'àitheanta
Sior-ruithidh mi le tlachd ;
Tràth nithear leat mo chridhe teann
A chur am farsuinneachd.

- 16 Upon thy statutes my delight
Shall constantly be set :
And, by thy grace, I never will
Thy holy word forget.

GIMEL. *The 3d Part.*

- 17 With me thy servant, in thy grace,
Deal bountifully, Lord ;
That by thy favour I may live,
And duly keep thy word.
18 Open mine eyes, that of thy law
The wonders I may see.
19 I am a stranger on this earth,
Hide not thy laws from me.
20 My soul within me breaks, and
doth
Much fainting still endure,
Through longing that it hath all
times
Unto thy judgments pure.
21 Thou hast rebuk'd the cursed proud,
Who from thy precepts swerve.
22 Reproach and shame remove from
For I thy laws observe. [me,
23 Against me princes spake with spite,
While they in council sat :
But I, thy servant, did upon
Thy statutes meditate.
24 My comfort, and my heart's delight,
Thy testimonies be ;
And they, in all my doubts and fears,
Are counsellors to me.

DALETH. *The 4th Part.*

- 25 My soul to dust cleaves : quicken
According to thy word. [me,
26 My ways I show'd, and me thou
heard'st :
Teach me thy statutes, Lord.
27 The way of thy commandements
Make me aright to know ;
So all thy works that wondrous are
I shall to others show.
28 My soul doth melt, and drop away,
For heaviness and grief ;
To me, according to thy word,
Give strength, and send relief.
29 From me the wicked way of lies
Let far removed be ;
And graciously thy holy law
Do thou grant unto me.
30 I chosen have the perfect way
Of truth and verity :
Thy judgments that most righteous
Before me laid have I. [are
31 I to thy testimonies cleave ;
Shame do not on me cast.
32 I'll run thy precepts' way, when
My heart enlarged hast. [thou

HE. *Earrann 5.*

- 33 Slighe do statuinn teagaisg dhomh,
O Dhia lehobhah thréin :
Is coimhdeam i gu dichbiollach,
Gu crích mo shaoghail féin.
- 34 Tuigs' agus eòlas tabhair dhomh,
Is coimhdidh mi do reachd ;
Is fòs le m'ùile chridhe féin
Coimhdear leam e gu beachd.
- 35 An ceum do lagh' thoir orm bhi-
triail ;
Oir leam 's ro-thlachdmhor e.
- 36 Gu d' theisteis naomh', 's cha'n
ann gu sànt, Mo chridhe lub, a Dhé.
- 37 Mo shùile pill mu'n amhaire mi
Air diomhanas gun stà :
Ach ann do shlighibh naomha féin
Ath-bheothaich mi a ghnàth.
- 38 O daingnich t'fhocal firinneach
Do t'òglach féin gu mòr ;
Do'n neach thug suas e féin air fad
Do t'eagal mar is còir.
- 39 Pill uam an nàir a's eagal leam ;
Oir 's maith do bhrèth, a Dhé.
- 40 Feuch, 's miannach leamsa t'àith-
eanta :
A'd' cheartas beothaich mi.

VAU. *Earrann 6.*

- 41 Thigeadh do thròcair mar an ceudn'
A m'ionnsuidh féin, a Dhé ;
Do chomhfhurtachd, 's do shlàinte
chaomh,
A réir do gheallaidh féin.
- 42 Mar sin do'n neach bheir masladh
dhomh,
Bidh agam freagradh deas :
Oir ann ad fhocal firinneach
Mo dhòchas cuiridh mis'.
- 43 Focal na firinn na buin leat
Gu h-ìomlan as mo bheul ;
Oir ann ad bhreitheanas ro-cheart
A ta mo dhòchas féin.
- 44 Mar sin gu suthain is gu sior,
Gnàth-choimhdidh mi do reachd :
- 45 Air son gu'n iarram t'àitheanta,
Gluaiseam am farsuinneachd.
- 46 Ri rìghribh labhram air do theist,
Gun amhladh orm no sgàth.
- 47 Is gabham tlachd do t'àitheantaibh,
'S ann doibh a thug mi gràdh.
- 48 Ri t'àitheantaibh d'an d' thug mi
Togam mo làmh a féin : [toil,
Is ann ad statuisibh ro-naomh
Bitheam ri cnuasachd ghéir.

ZAIN. *Earrann 7.*

- 49 Cuimhnich am focal ud, a Dhé,
Do t'òglach féin a nis,

HE. *The 5th Part.*

- 33 Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way
Of thy precepts divine,
And to observe it to the end
I shall my heart incline.
- 34 Give understanding unto me,
So keep thy law shall I ;
Yea, ev'n with my whole heart I
shall
Observe it carefully.
- 35 In thy law's path make me to go ;
For I delight therein.
- 36 My heart unto thy testimonies,
And not to greed, incline.
- 37 Turn thou away my sight and
eyes
From viewing vanity ;
And in thy good and holy way
Be pleas'd to quicken me.
- 38 Confirm to me thy gracious word,
Which I did gladly hear,
Ev'n to thy servant, Lord, who is
Devoted to thy fear.
- 39 Turn thou away my fear'd re-
proach ;
For good thy judgments be.
- 40 Lo, for thy precepts I have long'd ;
In thy truth quicken me.

VAU. *The 6th Part.*

- 41 Let thy sweet mercies also come
And visit me, O Lord,
Ev'n thy benign salvation,
According to thy word.
- 42 So shall I have wherewith I may
Give him an answer just,
Who spitefully reproacheth me ;
For in thy word I trust.
- 43 The word of truth out of my mouth
Take thou not utterly ;
For on thy judgments righteous
My hope doth still rely.
- 44 So shall I keep for evermore
Thy law continually.
- 45 And sith, that I thy precepts seek,
I'll walk at liberty.
- 46 I'll speak thy word to kings, and I
With shame shall not be mov'd ;
- 47 And will delight myself always
In thy laws, which I lov'd.
- 48 To thy commandments, which I
lov'd,
My hands lift up I will ;
And I will also meditate
Upon thy statutes still.

ZAIN. *The 7th Part.*

- 49 Remember, Lord, thy gracious word
Thou to thy servant spake,

Thug thu mar bharrant dòchais
dhomh,
'S thug orm gu'n d'earb mi ris.
50 'Se so mo chomhfhurtachd ro-mhòr
A'm' theinn 's a'm' àmhghar geur:
Oir rinn do bhriathar firinneach
M'ath-bheòthachadh gu treun.
51 Bha mi mar aobhar fanoid mhòir
Aig daoinibh àrdanach;
Gidheadh cha d' aom mi o do lagh,
Le claonadh seachranach.
52 Do bhreitheanais a ta o chian,
Chuimhnich mi, Dhia, gu léir:
Is ghlac mi thugam féin an sin
Deadh chomhfhurtachd a'm'fheum.

53 Air son gu'n d' thréig an daoi do
Ghlac uamhunn mi gu mòr. [lagh,
54 An tigh mo chuairt is m'oil-thire,
Do statuin b'iad mo cheòl.
55 Chuimhnich mi t'ainm san oidhch',
a Dhé,
Is choimheadh leam do reachd.
56 B'e so mo chuid, oir choimhid mi
T'iarrtuis, a Dhé, gu beachd.

CHETH. *Earrann 8.*

57 Mo chuibhrionn is mo chrannchur
O Thighearn is a Dhé: [thu,
Le gealladh ciunteach thubhairt mi,
Gu coimhdinn t'fhocal féin.
58 Le m'uile chridhe dh'iarr mi ort
Do ghnùis 's do ghràsa saor:
A réir do bhriathar shirinnich,
Dean tròcair orm gu caoin.

59 Do chnuasaich mi mo shlighe féin,
'S ri d' theisteach phill mo chos.
60 Rìun deifir choimhead t'aitheanta,
'S nìor ghabh mi tàmh no fois.
61 Chreach buidhinn aingidh mi;
gidheadh,
Nìor dhearmaid mi do reachd.
62 Eiream mu mheadhon oidhche,
chum
Gu molam do bhreth cheart.

63 'S fear-comuinn mi is companach
Do 'n dream d'an eagal thu;
'S do 'n aitim ud a choimhdeas fòs
T'fhìor-àitheantan gu dlùth.
64 A Thighearna, tha'n talamh làn
Do d' ghràs 's do d' thròcair
chaoimh:
Tuigs' agus eòlas tabhair dhomh
A'd' statuisibh ro-naomh.

TETH. *Earrann 9.*

65 Do t'òglach rinn thu maith, a Dhé,
A réir do bhriathair cheirt.
66 Deadh thuigs' is eòlas teagaisg
dhomh,
Oir chreid mi féin do reachd.

Which, for a ground of my sure hope
Thou causedst me to take.
50 This word of thine my comfort is
In mine affliction:
For in my straits I am reviv'd
By this thy word alone.
51 The men whose hearts with pride
are stuff'd
Did greatly me deride;
Yet from thy straight commande-
I have not turn'd aside. [ments
52 Thy judgments righteous, O Lord,
Which thou of old forth gave,
I did remember, and myself
By them comforted have.

53 Horror took hold on me, because
Ill men thy law forsake.
54 I in my house of pilgrimage
Thy laws my songs do make.
55 Thy name by night, Lord, I did
mind,
And I have kept thy law.
56 And this I had, because thy word
I kept, and stood in awe.

CHETH. *The 8th Part.*

57 Thou my sure portion art alone,
Which I did choose, O Lord:
I have resolv'd, and said, that I
Would keep thy holy word.
58 With my whole heart I did entreat
Thy face and favour free:
According to thy gracious word
Be merciful to me.

59 I thought upon my former ways,
And did my life well try;
And to thy testimonies pure
My feet then turned I.
60 I did not stay, nor linger long,
As those that slothful are;
But hastily thy laws to keep
Myself I did prepare.

61 Bands of ill men me robb'd; yet I
Thy precepts did not slight.
62 I'll rise at midnight thee to praise,
Ev'n for thy judgments right.
63 I am companion to all those
Who fear, and thee obey.
64 O Lord, thy mercy fills the earth:
Teach me thy laws, I pray.

TETH. *The 9th Part.*

65 Well hast thou with thy servant
dealt,
As thou didst promise give.
66 Good judgment me, and knowledge
For I thy word believe. [teach,

- 67 Mun robh mi 'n teinn, air seachran chaidh :
Ach t'fhocal ghléidh mi nis.
- 68 'S maith thus', is nìhear maith eas
A'd' statuìn teagaisg mis'. [leat :
- 69 A'm' aghaidh luchd an àrdain bhuirb
Dhealbh breuga baoth le chéil' :
Ach gleidhidh mise t'aitheanta
Le m' chridhe féin gu léir.
- 70 Tha 'n cridhe-san co reamhar fòs,
Ri saill aig meud an sògh :
Ach gabhaidh mise tlachd dhomh
A'd' lagh-sa, Dhé, gach lòn. [féin
- 71 'S maith dhomhs' a nis gu robh mi
An teinn 's an àmhghar geur, [féin
A chum gu fòghlumainn le beachd
Do statuìn cheart gu léir.
- 72 'S fearr dhomh gu mòr an lagh a ta
A' teachd o d' bheul a mach,
Na mìlte mòr do'n airgiod ghlan,
'S do'n òr a's deirge dreach.
- 10D. *Earrann 10.*
- 73 Do rinn, 's do dhealbh do làmhnan
Dean tuigseach mi d'a réir, [mi;
A chum gu faighinn eòlas maith
Air t'aitheantaibh gu léir.
- 74 Tràth chi luchd t'eagail mi, bi'd àit :
Oir dh' earb mi as do theist.
- 75 Dhia, 's ceart do bhreitheanais, 's le
Leòn thusa mi gun cheisd. [còir
- 76 Dhé, guidheam ort, do thròcair
chaoin
Bhi dhomh mar chomhfhurtachd :
A réir an fhocail labhair thu
Ri t'òglach féin gu beachd.
- 77 O thigeadh thugam féin a nis
Do thròcair chaomh, a Dhé,
Ga m' chumail beò : oir 'se do lagh
Mo thlachd 's mo mhiann gach ré.
- 78 Biodh nàir' air luchd an àrdain
mhòir,
Bhuin riumsa, gun chion-fàth,
Gu fealltach fìor ; ach smuainicheam
Air t'aitheantaibh a ghnàth.
- 79 Pilleadh luchd t'eagail rium, 's an
Ta eòlach air do theist. [dream
- 80 Gu robh mo chridhe ceart a'd'
reachd,
Nach nàraichear mi 'm feasd.

CAPH. *Earrann 11.*

- 81 Tha m'anam air a chlaoidh gu mòr,
Feitheamh do shlàinte, Dhé :
Ach tha mo dhèchbas bunaiteach
A' d' fhocal tairis féin.
- 82 A' feitheamh t' fhocail chaith mo
Furtachd, O c'uin a ni ? [shuìl :
- 83 Oir taim mar shearraig anns an toit ;
'S do reachd nìor dhearmaid mi.

- 67 Ere I afflicted was I stray'd ;
But now I keep thy word.
- 68 Both good thou art, and good thou
Teach me thy statutes, Lord. [do'st :
- 69 The men that are puff'd up with
Against me forg'd a lie ; [pride
Yet thy commandments observe
With my whole heart will I.
- 70 Their hearts, through worldly ease
and wealth,
As fat as grease they be :
But in thy holy law I take
Delight continually.
- 71 It hath been very good for me
That I afflicted was,
That I might well instructed be,
And learn thy holy laws.
- 72 The word that cometh from thy
Is better unto me [mouth
Than many thousands and great
Of gold and silver be. [sums

JOD. *The 10th Part.*

- 73 Thou mad'st and fashion'dst me :
thy laws
To know give wisdom, Lord.
- 74 So who thee fear shall joy to see
Me trusting in thy word.
- 75 That very right thy judgments are
I know, and do confess ;
And that thou hast afflicted me
In truth and faithfulness.
- 76 O let thy kindness merciful,
I pray thee, comfort me,
As to thy servant faithfully
Was promised by thee.
- 77 And let thy tender mercies come
To me that I may live ;
Because thy holy laws to me
Sweet delectation give.
- 78 Lord, let the proud ashamed be ;
For they, without a cause,
With me perversely dealt : but I
Will muse upon thy laws.
- 79 Let such as fear thee, and have
known
Thy statutes, turn to me.
- 80 My heart let in thy laws be sound,
That sham'd I never be.

CAPH. *The 11th Part.*

- 81 My soul for thy salvation faints ;
Yet I thy word believe.
- 82 Mine eyes fail for thy word : I say,
When wilt thou comfort give ?
- 83 For like a bottle I'm become,
That in the smoke is set :
I'm black, and parch'd with grief ;
Thy statutes not forget. [yet I

84 Cia lion iad làithean t'òglaich féin?
Is fòs, a Dhé, cia uair
Chuireas tu breitheanas an gnìomh
Orra ta orms' an toir?
85 An dream talàn do 'n àrdan bhorb.
Chladhaich iad dhomh gu beachd
Sluicid dhomhain, chum mo ghlaic-
adh leo,
Nach robh a réir do reachd.

86 An tòir gu fealltach tha iad orm;
Dhé, cuidich leam gu grad:
Oir tairis agus firinneach
Tha t'àitheantan air fad.
87 Air talamh chaidh ach beag mo
chlaoidh;
Nior thréig mi t'iarrtus naomh.
88 'S gu'n coimhdinn teistias fìor do
bhéil,
Ath-bheothaich mi gu caomh.

LAMED. *Earrann 12.*

89 Tha t'fhocal bunaiteach gu bràth,
Sna nèamhaibh àrd', a Dhé:
90 Tha t'fhirinn is do thairisneachd
Buan-mhaireannach gach ré:
Do dhaingnicheadh an talamh leat,
'S na sheasamh tha d'a réir.
91 Taid buan an diugh réir t'orduigh
Do mhuinntir iad gu léir. [féin;
92 Mur bhith gu 'n ghabh mi ciata
Do t'fhocal firinneach, [mhòr
Ghrad-flàilnichium is gheibhinn bàs
A'm' àmhghar iomarcach.
93 T'iarrtuais cha dichuimhnich mi
chaidh;
Oir bheothaich thu mi leo.
94 'S leat mi, fòir orm; oir dh'iarr mi
T'aitheanta san gach lò. [féin
95 Bha luchd an uile gu furachar
Ga m'fheitheamh chum mo sgrios;
Ach air do theistias firinneach
Le m' smuaintibh dearcaidh mis'.
96 Chunnac mi crìoch gach nì a ta
Sa' bheathia so d' a mheud:
Ach t'aithe tha gun tomhas fòs
Aig farsuinneachd is leud.

MEM. *Earrann 13.*

97 Cia iomhuinn leam do lagh sa,
Mo smuaineach' e gach là. [Dhé!
98 Thar m'eascar thug thu gliocas
dhomh
Le d' reachd, ta leam a ghnàth.
99 Is tuigsich mi na'n aitim ud
Thug teagasg dhomh gu léir;
Bhrìgh gur ann air do theistias
naomh
'Taim smuaineachadh gu geur.
100 'Taim tuigseach eagnuidh fòs os
Gach seanair auns an tìr · [ceann

84 How many are thy servant's days?
When wilt thou execute
Just judgment on these wicked men
That do me persecute?
85 The proud have digged pits for
me,
Which is against thy laws.
86 Thy words all faithful are; help
me,
Pursu'd without a cause.

87 They so consum'd me, that on
earth
My life they scarce did leave:
Thy precepts yet forsook I not,
But close to them did cleave.
88 After thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Me quicken, and preserve;
The testimony of thy mouth
So shall I still observe.

LAMED. *The 12th Part.*

89 Thy word for ever is, O Lord,
In heaven settled fast;
90 Unto all generations
Thy faithfulness doth last:
The earth thou hast established,
And it abides by thee.
91 This day they stand as thou or-
dain'dst;
For all thy servants be.
92 Unless in thy most perfect law
My soul delights had found,
I should have perished when as
My troubles did abound.
93 Thy precepts I will ne'er forget;
They quick'ning to me brought.
94 Lord, I am thine; O save thou me:
Thy precepts I have sought.
95 For me the wicked have laid wait,
Me seeking to destroy:
But I thy testimonies true
Consider will with joy.
96 An end of all perfection
Here have I seen, O God:
But as for thy commandment,
It is exceeding broad.

MEM. *The 13th Part.*

97 O how love I thy law! it is
My study all the day:
98 It makes me wiser than my
foes;
For it doth with me stay.
99 Than all my teachers now I
have
More understanding far;
Because my meditation
Thy testimonies are.
100 In understanding I excel
Those that are ancients;

- Air son gun choimhdeadh leam gu beachd
Iarrtuais do reachd gu fìor.
- 101 Phìll mi mo chos o ròd gach uile,
Gu'n coimhdinn t'fhocal ceart.
- 102 Nìor chlaon mi fòs o d' bhreith-
Oir theagaisgeadh mi leat. [eanais;
- 103 Le m' bhlas cia milis, O mo Dhia,
Do bhriathra ceart gu léir!
Do m' chàirean 's mìlse iad gu mòr
Na mìl air feadh mo bhéil.
- 104 Tre t'aitheanta tainn faghail fòs
Tuigs' agus eòlas mhaith;
Is uime sin 's ro-fhuathach leam
Gach slighe cham air bith.
- NUN. *Earrann 14.*
- 105 Is lòchran t'fhocal féin do m' chois,
Solus do m' cheum gu beachd.
- 106 Do mhionnaich mi, 's nì mi d'a
réir:
Gu'n coimhdinn féin do reachd.
- 107 Tha mis' an trioblaid iomarcaich,
O Thighearna nam feart:
A réir an fhocail labhair thu,
Ath-bheothaich mi le d' neart.
- 108 Gabh uam gu taitneach, guidheam
Ofrail mo bhéil a nis, [ort,
A bheir mi dhuit gu toileach saor;
Stiùir mi a'd' bhreitheanaid.
- 109 Tha m'anam bochd a'm' làimh a
ghnàth:
Ach chuimhnich mi do reachd.
- 110 Leag droch dhaoin' romham lion;
gidheadh
Nìor chlaon o t'iarrtus ceart.
- 111 Do theisteis fhior ghabh mise féin
Mar m' oighreachd bhuan am
feasd;
Oir 's iad a bheir do m'chridhe leòint'
Mòr-shubhachas gun cheisd.
- 112 Dh'aom mi mo chridhe fòs a chum
Gu deanar leam a ghnàth,
Do statuin cheart a chur an gnìomh,
O so a mach gu bràth.

SAMECH. *Earrann 15.*

- 113 Is fuath leam smuainte dìomhan-
ach;
Do d' reachd ach thug mi gràdh.
- 114 'S tu m' ionad-foluich, 's tu mo
A t'fhocal m' earbsa ta. [sgiath:
115 O sibhs' a chleachd bhì deanamh
Imichibh uam a nis; [uile,
Oir àitheanta mo Thighearna
Le cùram coimhdidh mis'.
- 116 Réir t'fhocail dean mo chumail
A chum gu mairinn beò; [suas,
'S na leig fo nàire mi, fa chùis
Mo dhòchais féin gach lò.

- For I endeavoured to keep
All thy commandments.
- 101 My feet from each ill way I stay'd,
That I may keep thy word.
- 102 I from thy judgments have not
swerv'd;
For thou hast taught me, Lord.
- 103 How sweet unto my taste, O Lord,
Are all thy words of truth!
Yea, I do find them sweeter far
Than honey to my mouth.
- 104 I through thy precepts, that are
pure,
Do understanding get;
I therefore ev'ry way that's false
With all my heart do hate.
- NUN. *The 14th Part.*
- 105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
And to my path a light.
- 106 I sworn have, and I will perform,
To keep thy judgments right.
- 107 I am with sore affliction
Ev'n overwhelm'd, O Lord:
In mercy raise and quicken me,
According to thy word.
- 108 The free-will-off'rings of my mouth
Accept, I thee beseech:
And unto me thy servant, Lord,
Thy judgments clearly teach.
- 109 Though still my soul be in my
hand,
Thy laws I'll not forget.
- 110 I err'd not from them, though for me
The wicked snares did set.
- 111 I of thy testimonies have
Above all things made choice,
To be my heritage for aye;
For they my heart rejoice.
- 112 I carefully inclined have
My heart still to attend;
That I thy statutes may perform
Always unto the end.

SAMECH. *The 15th Part.*

- 113 I hate the thoughts of vanity,
But love thy law do I.
- 114 My shield and hiding-place thou
I on thy word rely. [art;
- 115 All ye that evil-doers are
From me depart away;
For the commandments of my God
I purpose to obey.
- 116 According to thy faithful word,
Uphold and stablish me,
That I may live, and of my hope
Ashamed never be.
- 117 Hold thou me up, so shall I be
In peace and safety still;

- 117 Neartaich mi, 's tearnaidh mise
Sior-dhearcam air do reachd. [slàn;
118 Shaltair thu air na chlaon o d'
lagh;
Oir 's breug am feall gu beachd.
119 Mar shal droch-mhiotail tilgear
Gach daoi air thalamh ta: [uait
Is uime sin 's ro-chaomh leam féin
Teisteis do bhéil a ghnáth.
120 Do chriothnaich m'fhéil fa'n eagal
A ghabh mi romhad féin; [ud
Is lionadh mi le uamhunn fòs,
Fa d' bhreitheanais gu léir.

AIN. *Earrann 16.*

- 121 Rinn mi breth chothromach; na fàg
Fo iochd luchd m' fhòirneirt mi.
122 Air t'òglach 'n urras bi chum
maith;
Na leig luchd-buirb do m' chlaoidh,
123 Mo shuilean tha air fàilneachadh
Feitheamh do shlàinte, Dhé;
'S a' feitheamh gus an coimhlionar
Deadh bhriathar ceart do bhéil.
124 Ri t'òglach buin a réir do ghràis,
Seòl dhomh do lagh gu beachd.
125 'S mi t'òglach, tabhair eòlas domh,
Gu'n tuiginn féin do reachd.
126 'S mithich dhuit gnìomh a thais-
beanadh,
A Dhé lehobbah thréin:
Oir sgaoileadh agus bhriseadh leò
T'aitheanta naomh' gu léir.
127 Fa'n aobhar ud, O Thighearna,
Gu dearbh is ionmhuinn leam
T'aitheanta féin os ceann an òir,
An òir a's fearr a t'ann.
128 Measam t'uil'-iarrtuais, uime sin,
Bhi anns gach aon nì ceart:
Is fuathach fòs le m' chridhe féin
Gach slighe bhréig' gu beachd.

PE. *Earrann 17.*

- 129 Tha t'fhocal is do theisteis féin,
A Dhé, ro-iongantach;
Is uime sin nì m'anam bochd
'N coimhead gu cùramach.
130 Bheir tionnsgnadh t'fhocail solus
Ri dol a stigh 'na phàirt; [maith
Do dhaoineibh simplidh aineolach,
Do bheir e eòlas àrd.
131 Gu farsuinn dh'fhosgail mi mo
A' ploscartaich gu mòr; [bheul,
Fa mheud mo thoil' do t'aitheantaibh
Bhiom muladach gu leòr.
132 Seall agus ambairc orm, a Dhia,
Dean tròcair orm gu caomh;
Mar rinneadh leat a ghnàth do'n
dream [naomh.
Le'm b'ionmhuinn t'ainm ro-

And to thy statutes have respect
Continually I will.

- 118 Thou tread'st down all that love to
stray;
False their deceit doth prove.
119 Lewd men, like dross, away thou
putt'st;
Therefore thy law I love.
120 For fear of thee my very flesh
Doth tremble, all dismay'd;
And of thy righteous judgments,
My soul is much afraid. [Lord,

AIN. *The 16th Part.*

- 121 To all men I have judgment done,
Performing justice right;
Then let me not be left unto
My fierce oppressors' might.
122 For good unto thy servant, Lord,
Thy servant's surety be:
From the oppression of the proud
Do thou deliver me.
123 Mine eyes do fail with looking long
For thy salvation,
The word of thy pure righteousness
While I do wait upon.
124 In mercy with thy servant deal,
Thy laws me teach and show.
125 I am thy servant, wisdom give,
That I thy laws may know.
126 'Tis time thou work, Lord, for they
have
Made void thy law divine.
127 Therefore thy precepts more I love
Than gold, yea, gold most fine.
128 Concerning all things thy com-
mands
All right I judge therefore;
And every false and wicked way
I perfectly abhor.

PE. *The 17th Part.*

- 129 Thy statutes, Lord, are wonderful,
My soul them keeps with care.
130 The entrance of thy words gives
light,
Makes wise who simple are.
131 My mouth I have wide opened,
And panted earnestly,
While after thy commandments
I long'd exceedingly.
132 Look on me, Lord, and merciful
Do thou unto me prove,
As thou art wont to do to those
Thy name who truly love.
133 O let my footsteps in thy word
Aright still order'd be:
Let no iniquity obtain,
Dominion over me.

- 133 Peacadh na biodh an uachdar orm;
A'd' fhocal stiùir mo cheum.
134 O fhòirneart dhaoine teasaig mi;
Is coimhdeam t'iarrtuais féin. {tog,
135 Dealradh do ghnùis' air t'òglach
Seòl dhomh do statuin cheart.
136 Ruith srutha dheur o m' shùilibh
Air briseadh leo do reachd. {fòs,

TSADDI. *Earrann 18.*

- 137 'S ro-chothromach thu féin, a Dhé,
'S is dìreach réidh do bhreth.
138 Do theisteis dh'àithn thu dhuinn.
Ro-thairis ceart gach leth. {a ta
139 Do rinn mo ghràdh is m'eud ro-
Mo chaitheadh as gu léir; {mhòr
Do bhrìgh gu'n dhearmaid m'eascairde
Deadh bhriathra ceart do bhéil.
140 'S ro-fhiorghlan t'fhocal; nime sin
'S ionmhuinn le t'òglach e.
141 Taim suarach beag, gidheadh do
reachd
Air dichuimhn' nior leig mi.
142 Do cheartas féin is ceartas e
Ta sìorruidh buan gu bràth;
Is amhluidh sin do lagh ro-cheart
'Na fhirinn ghloin a ta.
143 Ghlac trioblaid mi, is ghabh orm
Teinn agus àmhghar geur; {greim
Gidheadh a ta mo thlachd gu mòr
A'd' àitheantaibh gu léir.
144 Ceartas do theisteis féin, a Dhé,
Tha sìorruidh buan gun cheisd:
Deadh thuigse tabhair thusa dhomh,
Is bitheam beò am feasd.

KOPH. *Thearrann 19.*

- 145 Ghlaoth mi le m' uile chridh'; a
Dhé,
Eisd, 's coimhdidh mi do reachd.
146 Ghlaoth mise riut, fòir orm; 's an
sin
Coimhdeam do theist gu beachd.
147 Do thionnsgain mi roimh 'n
chamhanaich,
Is ghlaoth mi riutsa, Dhé;
Oir tha mo dhòchas bunaiteach
A'd' fhocal daingean féin.
148 Mo shùilean tha ni's furachair'
Na forair' theann na h-oidhch';
A chum gu bithinn smuaineachadh
Air t'fhocal féin a chaoidh.
149 A réir do chaoimhneis thròcairich
Eisd féin ri m' ghuth a nis:
A réir do bhreitheanais ro-mhòir,
Iehobhah, beothaich mis'.
150 Luchd leanmhuin uile tha teann-
adh orm:
A ta iad fad o d' reachd.

- 134 From man's oppression save thou
So keep thy laws I will. {me;
135 Thy face make on thy servant shine;
Teach me thy statutes still.
136 Rivers of waters from mine eyes
Did run down, when I saw
How wicked men run on in sin,
And do not keep thy law.

TSADDI. *The 18th Part.*

- 137 O Lord, thou art most righteous;
Thy judgments are upright.
138 Thy testimonies thou command'st
Most faithful are and right.
139 My zeal hath ev'n consumed me,
Because mine enemies
Thy holy words forgotten have,
And do thy laws despise.
140 Thy word's most pure, therefore
on it
Thy servant's love is set.
141 Small, and despis'd I am, yet I
Thy precepts not forget.
142 Thy righteousness is righteousness
Which ever doth endure:
Thy holy law, Lord, also is
The very truth most pure.
143 Trouble and anguish have me
And taken hold on me: {found,
Yet in my trouble my delight
Thy just commandments be.
144 Eternal righteousness is in
Thy testimonies all:
Lord, to me understanding give,
And ever live I shall.

KOPH. *The 19th Part.*

- 145 With my whole heart I cried, Lord,
hear;
I will thy word obey.
146 I cried to thee; save me, and I
Will keep thy laws alway.
147 I of the morning did prevent
The dawning, and did cry:
For all mine expectation
Did on thy word rely.
148 Mine eyes did timeously prevent
The watches of the night,
That in thy word with careful
mind
Then meditate I might.
149 After thy loving-kindness, hear
My voice, that calls on thee:
According to thy judgment, Lord,
Revive and quicken me.
150 Who follow mischief they draw
nigh;
They from thy law are far:

151 Dhé, tha thu 'm fagus: agus tha
T'uil' iarrtais fìor is ceart.
152 Fa thimchioll' fòs do theisteas
naomh',
O thoiseach b'fhiosrach mi,
Gu'n d'rinneadh leat an socrachadh
A chum bhì buan gach ré.

RESH. *Earrann 20.*

153 Amhaire, a Dhé, air m'ambghar
Is fuasgail orm a'm' fheum; [goirt,
Fa'n aobhar nach do dhearmaid mi
An reachd a dh'àithn thu féin.
154 Tagair mo chùis, is fuasgail orm;
Rèir t'fhocail cum mi beò.
155 'S fad slàint' o luchd an uile: air
Do reachd nach iarrar leo. [son
156 'S ro-lionmhor mòr do thròcair
A Thighearn is a Dhé: [chaomh,
A réir do bhreitheanais ro-cheirt
Dean beothail ealamh mi.
157 'S lionmhor luchd leanmhuinn
orm an tòir,
Is m'eascairde faraon;
Ach mis' o d' theisteas fìrinneach,
Cha deach' air seachran claon.
158 Chunnaic mi peacaich, chràidh
sud mi,
Do reachd oir bhriscadh leo.
159 Feuch mar is ionmhuinn leam do
lagh;
A'd' chaoimhneas cum mi beò.
160 A Thighearna tha t'fhocal féin
O thoiseach daingean fìor;
Is tha do bhreitheanais air fad
Ceart agus buan gu sìor.

SCHIN. *Earrann 21.*

161 Bha prionnsan làidir orm an tòir,
Gun aobhar no cion-fàth;
Ach air mo chridh' tha eagal mòr
Roinh t'fhocal féin a ghnàth.
162 Tha aiteas orm ri t'fhocal maith,
Mar neach fhuair creach gun toir.
163 'S oillteil 's is fuath leam breug;
ach thug
Mi gràdh do d' lagh gu mòr.
164 Tha mi a' tabhairt molaidh dhuit
Seachd uairean gach aon là,
Air son do bhreitheanais gu léir
Ta ceart, a Dhé, gu bràth.
165 'S mòr sìth na muinntir ud a ta
A' tabhairt gràidh do d' reachd;
Cha'n éirich tuisleadh idir dhoibh,
No oibheum fòs gu beachd.
166 Rì d'shlàinte dh'fheith mi féin, a
Dhé;
Coimhdeam do reachd air chòir.
167 Do theisteis choimhid m'anam féin;
'S ionmhuinn leam iad gu mòr.

151 But thou art near, Lord; most firm
truth
All thy commandments are.
152 As for thy testimonies all,
Of old this have I tried,
That thou hast surely founded them
For ever to abide.

RESH. *The 20th Part.*

153 Consider mine affliction,
In safety do me set:
Deliver me, O Lord, for I
Thy law do not forget.
154 After thy word revive thou me;
Save me, and plead my cause.
155 Salvation is from sinners far;
For they seek not thy laws.
156 O Lord, both great and mani-
fold
Thy tender mercies be:
According to thy judgments just,
Revive and quicken me.
157 My persecutors many are,
And foes that do combine;
Yet from thy testimonies pure
My heart doth not decline.
158 I saw transgressors, and was
grieved;
For they keep not thy word.
159 See how I love thy law! as thou
Art kind, me quicken, Lord.
160 From the beginning all thy
word
Hath been most true and sure:
Thy righteous judgments ev'ry one
For evermore endure.

SCHIN. *The 21st Part.*

161 Princes have persecuted me,
Although no cause they saw:
But still of thy most holy word
My heart doth stand in awe.
162 I at thy word rejoice, as one
Of spoil that finds great store.
163 Thy law I love; but lying all
I hate and do abhor.
164 Sev'n times a day it is my care
To give due praise to thee;
Because of all thy judgments, Lord,
Which righteous ever be.
165 Great peace have they who love
thy law;
Offence they shall have none.
166 I hop'd for thy salvation, Lord,
And thy commands have done.
167 My soul thy testimonies pure
Observed carefully;
On them my heart is set, and them
I love exceedingly.

168 Do theisteis agus t'aitheanta,
Do choimhdeadh leam a ghnàth;
Oir tha mo shligheanna gu léir
Fa d' chomhair féin gach là.

TAU. *Earrann 22.*

169 Thigeadh mo ghlaodh am fagus
A'd' fhiannais féin, a Dhé: [duit,
Is fòs réir t'fhocail fhirinnich
Dean tuigseach eòlach mi.

170 A'd' làthair thigeadh m' ath-
Rèir t'fhocail ormsa fòir [chuinge;

171 Air teagasg dhuit do statuin
dhombh,
Mo bheul bheir dhuitse glòir.

172 Labhraidh mo theang' air t'fhocal
Oir tha t'uil' iarrtuais ceart. [fior;

173 Deanadh do làmh-sa còmhnaidh
leam;

Oir ròghnaich mi do reachd.

174 A' feitheamh air do shlàinte, Dhé,
Bhiom féin gu tuirseach trom;

Is mar an ceudna tha do reachd
Ro-thlachdmhor ciatach leam.

175 Deònuich do m'anam bochd bhi
Is dhuitse bheir e glòir: [beò,

Is deanadh do cheart-bhreitheanais
Deadh còmhnaidh dhombh le fòir.

176 Do chaidh mi féin air seacharan
Mar chaoraich chailte thruaigh:
Iarr t'òglach, oir cha d' leig do d'
reachd

Dol as mo chuimhne uam.

SALM CXX.—120.

1 A'M' éigin ghlaodh mi suas ri Dia,
Is dh' éisd e rium gach ré.

2 O'n teangaidh chealgaich, m'anam
saor;

'S o bheul nam breug, a Dhé.

3 Ciod bheirear dhuit, no nithear ort,
A theangadh làn do ghò?

4 Mar shaighdibh laoiach, 's iad geur-
Mar eibhlhbh aiteil beò. [aichte,

5 Mo thruaighe mi, gu bheil mo chuairt
Am Mesech; is mo thàmh

Am bùthaibh Chedair choigrich
Gu muladach gun dàimh! [bluairb,

6 Rinn m'anam còmhnuidh fhada
bhuan

Le neach thug fuath do shìth.

7 Gu cogadh tha iad togarach;
Air sìth 'n tràth labhras mi.

SALM CXXI.—121.

1 MO shùile togam suas a chum
Nam beann, o'n tig mo neart.

2 O'n Dia rinn talamh agus nèamh,
Tha m'fhurtachd uile teachd.

3 Cha leig do d' chois air chòir air bith
Gu'n sleamhnuich i gu bràth;

168 Thy testimonies and thy laws
I kept with special care;
For all thy works and ways each one
Before thee open are.

TAU. *The 22d Part.*

169 O let my earnest pray'r and cry
Come near before thee, Lord:
Give understanding unto me,
According to thy word.

170 Let my request before thee come:
After thy word me free.

171 My lips shall utter praise, when
thou
Hast taught thy laws to me.

172 My tongue of thy most blessed
word

Shall speak, and it confess;
Because all thy commandments
Are perfect righteousness.

173 Let thy strong hand make help to
me:

Thy precepts are my choice.

174 I long'd for thy salvation, Lord,
And in thy law rejoice.

175 O let my soul live, and it shall
Give praises unto thee;
And let thy judgments gracious
Be helpful unto me.

176 I, like a lost sheep, went astray;
Thy servant seek, and find:
For thy commands I suffer'd not
To slip out of my mind.

PSALM CXX.—120.

1 IN my distress to God I cried,
And he gave ear to me.

2 From lying lips, and guileful tongue
O Lord, my soul set free.

3 What shall be given thee? or what
shall
Be done to thee, false tongue?

4 Ev'n burning coals of juniper,
Sharp arrows of the strong.

5 Woe's me that I in Mesech am
A sojourner so long:
That I in tabernacles dwell
To Kedar that belong.

6 My soul with him that hateth
peace
Hath long a dweller been.

7 I am for peace; but when I speak,
For battle they are keen.

PSALM CXXI.—121.

1 I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.

2 My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heav'n and earth hath made.

3 Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.

- Tàmh-neul cha tig sin air an neach
'S fear-coimhid ort a ghnàth.
- 4 Feuch, air fear-coimhid Israeil,
Codal cha'n aom no suain :
- 5 'Se Dia t'fhear-coimhid ; 'se do sgàil
Air do làimh dheis gu buan.
- 6 A' ghrìan cha bhuail i thu san là,
No ghealach fòs san oidheh'.
- 7 Nì Dia do choimhead o gach olc ;
Nì t'anam dhìon a chaoidh.
- 8 Do dhol a mach, 's do theachd a
Coimhididh Dia a ghnàth ; [steach,
O'n aimsir so a nis a t'ann,
'S o sin a mach gu bràth.

SALM CXXII.—122.

- 1 BHA aoibhneas orm tràth thubhairt
Gu tigh Dhé théid sinn suas. [iad,
- 2 A'd' dhorsaibh, O Ierusalem,
Ar cosa seasaidh fòs.
- 3 Ierusalem mar chaithir i,
Thogadh gu dìleas dlùth ;
- 4 D'an téid na treubhan suas gu léir,
'S iad treubhan Dhé nan dùl :
- Gu teistean Israeil, a chum
Ainm Dhé gu moladh iad.
- 5 Oir caithrichean chum breth tha'n
'S le teaghlach Dhaibhidh iad. [sin ;
- 6 Sior-ghuidhibh do Ierusalem
Sith-shàin is sonas mòr :
A' mhuinntir sin le'n ionmhuinn thu
Soirbhichidh iad gu leòr.
- 7 An taobh a stigh do d' bhallachaibh,
Biodh sith is sonas maith ;
Deadh shoirbheas fòs gu robh gu
A'd' luchairt àird a stigh. [bràth
- 8 Air sgàth mo bhràithrean 's luchd
mo ghaoil,
Dhuit guidheam sith a ghnàth.
- 9 Air sgàth tigh naomh ar Tighearn
Iarram do leas gu bràth. [Dia,

SALM CXXIII.—123.

- 1 MO shùile togam riutsa ta [speur.
'N còmhnuidh air nàmh nan
- 2 Feuch, mar tha sùil nan seirbhiseach
Air làimh am maighstir féin,
'S mar shùile banoglaich air làimh
A ban-tighearn faraon,
Feithidh ar sùil air Dia, gus 'n dean
E tròcair oirnn gu caoin.
- 3 Dean tròcair oirnn, Iehobhah Dhia,
Dean tròcair oirnn gu luath :
Oir tha sinn air ar lìonadh làn
Do tharcuis is do fhuath.
- 4 Le fàinid luchd na seasgaireachd,
Lìonadh ar n-anam bochd ;
'S le spid na muinntir ud a ta
Làn àrdain is an-ìochd.

- 4 Behold, he that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not nor sleeps.
- 5 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy
shade
On thy right hand doth stay :
- 6 The moon by night thee shall not
smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.
- 7 The Lord shall keep thy soul ; he
shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
- 8 Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

PSALM CXXII.—122.

- 1 I JOY'D when to the house of God,
Go up, they said to me.
- 2 Jerusalem, within thy gates
Our feet shall standing be.
- 3 Jerus'lem, as a city, is
Compactly built together :
- 4 Unto that place the tribes go up,
The tribes of God go thither :
- To Isr'el's testimony, there
To God's name thanks to pay.
- 5 For thrones of judgment, ev'n the
thrones
Of David's house, there stay.
- 6 Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity :
Let them that love thee and thy
Have still prosperity. [peace
- 7 Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.
- 8 Now, for my friends' and brethren's
Peace be in thee, I'll say. [sakes,
- 9 And for the house of God, our Lord,
I'll seek thy good alway.

PSALM CXXIII.—123.

- 1 O THOU that dwellest in the heav'ns,
I lift mine eyes to thee.
- 2 Behold, as servants' eyes do look
Their masters' hand to see,
As handmaid's eyes her mistress'
So do our eyes attend [hand,
Upon the Lord our God, until
To us he mercy send.
- 3 O Lord, be gracious to us,
Unto us gracious be ;
Because replenish'd with contempt
Exceedingly are we.
- 4 Our soul is fill'd with scorn of those
That at their ease abide,
And with the insolent contempt
Of those that swell in pride.

- 1 NIS abradh Israel gu fìor,
Mur biodh Iehobhah leinn ;
2 Mur biodh Iehobhah as ar leth,
Tràth dh'èirich daoine ruinn ;
3 'N sin dheantadh leo ar slugadh beò,
'N tràth las an corruich ruinn.
4 Is ruitheadh tharuinn tuitte bras,
Sruth làidir thar ar ceann.
5 'N sin rachadh thar ar n-anam
bochd,
Na tuittean àrd' gu léir.
6 Moiadh do Dhia, nach d' thug e
sinn
Mar chrèich d'am fìaclaibh geur'.
7 Mar eun á lion an eunadair,
Ar n-anam truagh chaidh as :
Bhriseadh an lion is sgaoileadh e,
Is shaoradh sinn gu cas.
8 Ar còmhnuadh ta 's ar cuideachadh
An ainm Iehobhah thréin :
An neach a rinn an talamh fòs
'Sa chruthaich nèamh nan speur.

SALM CXXV.—125.

- 1 THA'N dream nì dòchas ann an Dia
Mar shliabh Shìoin a ghnàth,
Nach feudar fòs a charuchadh,
Ach mhaireas ann gu bràth.
2 Ceart mar a ta na beannta tric
Timchioll Ierusalem,
Tha Dia mar sin, o nis gu sìor,
Timchioll a phobuill féin.
3 Oir slat luchd-uile cha ghabh i tàmh
Air chrann nan daoine coir ;
Eagal gu'n sin na fireanaich
An làmh gu peacadh mòr.
4 An aitim ud tha maith, a Dhé,
Do mhaithreas pàirtich leò ;
Is leis an dream tha tréibhdhireach
'S 'nan cridhe ta gun ghò.
4 Ach iadsan uile théid a thaobh
D'an slighibh claon le chéil',
Iomainidh Dia le luchd an uile.
'S bith sith air Israel.

SALM CXXVI.—126.

- 1 'N TRATH thug Iehobhah air a h-ais
Bruid Shìoin, b' ionnan sinn
Is daoine chunnaic aisling mhòr,
'S a mhosgail as an suain :
2 Lionadh ar beul le gair an sin,
'S ar teangadh fòs le ceòl : [iad,
Am measg nan cinneach thubhairt
Rinn Dia dhoibh bearta mòr'.
3 Rinn Dia mòr-bhearta air ar son,
Chuir oirne gairdeachas.
4 Iehobhah, pill ar bruid a ris,
Mar shruth san àirde deas.
5 Iadsan a chuir gu deurach siol,
Gu subhach nì iad buain.

- 1 HAD not the Lord been on our side,
May Israel now say ;
2 Had not the Lord been on our side,
When men rose us to slay ; [as
3 They had us swallow'd quick, when
Their wrath 'gainst us did flame :
4 Waters had cover'd us, our soul
Had sunk beneath the stream.
5 Then had the waters, swelling high,
Over our soul made way.
6 Bless'd be the Lord, who to their
Us gave not for a prey. [teeth
7 Our soul's escaped, as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare ;
The snare asunder broken is,
And we escaped are.
8 Our sure and all-sufficient help
Is in Jehovah's name ;
His name who did the heav'n create,
And who the earth did frame.
(Second Version, see page 168.)

PSALM CXXV.—125.

- 1 THEY in the Lord that firmly trust
Shall be like Sion hill,
Which at no time can be remov'd,
But standeth ever still.
2 As round about Jerusalem
The mountains stand alway,
The Lord his folk doth compass so,
From henceforth and for aye.
3 For ill men's rod upon the lot
Of just men shall not lie ;
Lest righteous men stretch forth
Unto iniquity. [their hands
4 Do thou to all those that be good
Thy goodness, Lord, impart ;
And do thou good to those that are
Upright within their heart.
5 But as for such as turn aside
After their crooked way,
God shall lead forth with wicked
On Isr'el peace shall stay. [men :
PSALM CXXVI.—126.

- 1 WHEN Sion's bondage God turn'd
back,
As men that dream'd were we :
2 Then fill'd with laughter was our
mouth,
Our tongue with melody.
They 'mong the heathen said, The
Lord
Great things for them hath
wrought. [us,
3 The Lord hath done great things for
Whence joy to us is brought.
4 As streams of water in the south,
Our bondage, Lord, recall.

- 6 An neach gu cur a théid a mach
Le stol so-phriseil caoin,
Air bhiith dha gul gu muladach,
'G a iomchar sud gu lonn,
Le h-aiteas pillidh e gu dearbh,
A' giulan sguaba trom'.

SALM CXXVII.—127.

- 1 MUR tog Iehobhah féin an tigh,
Luchd-togail tha iad faoin;
Mur gléidh Iehobhah 'm baile fòs,
Luchd-faire chaill an saoth'r.
2 Dhuibh 's diomhain bhi ri moch-
eirigh,
San oidhech' ri caithris bhuain,
Bhi 'g itheadh arain bròin; mar sin
D'a sheircin bheir e suain.
3 'Se Dia bheir toradh bronn mar
dhuais;
Mar oighreachd bheir e clann.
4 Bidh mic na h-òig' mar shaighdibh
geur',
'N làimh ghaisgich thréinig gach àm.
5 Is sona 'm tear 'gam bi dhiubh sud
A ghlac 's a dhorlach làn;
Gun rughadh labhraidh iad sa' gheat',
R' an naimhdibh olc gu dân.

SALM CXXVIII.—128.

- 1 'S BEANNAICHT' gach aon neach
air am bheil
Eagal Iehobhah mhòir;
Is ann an slighibh fìorghlan Dé
Stiùireas a cheum air choir.
2 Oir toradh gnìomh do làmh a féin,
Ithidh tu e gu h-ait:
Beannaichear thu gu mòr mar sin,
'S bidh sonas ort gu pailt.
3 Mar fhionain tharbhaich bidh do
bhean
'N taobh stigh do t'fhàrdaich féin;
Do chlann mar òg chroinn-olaigh ùir
Timchioll do bhùird gu léir.
4 Feuch, 's ambluidh sin a bheann-
An neach d'an eagail Dia. [aichear
5 A Sion gheibh thu beannachadh,
Is sonas pailt o'n Triath;
Is chi thu maith Ierusalem
Rè fad do laith' gu léir.
6 Seadh, clann do chloinne chi thu
Is sìth air Israel. [fòs,

SALM CXXIX.—129.

- 1 BU tric a chràidh iad mi o m' òig',
Deir Israel gu truagh;
2 O m' òige cbràidh iad mi gu tric,
Gidheadh cha d' thug iad buaidh.
3 'N luchd-treabhaidh threabh iad air
mo dhruim;
Tharruing iad claisean fad.

- 5 Who sow in tears, a reaping time
Of joy enjoy they shall.
6 That man who, bearing precious
In going forth doth mourn, [seed,
He doubtless, bringing back his
Rejoicing shall return. [sheaves,

PSALM CXXVII.—127.

- 1 EXCEPT the Lord do build the
house,
The builders lose their pain:
Except the Lord the city keep,
The watchmen watch in vain.
2 'Tis vain for you to rise betimes,
Or late from rest to keep.
To feed on sorrow's bread; so
gives,
He his beloved sleep.
3 Lo, children are God's heritage,
The womb's fruit his reward.
4 The sons of youth as arrows are,
For strong men's hands pre-
par'd.
5 O happy is the man that hath
His quiver fill'd with those;
They unashamed in the gate
Shall speak unto their foes.

PSALM CXXVIII.—128.

- 1 BLESS'D is each one that fears the
Lord,
And walketh in his ways;
2 For of thy labour thou shalt eat,
And happy be always.
3 Thy wife shall as a fruitful vine
By thy house' sides be found:
Thy children like to olive-plants
About thy table round.
4 Behold, the man that fears the
Lord
Thus blessed shall he be.
5 The Lord shall out of Sion give
His blessing unto thee:
Thou shalt Jerus'lem's good be-
hold
Whilst thou on earth dost
dwell.
6 Thou shalt thy children's child-
rer see,
And peace on Israel.

PSALM CXXIX.—129.

- 1 OFT did they vex me from my
May Isr'el now declare; [youth,
2 Oft did they vex me from my youth
Yet not victorious were.
3 The ploughers plough'd upon my
back;
They long their furrows drew.

- 4 Ach 's ceart Iehobhah, 's bhriseadh
Cordan nan daoì gu grad. [leis]
- 5 Air naimhdibh Shioin gu robh nàir',
'S rachadh air cùl gu luath :
- 6 Mar fheur air mullach tighe ta,
A shearg mu'n d'fhàs e suas :
- 7 Nì leis nach lionar glac an fhir
A bhios gu tric a' buaiu ;
Is leis nach lionar sgiath an ti,
A bhios ri ceangal sguab.
- 8 Nì mò their luchd an rathaid riu,
Gu robh oirbh beannachd Dhé ;
Tha sinne fòs 'gar beannachadh,
An ainm Iehobhah thréin.
SALM CXXX.—130.
- 1 O 'N doimhne, O Iehobhah Dhé,
Do ghlaodh mi riutsa suas.
- 2 Dhia, éisd ri m' ghuth gu furachar ;
'S ri m' urnuigh crom do chluas.'
- 3 Ma chomhrachair leat aingidheachd
A Dhé, co sheasas riut ?
- 4 Ach agad-sa ta iochd : a chum
Gu'n strìochdt' a'd' eagal dhuit.
- 5 Ri Dia tha mise feitheamh, fòs
Tha m'anam feitheamh ris ;
Is ann a bhriathar firinneach
Mo dhòchas cuiridh mis'.
- 6 Tha m'anam bochd nì 's furachair'
A' feitheamh Dhé a ghnàth,
Na bhios luchd faire maidue fòs
Ri sgarachdainn nan tràth :
- Nì 's furachair', a deiream fòs,
'G a fheitheamh-san gun ghò,
Na bhios luchd-faire anns an oidhch'
Ri teachd a steach do'n lò.
- 7 Biodh dòchas Israeil an Dia ;
Oir tha a throcair mòr ;
'S ann aig an Tighearna gu beachd,
Tha fuasgladh pailt gu leòr.
- 8 Is bheir e féin gun cheisd air bith
D'a phòbull Israel,
Làn-shaorsadh agus fuasgladh glan
O'n aingidheachd gu léir.
SALM CXXXI.—131.
- 1 MO chridhe cha'n 'eil àrdanach,
No fòs mo shùil, a Dhé ;
Nìor ghluais mi ann an cùisibh mòr',
A's àirde na mi féin.
- 2 Gu dearbh, mar naoidhean chaidh
o'n chich,
Chum mi mi féin a'm' thosd ;
Mar naoidhean chaidh o chich a
mhàth'r,
Is amhluidh m'anam bochd.
- 3 Biodh dòchas maith aig Israel
An Dia Iehobhah treun,
O'n aimsir so a nis a t'ann,
'S air feadh gach linn an céin.

- 4 The righteous Lord did cut the cords
Of the ungodly crew.
- 5 Let Zion's haters all be turn'd
Back with confusion.
- 6 As grass on houses' tops be they,
Which fades ere it be grown :
- 7 Whereof enough to fill his hand
The mower cannot find ;
Nor can the man his bosom fill,
Whose work is sheaves to bind.
- 8 Neither say they who do go by,
God's blessing on you rest :
We in the name of God the Lord
Do wish you to be blest.
PSALM CXXX.—130.
- 1 LORD, from the depths to thee I
cried,
- 2 My voice, Lord, do thou hear :
Unto my supplication's voice
Give an attentive ear.
- 3 Lord, who shall stand, if thou, O
Lord,
Should'st mark iniquity ?
- 4 But yet with thee forgiveness is,
That fear'd thou mayest he.
- 5 I wait for God, my soul doth wait,
My hope is in his word.
- 6 More than they that for morning
watch,
My soul waits for the Lord ;
I say, more than they that do
watch
The morning light to see.
- 7 Let Israel hope in the Lord,
For with him mercies be ;
And plenteous redemption
Is ever found with him.
- 8 And from all his iniquities
He Isr'el shall redeem.
- PSALM CXXXI.—131.
- 1 My heart not haughty is, O Lord,
Mine eyes not lofty be ;
Nor do I deal in matters great,
Or things too high for me.
- 2 I surely have myself behav'd
With quiet sp'rit and mild.
As child of mother wean'd : my
soul
Is like a weaned child.
- 3 Upon the Lord let all the hope
Of Israel rely,
Ev'n from the time that present is
Unto eternity.

1 AIR Daibhidh dean-sa cuimhne,
'S air uile àmhghar geur : [Dhé ;
2 Mar thug e mionn' do Dhia, is bòid
Do Dhia ud Iacòib treun :
3 Do m' thigh cha téid mi téin a steach,
No air mo leabaidh suas :
4 Do m' shùilibh codal fòs cha leig,
No do mo rosgaibh suain ;
5 Gu ruig an uair am faigh mi àit
Do Dhia Iehobhah treun,
Is ionad còmhnuidh bunaiteach
Do Dhia ud Iacòib féin.
6 Feuch, ann an crìochaibh Ephrata,
Do chuala sinn an sgeul ;
Ach machairibh nan coilltean dlùth,
Fhuair sinn e mar an ceudn'.
7 Aig stol a choise sleuchdaidh sinn,
An àros Dhé nam feart.
8 Eirich, a Dhé, gu t'ionad tàimh ;
Thu féin is àire do neirt.
9 Sgeudaicht' gu robh do shagairt-sa
A ghnàth le h-ionracas ;
Is deanadh do luchd-muinntir naomh,
Gun tàmh ùr-ghairdeachas.
10 Air sgàth do sheirbhiseach ro-
chaomh,
Daibhidh do'n d'thug thu buaidh,
Aghaidh an ti a dh' ungradh leat,
Na cuir air ais gu truagh. [fìor,
11 Do Dhaibhidh mhionnaich Dia gu
'S cha phill e uath' am feasd,
A'd' chaithir-rioghail cuiridh mi
T'iarmaid 's do shliochd gun cheisd.
12 Ma ni do chlanu mo choimhch-
eangal
A choimhead, is mo reachd,
An teist a ni mi theagasg dhoibh,
Ma chumar leo gu ceart : [ceudn'
An sliochd-san suidhidh mar an
A'd' chaithir rìgh, gu bràth.
13 Oir mbiannaich agus ròghnaich
Sion mar ionad tàimh ; [Dia
14 'S i so mo thàmh 's mo shuaimh-
Gu suthain is gu sìor : [neas fòs,
An so ni mise fàrdach dhomh,
Oir 's i mo mhiann gu fìor.
15 Mòr-bheannaicheam a stòr gu pailt ;
Dìolam a bochd le lòn.
16 Le slàint' a sagairt eudaicheam ;
'S a naoimh ni iolach mhòr.
17 Bheir mi an sin-gu h-ùrar glas
Air adhaire Daibhidh fàs ;
Is lòchran dh' orduich mi do 'n ti
A dh' ungradh leam tre ghràs.
18 Cuairtichidh mi a naimhde-san
Le nair' is rughadh gruaidh' :
Ach air-san bidh a choron féin
A' fàs le h-ìomadh buaidh.

1 DAVID, and his afflictions all,
Lord, do thou think upon ;
2 How unto God he sware, and vow'd
To Jacob's mighty One :
3 I will not come within my house,
Nor rest in bed at all ;
4 Nor shall mine eyes take any sleep,
Nor eyelids slumber shall ;
5 Till for the Lord a place I find,
Where he may make abode ;
A place of habitation
For Jacob's mighty God.
6 Lo, at the place of Ephratah
Of it we understood ;
And we did find it in the fields,
And city of the wood.
7 We'll go into his tabernacles,
And at his footstool bow.
8 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest ;
Th' ark of thy strength, and
Thou.
9 O let thy priests be clothed, Lord,
With truth and righteousness ;
And let all those that are thy saints
Shout loud for joyfulness.
10 For thine own servant David's
sake,
Do not deny thy grace ;
Nor of thine own anointed one
Turn thou away the face.
11 The Lord in truth to David sware,
He will not turn from it,
I of thy body's fruit will make
Upon thy throne to sit.
12 My cov'nant if thy sons will keep,
And laws to them made known,
Their children then shall also sit
For ever on thy throne.
13 For God of Sion hath made choice ;
There he desires to dwell.
14 This is my rest, here still I'll
stay ;
For I do like it well.
15 Her food I'll greatly bless ; her
poor
With bread will satisfy.
16 Her priests I'll clothe with health ;
her saints
Shall shout forth joyfully.
17 And there will I make David's
horn
To bud forth pleasantly :
For him that mine anointed is
A lamp ordain'd have I.
18 As with a garment I will clothe
With shame his en'mies all :
But yet the crown that he doth wear
Upon him flourish shall.

- 1 O FEUCH, cia meud am maith a nis,
Cia meud an tlachd faraon,
Bràithrean a bhi 'nan còmhnuidh
ghnàth
An sith 's an ceangal caoin.
2 Mar oladh phriseil air a' cheann,
Ruith air an fheusaig sìos;
Air feusaig Aaroin, agus shruth
Gu iomall 'eudaich ris.
3 Mar dhealt air Hermon 's mar an
drùchd
Air sléibhtibh Shìoin shuas :
'N sin dh'orduich Dia am beannach-
a' bheatha shiorruidh bhuan. [adh

SALM CXXXIV.—134.

- 1 O OGLACHA Iehobhah mhòir,
Beannaichibh Dia a chaidh ;
Sibhse le 'n gnàth bhi 'n àros Dé
'Nur seasamh feadh na h-oidhch'.
2 'Na theampull togaibh suas 'urlàmh,
Beannaichibh Dia nam feart.
3 Beannaicheadh Dia á Sion thu,
Rinn nèamh is làr le neart.

SALM CXXXV.—135.

- 1 MOLAIBHSE Dia, àrd-mholaibh fòs
Deadh-ainm Iehobhah thréin,
Is thugaibh cliù is moladh dha,
Oglacha Dhé gu léir.
2 O sibhse ta 'nur seasamh fòs
An tigh Iehobhah mhòir,
An cùirtibh àluinn tigh' ar Dia,
Molaibh e mar is còir.
3 Molaibh an Tighearna, do bhrìgh
Gu bheil e maith gach ré :
D'a ainm-san seinnibh moladh ait,
Oir 's ni ro-thlachdmhor e.
4 Oir Iacob fòs do règhnaich Dia
'Na thròcair mhòir dha féin :
Dha féin mar ioumbas is mar sheilbh,
Do thagh e Israel.
5 Oir 's fiosrach mi 's is deimhin leam
Gu bheil Iehobhah mòr,
Gu bheil ar Tighearna faraon
Os ceann gach Dia an glòir.
6 Gach ni air bith bu mhiannach leis,
Rinn Dia an nèamh nan speur,
'S air talamh, 's anns na cuantaibh
mòr',
'S na doimhneachdaibh gu léir.
7 Bheir esan air a' chèò dol suas
O chrich a' chruinne-ché ;
Is uisge ni le dealanaich ;
Gaoth as a stòr bheir e.
8 Gach ceud-ghin anns an Eiphit bha,
Do bhuaileadh leis gu trom ;
Do dhuine 's ainmhidh anns gach
Ag imeachd bha air fonn. [ait,

- 1 BEHOLD how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell !
2 Like precious ointment on the head,
That down the beard did flow,
Ev'n Aaron's beard, and to the
skirts
Did of his garments go.
3 As Hermon's dew, the dew that doth
On Sion's hill descend :
For there the blessing God com-
mands,
Life that shall never end.

PSALM CXXXIV.—134.

- 1 BEHOLD, bless ye the Lord, all ye
That his attendants are,
Ev'n you that in God's temple be,
And praise him nightly there.
2 Your hands within God's holy place
Lift up, and praise his name.
3 From Sion hill the Lord thee bless,
That heav'n and earth did frame.

PSALM CXXXV.—135.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, the Lord's name
praise ;
His servants, praise ye God.
2 Who stand in God's house, in the
courts
Of our God make abode.
3 Praise ye the Lord, for he is good ;
Unto him praises sing :
Sing praises to his name, because
It is a pleasant thing.
4 For Jacob to himself the Lord
Did choose of his good pleasure,
And he hath chosen Israel
For his peculiar treasure.
5 Because I know assuredly
The Lord is very great,
And that our Lord above all gods
In glory hath his seat.
6 What things soever pleas'd the
Lord,
That in the heav'n did he,
And in the earth, the seas, and all
The places deep that be.
7 He from the ends of earth doth
make
The vapours to ascend ;
With rain he lightnings makes, and
wind
Doth from his treasures send.
8 Egypt's first-born, from man to
beast
Who smote. Strange tokens he

- 9 O Eiphit ! chuir e comhara,
Is miorbhuile le chéil',
A'd' bhuilsgean-sa ; 's air Pharaoh
'S air òglachaibh gu léir. [fòs
10 Na cinnich lionmhor chlaoidheadh
leis,
Mharbh rìghrean cumhachdach.
11 Do mharbhadh Og rìgh Bhàsain
Sìhon nan Amorach : [leis,
Gach uile rìoghachd mar an ceudn',
Cia h-ìomadh bha iad ann,
Lom-sgrìosadh agus mhilleadh leis,
D'au robh an tìr Chanaain :
12 Am fonn 's am fearann sud air fad,
Mar oighreachd thiodhlaic e ;
Mar oighreachd do chloinn Israeil,
A phobull dileas féin.
13 Tha t'ainm, a Thighearna nam fear, t,
Buan-mhaireannach a ghnàth ;
Tha t'ìomradh buan air chuimhne,
O linn gu linn gu bràth. [Dhé,
14 Oir air a phobull féin nì Dia
Ceart bhreitheanas gu beachd ;
Is gabhaidh esan aithreachas
M'a òglachaibh le iochd.
15 Iodhoil nan cinneach tha do'n òr,
'S do'n airgiod ghlas faraon ;
Is cha'n 'eil annt' ach dìomhanas
Rinneadh le làmhaibh dhaoin'.
16 Tha beul ac', is gun chòmhradh ann ;
Is sùilean, leis nach leir.
17 Tha cluasan ac', 's cha chluinn iad
Gun anail fòs 'nam beul. [leo ;
18 A' mhuinntir tha 'gan deanamh sud,
Ro-chosmhail iad riu féin ;
'S amhluidh gach neach ta annta fòs
Ag earbsa mar an ceudn'.
19 O beannaichibh Iehobhah mòr,
A theaghlach Israeil ;
'S a theaghlach Aaron, beannaichibh,
An Tighearna le chéil'.
20 O theaghlach Lebhi, beannaichibh,
Is thugaibh cliù do Dhia :
Sibhse d'an eagal Dia farao, n,
Mòr-bheannaichibh an Triath.
21 A Sion beannaicht' gu robh Dia,
'G am bheil a chòmhnuidh bhuan
An caithir naoimh Ierusalem.
Molaibhse Dia gach uair.

SALM CXXXVI.—136.

- 1 O THUGAIBH buidheachas do Dhia,
Do bhrìgh gur sàr-mhaith e ;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh,
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
2 Thugaibh do Dhia nan uile dhia
Mòr bhuidheachas le chéil' ;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.

- On Phar'oh and his servants sent,
Egypt, in midst of thee.
10 He smote great nations, slew great
kings :
11 Sihon of Heshbon king,
And Og of Bashan, and to nought
Did Canaan's kingdoms bring :
12 And for a wealthy heritage
Their pleasant land he gave,
An heritage which Israel,
His chosen folk, should have.
13 Thy name, O Lord, shall still en-
dure,
And thy memorial
With honour shall continu'd be
To generations all.
14 For why ? the righteous God will
judge
His people righteously ;
Concerning those that do him serve,
Himself repent will he.
15 The idols of the nations
Of silver are and gold,
And by the hands of men is made
Their fashion and mould.
16 Mouths have they, but they do not
speak ;
Eyes, but they do not see ;
17 Ears have they, but hear not ; and
in
Their mouths no breathing be.
18 Their makers are like them ; so are
All that on them rely.
19 O Isr'el's house, bless God ; bless
God,
O Aaron's family.
20 O bless the Lord, of Levi's house
Ye who his servants are ;
And bless the holy name of God,
All ye the Lord that fear.
21 And blessed be the Lord our God
From Sion's holy hill,
Who dwelleth at Jerusalem.
The Lord O praise ye still.

PSALM CXXXVI.—136.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, for good is
he :
For mercy hath he ever.
2 Thanks to the God of gods give
ye :
For his grace faileth never.
3 Thanks give the Lord of lords unto :
For mercy hath he ever.

- 3 Thugaibh do Thriath nan uile thriath
Mòr bhuidheachas gu léir;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 4 Do'n Ti 'na aonar fòs a rinn
Mòr mhiorbhuile gu treun;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 5 Do'n Ti le gliocas iongantach
A chruthaich nèamh nan speur;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 6 Do'n Ti a shin air uachdar tuinn
An talamh trom gu léir;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 7 Do'n Ti a rinn na soluis mhòr'
Ta soillseachadh nan speur;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 8 A' ghriangu h-uachdranachd san là,
Chun dhuinne gu'm bu léir;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 9 A' ghealach is na reulta glan'
A' riaghladh oidhch' le chéil';
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 10 Do'n Ti rinn bualadh trom san Eiph't
Air ceud ghin dhaoin' is spréidh;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 11 Thug as am builsgean-san a mach
A phobull Israel;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 12 Le neart a ghairdein sìnte mach,
'S le làimh a ta ro threun;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 13 Do'n Ti a sgoilt an fhairge ruadh,
'Na roinnibh as a chéil';
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 14 Is troimh a meadhon stiùradh leis
Gu tèaruint' Israel;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 15 San fhairge ruaidh ghlan-sgrìosadh
Pharaoh 's a shluagh gu léir; leis
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 16 Do'n Ti sin tre an fhàsas mhòr
A stiùir a mhuinntir téin;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 17 Dhasan a bhuail 's a lot gu trom
Na rìghrean làidir treun';

- 4 Who only wonders great can
do:
For his grace faileth never.
- 5 Who by his wisdom made heav'n's
high:
For mercy hath he ever.
- 6 Who stretch'd the earth above the
sea:
For his grace faileth never.
- 7 To him that made the great lights
shine:
For mercy hath he ever.
- 8 The sun to rule till day de-
cline:
For his grace faileth never.
- 9 The moon and stars to rule by
night:
For mercy hath he ever.
- 10 Who Egypt's first-born kill'd out-
right:
For his grace faileth never.
- 11 And Isr'el brought from Egypt
land:
For mercy hath he ever.
- 12 With stretch'd out arm, and with
strong hand:
For his grace faileth never.
- 13 By whom the Red sea parted
was:
For mercy hath he ever.
- 14 And through its midst made Isr'el
pass:
For his grace faileth never.
- 15 But Phar'oh and his host did
drown:
For mercy hath he ever.
- 16 Who through the desert led his
own:
For his grace faileth never.
- 17 To him great kings who over-
threw:
For he hath mercy ever.
- 18 Yea, famous kings in battle
slew:
For his grace faileth never.
- 19 Ev'n Sihon, king of Amorites:
For he hath mercy ever.
- 20 And Og the king of Bashan-
ites:
For his grace faileth never.

- Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 18 Is rìghrean mòr is iomraiteach,
Mharbh e le 'ghairdean féin ;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 19 Seadh Sihon rìgh nan Amorach,
Bha naimhdeil guineach geur ;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 20 Is Og air Basan bha 'na rìgh,
Do mharbh is chasgair e ;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 21 Is thug e fòs mar oighreachd bhuain
Am fearann-san gu léir ;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 22 An oighreachd thug do Israel,
'Oglach ro dhìleas féin ;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 23 Neach, air bhi dhuinn ro-ìosal
truagh,
A chuimhnich oirnn 'nar feum ;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 24 Gu tèaruint' bhuin e sinn a mach
O neart ar naimhde treun' ;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 25 Tha tabhairt beatha do gach feòil,
Is lòn do'n uile chré ;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.
- 25 O thugaibh moladh agus cliù
Do Dhia nan nèamh 's nan speur ;
Air son gu mair a thròcair chaomh
Gu sìorruidh feadh gach ré.

SALM CXXXVII.—137.

- 1 AIG sruthaibh coinneach Bhabìloin,
Shuidh sinn gu brònach bochd ;
An sin air Sion chuimhnich sinn,
Is ghuileadh leinn gu goirt.
- 2 Air gheugaibh seilich chrochadh
Ar clàrsaichean an sin. [leinn
- 3 Oir iadsan a rinn bairghde dhinn
Dh'iarr òran oirnn is gean :
Seadh iadsan le'n do chreachadh sinn
Dh'iarr luathghair oirnn is ceòl ;
Seinnibh do laoidhibh Shìoin duinn,
(Ars' iadsan) mar bu nòs.
- 4 'N tìr choigrich cia mar dh'fheudar
Oran Iehobhah sheinn ? [leinn
- 5 Mur cuimhn' cheam thu, Ierusalem,
Ri m' d'heis nìor lean a seirm.
- 6 Mo theangadh leanadh teann ri m'
Mur cuimhnichear thu leam ; [ghial,

- 21 Their land in heritage to have
(For mercy hath he ever.)
- 22 His servant Isr'el right he
gave :
For his grace faileth never.
- 23 In our low state who on us
thought :
For he hath mercy ever.
- 24 And from our foes our freedom
wrought :
For his grace faileth never.
- 25 Who doth all flesh with food
relieve :
For he hath mercy ever.
- 26 Thanks to the God of heaven
give :
For his grace faileth never.

(Second Version, see page 168.)

PSALM CXXXVII.—137.

- 1 BY Babel's streams we sat and
wept,
When Sion we thought on.
- 2 In midst thereof we hang'd our
harps
The willow-trees upon.
- 3 For there a song required they,
Who did us captive bring :
Our spoilers call'd for mirth, and
said,
A song of Sion sing.
- 4 O how the Lord's song shall we
sing
Within a foreign land ?
- 5 If thee, Jerus'lem, I forget,
Skill part from my right hand.
- 6 My tongue to my mouth's roof let
If I do thee forget. [cleave,

- Mur fearr leam na m'uil' aoibhneas
 Caithir Ierusalem. [àrd
 7 Clann Edoim cuimhnich thusa,
 Oir thubhairt iad le tàir, [Dhé,
 An làithibh truagh' Ierusalem,
 Leag, leag i, sìos gu làr.
 8 O nighean uaibhreach Bhabiloin,
 A dh'fhàsaichear gu léir:
 Is sona dha, mar rinn thu oirn,
 A dhiolas dhuit d'a réir.
 9 Is sona dha-san ghlacas fòs
 Do mhaoth-chlann bheag is
 thruagh,
 'S a phronnas iad gun acarachd,
 Ri clachaibh daingean cruaidh'.

SALM CXXXVIII.—138.

- 1 LE m'uile chridh' àrd-mholam thu,
 Àrd-mholam thu gu caomh
 2 'N làthair nan dia. Is sleuchdam
 dhuit,
 M'aghaidh ri d'theampull naomh,
 Is molam t'ainm, bhrìgh t'fhirinn
 cheirt,
 'S do chaoimhneis ghràdhaich féin:
 Oir t'fhocal fìor-ghlan dh'àrdaich thu,
 Os ceann t'uil' ainm' gu léir.
 3 San là a ghlaodh mi riut, a Dhé,
 Fhreagair thu mi gu luath;
 Is thug thu spionnadh dhomh gu
 Le treòir, a'm' anam truagh. [leòr,
 4 Bheir rìghre mòr' na cruinne dhuit,
 Àrd-mholadh binn gu léir,
 San uair an cluinnear leo, a Dhia,
 Deadh bhriathra glan do bhéil.
 5 An slighibh fòs Iehobhah mhòir,
 Seinnidh iad ceòl gu h-ait;
 Air son gur urramach, 's gur àrd
 Gloir àluinn Dhé nam feart.
 6 Ge h-àrd Iehobhah, seallaidh e
 Air daoineibh umhal còir:
 Ach 's léir dha'n dream ud, fad o
 Tha làn do'n àrdan mhòr. [làimh,
 7 Ged ghluaisinn ann am builsgéan fòs
 Na trioblaid mòir' do m' chlaoidh,
 A ta mi fiosrach dochasach
 Gu beothaich thusa mi:
 An aghaidh corruich mòir' mo nàmh,
 Do làmh-sa sìnear leat:
 Is nì do dheas làmh ann am fheum
 Mo theasairginn le neart.
 8 Gach nì air bith a bhuineas domh,
 Coimhlionaigh Dia gu treun;
 Is buan do ghràs, a Dhia, gu bràth;
 Oibre do làmh na tréig.

SALM CXXXIX. 139.

- 1 DO rannsuidh thu 's is aithne dhuit
 Mise, Iehobhah thréin:

- Jerusalem, and thee above
 My chief joy do not set.
 7 Remember Edom's children, Lord,
 Who in Jerus'lem's day,
 Ev'n unto its foundation,
 Raze, raze it quite, did say.
 8 O daughter thou of Babylon,
 Near to destruction;
 Bless'd shall he be that thee rewards,
 As thou to us hast done.
 9 Yea, happy surely shall he be
 Thy tender little ones
 Who shall lay hold upon, and
 them
 Shall dash against the stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.—138.

- 1 THEE will I praise with all my
 heart,
 I will sing praise to thee
 2 Before the gods: And worship will
 Toward thy sanctuary.
 I'll praise thy name, ev'n for thy
 truth,
 And kindness of thy love;
 For thou thy word hast magnified
 All thy great name above.
 3 Thou didst me answer in the day
 When I to thee did cry;
 And thou my fainting soul with
 strength
 Didst strengthen inwardly.
 4 All kings upon the earth that are
 Shall give thee praise, O Lord;
 When as they from thy mouth shall
 hear
 Thy true and faithful word.
 5 Yea, in the righteous ways of God
 With gladness they shall sing:
 For great's the glory of the Lord,
 Who doth for ever reign.
 6 Though God be high, yet he re-
 spects
 All those that lowly be;
 Whereas the proud and lofty ones
 Afar off knoweth he.
 7 Though I in midst of trouble walk,
 I lie from thee shall have:
 'Gainst my foes' wrath thou'lt stretch
 thine hand;
 Thy right hand shall me save.
 8 Surely that which concerneth me
 The Lord will perfect make:
 Lord, still thy mercy lasts; do not
 Thine own hands' work forsake.

PSALM CXXXIX.—139.

- 1 O LORD, thou hast me search'd and
 known.

2 Mo shuidh', is m' éirigh 's aithne dhuit;
'S léir dhuit mo smuain an céin.

3 Mo cheuma is mo luidhe síos,
Do chuairtich thu gu dlùth;
Is air mo shlighibh féin gu léir,
'S gear fhiosrach eolach thu.

4 Feuch cha'n 'eil focal mòr no beag
No cainnt air bith a'm' bheul,
Mu'n labhram sud, a Dhia nam fear,
Nach aithne dhuit gu léir.

5 Do chuairtich thu mi air gach taobh,
Romham faraoon 's am dheigh;
Dolàmh ta neartmhor cumhachdach
Leag thusa orm, a Dhé.

6 Tha 'n t-eòlas so ro iongantach,
Is ormsa tha e cruaidh;
Cha ruig mi air, oir tha e àrd
R'a thuigsinn is r'a luaidh.

7 Cia 'n t-àit air bith am feud mi dol
O d' spiorad glic, a Dhé?
O d' ghnùis ta uile léirsinneach
Cia 'n taobh a theicheas mi?

8 Nan rachainn suas air nèamh nan
A ta thu féin an sud; [speur,
Nan luidhin ann an ifrinn shìos,
Tha thu san ionad ud.

9 Air bharraibh sgiath na maidne fòs
Nan sìubhlainn fad o làimh,
Gu h-iomallaibh na fairge mòir'
Chum còmhnuidh agus tàimh;

10 Stiùraidh tu mi an sin, a Dhé,
Le d' làimh ta treun an neart;
Is nithear leat mo chumail fòs
Le d' dheas làimh mhòir gu beachd.

11 Nan abrainn, gu dean dorchadas
Gu deimhin m'fholach uait;
Bidh 'n oidheche téin mar sholas glan
Ag iadhadh orm mu'n cuairt.

12 Cha'n fholuich uaitse dorchadas,
'S co-shoilleir oidhech' is là;
'S ceart ionnan duit' an duibhre
Is solus glan nan tràth. [dorch,

13 Oir feuch ghabh thusa sealbh gu
Air m'airnibh is mi maoth; [moch
'S ann leat a rinneadh m'fholach fòs
Am broinn mo mhàthar chaoimh.

14 Ard-mholam thu, oir 's uamhasach,
'S is nìorbhuileach mo dhealbh:
Tha t'òibre iongantach; 's is léir
Do m'anam sin gu dearbh [eachd,

15 Tràth rinneadh mi an dìonhair-
'S a dhealbhadh mi gu ceart,
An àitibh iochdrach talmhainn shìos;
Bu léir dhuit brìgh mo neirt.

16 Mo cheud fhàs an-abuich gun
Do d' shùilibh-sa bu léir; [dreach,

2 Thou know'st my sitting down,
And rising up; yea, all my thoughts
Afar to thee are known.

3 My footsteps, and my lying down,
Thou compassed always;
Thou also most entirely art
Acquaint with all my ways.

2 For in my tongue, before I speak,
Not any word can be,
But altogether, lo, O Lord,
It is well known to thee.

5 Behind, before, thou hast beset,
And laid on me thine hand.

6 Such knowledge is too strange for
me,
Too high to understand.

7 From thy Sp'rit whither shall I go?
Or from thy presence fly?

8 Ascend I heav'n, lo, thou art
there;
There, if in hell I lie.

9 Take I the morning wings and
dwell
In utmost parts of sea:

10 Ev'n there, Lord, shall thy hand
me lead,
Thy right hand hold shall me.

11 If I do say that darkness shall
Me cover from thy sight,
Then surely shall the very night
About me be as light.

12 Yea, darkness hideth not from
thee,
But night doth shine as day:
To thee the darkness and the light
Are both alike alway.

13 For thou possessed hast my reins,
And thou hast cover'd me,
When I within my mother's womb
Inclosed was by thee.

14 Thee will I praise: for fearfully
And strangely made I am;
Thy works are marv'llous, and right
well
My soul doth know the same.

15 My substance was not hid from
thee,
When as in secret I
Was made; and in earth's lowest
parts
Was wrought most curiously.

16 Thine eyes my substance did be-
hold,
Yet being unperfect;
And in the volume of thy book
My members all were writ;
Which after in continuance
Were fashion'd ev'ry one,

Mo bhuill gu h-ìomlan chuireadh sìos
Sgrìobht' ann ad leabhar féin;
Gidheadh ri aimsir is ri ùin,
Do dhealbhadh iad 'nan àm;
Air bhì dhoibh roimhe sin gun dreach
'S nach robh a h-aon diubh ann.

17 'S ro-phrìseil uime sin, a Dhé,
Do smuaintean uile leam:
'S ro-lionmhor mòr r'an àireamh iad,
'S r'an cur air cunntas cheann.

18 Ri 'n àireamh 's mòr gur lìonmhoir'
Nagaineamh mhìn na tràigh':[iad
Air mo gladh as mo chodal domh,
Taim maille riut a ghnàth.

19 Marbhar an t-aingidh leat gu
O Thighearna ro-thrèin:[beachd,
A nis, O dhaoine fuileachdach,
Imichibh nam an écin.

20 Oir labhair iad a'd' aghaidh, Dhé,
Le aing'eachd eusaotais;
Is thug do naimhde mì-runach
T'aum naomh an diomhanas.

21 Nach 'eil mi tabhairt fuath, a Dhia,
Do'n dream thug dhuit sa fuath?
Nach 'eil mi gabhail gràin do'n dream
A'd' aghaidh dh'èirich suas?

22 Fuath iomlan thug mi dhoibh gu
beachd:
Mar naimhdibh nim' am meas.

23 Rannsaich mi, Dhé, mo chridhe
faic;
Mo smuainte feuch, dearbh mis'.

24 Feuch agus amhairc féin am bheil
Sligh' aingidh olc a'm' chlé;
Is anns an t slighe shiorruidh chòir
Gu dìreach tredraich mi.

SALM CXL.—140.

1 O'N droch-dhuin' saor is teasairg mi,
O Dhia Iehobhab naoimh:
O'n fhear a ta ri fòireigneadh
Dean didean dhomh gu caomh.

2 'Nan eridh' tha iad a' smuaineach-
Air aimhleas mòr gach là 4 [adh
Chum cath' is comhraig chruidh tha
iad
Air cruinneachadh a ghnàth.

3 Mar theangaidh nathrach, rinneadh
An teangadh sgaiteach gear:[leo
A ta nimh mhillteach nathrach fòs
Am folach ann am beul.

4 O laimh nan daoi, gléidh mise, Dhé;
'S o luchd an thòirneirt, dìon;
Mo cheuman thilgeadh bun os ceann,
'Se sud an rùn 's am miann.

5 Dh'fholuich na h-uabhrich rìbe
Is corda fòs gu m' sgrìos:[dhoimh,
Ri taobh a' bhealaich sgaol iad lion,
Is leag iad ceap gun fhios.

When as they yet all shapeless
were,

And of them there was none.

17 How precious also are thy thoughts,
O gracious God, to me!
And in their sum how passing
great
And numberless they be!

18 If I should count them, than the
sand

They more in number be:

What time soever I awake,
I ever am with thee.

19 Thou, Lord, wilt sure the wicked
slay:

Hence from me bloody men.

20 Thy foes against thee loudly
speak,
And take thy name in vain.

21 Do not I hate all those, O Lord,
That hatred bear to thee?
With those that up against thee
rise

Can I but grieved be?

22 With perfect hatred them I hate,
My foes I them do hold.

23 Search me, O God, and know my
heart;
Try me; my thoughts unfold;

24 And see if any wicked way
There be at all in me;
And in thine everlasting way
To me a leader be.

PSALM CXL.—140.

1 LORD, from the ill and froward man
Give me deliverance,
And do thou safe preserve me from
The man of violence:

2 Who in their heart mischievous
Are meditating ever; [things
And they for war assembled are
Continually together.

3 Much like unto a serpent's tongue
Their tongues they sharp do
make;

And underneath their lips there lies
The poison of a snake.

4 Lord, keep me from the wicked's
From violent men me save:[hands,
Who utterly to overthrow
My goings purpos'd have.

5 The proud for me a snare have hid,
And cords; yea, they a net
Have by the way-side for me spread;
They gins for me have set.

- 6 Ri Dia Iehobhah thubhairt mi,
'S tu féin gu beachd mo Dhia ;
Eisd ri guth m' athchuinge a nis,
O Thighearnu is a Thriath.
- 7 Is tu a's spionnadh slàinte dhomh,
Iehobhah Dhia nam flath ;
Cuir diou is folach air mo cheann
An aimsir teinn is cath'.
- 8 Na deònuich miann an aingidh uile,
O Thighearna nam fear ;
'Ais-innleachd fòs na soirbhich leis,
Mu'n dean iad uail 'nan neart.
- 9 Ach cinn an dream a chuairtich mi
Gach taobh le tuaileas bhreug,
Gu robh iad air am folach fòs
Le aimhleas mòr am béil.
- 10 Orra gu'n tuiteadh eibhle loisgt' ;
Tilg iad san teine beò :
An slochdaibh domhain sìos, a chum
Nach éirich iad ni's mò.
- 11 Na daingnichear air talamh fòs
Fear-labhairt uile a chaoidh :
Biodh olc a' sealg fir-fòireignidh,
G'a leagadh is g'a chlaoidh.
- 12 Is aithne dhomh-sa gu dean Dia
Do'u dream ta 'n àmhghar goirt,
An cùis a sheasamh dhoibh gu treun,
Is còir nan daoine bochd.
- 13 Do their na fireana gu dearbh
Do t'ainm sa moladh mòr ;
Bìdh còmhnuidh bhuan a' d'fhianuis
A Dhé, aig daoine còir. [féin,

SALM CXLI.—141.

- 1 O DHIA, a ta mi 'g éigheach riut,
Dean deifir thugam féin ;
Is tabhair éisdeachd fòs do m'ghuth,
Tràth ghlaodham riut a'm' fheum.
- 2 Mar bholtrach tùis a'd' làthair suas,
Mar sin biodh m'èrnuigh riut ;
Is togail suas mo làmh, gu robh
Mar 'n iobairt fheasgair dhuit.
- 3 Cuir faire air mo bheul, a Dhia ;
Dorus mo bhéil-sa gléidh.
- 4 Gu droch-bheirt, no gu olc air bith
Na aom mo chridh', a Dhé :
Eagal le luchd na h-aingidheachd,
Gu'n cuirinn olc an gnòmh,
Ge milie blàs' an sògh 's an gleus,
Cha'n ith mi féin maoin diubh.
- 5 Buailleadh am firean mi le smachd,
Gabbaidh mi sin gu caomh :
Gabbaidh mi uaith an t-achmhasan,
Mar oladh phriseil mhaoth ;
Cha bhris am bualadh uè mo cheann:
Oir fòs théid m'èrnuigh suas,
Tràth bhios an aitim uè gu truagh
'Nan àmhghar cruaidh an sàs.

- 6 I said unto the Lord, Thou art
My God : unto the cry
Of all my supplications,
Lord, do thine ear apply.
- 7 O God the Lord, who art the
strength
Of my salvation :
A cov'ring in the day of war
My head thou hast put on.
- 8 Unto the wicked man, O Lord,
His wishes do not grant ;
Nor further thou his ill device,
Lest they themselves should vaunt.
- 9 As for the head and chief of those
About that compass me,
Ev'n by the mischief of their lips
Let thou them cover'd be.
- 10 Let burning coals upon them fall,
Them throw in fiery flame,
And in deep pits, that they no
more
May rise out of the same.
- 11 Let not an evil speaker be
On earth established ;
Mischief shall hunt the vil'ent man,
Till he be ruined.
- 12 I know God will th' afflicted's
cause
Maintain, and poor men's right.
- 13 Surely the just shall praise thy
name ;
Th' upright dwell in thy sight.

PSALM CXLI.—141.

- 1 O LORD, I unto thee do cry,
Do thou make haste to me,
And give an ear unto my voice,
When I cry unto thee.
- 2 As incense let my prayer be
Directed in thine eyes ;
And the uplifting of my hands
As th' ev'ning sacrifice.
- 3 Set, Lord, a watch before my mouth,
Keep of my lips the door.
- 4 My heart incline thou not unto
The ills I should abhor,
To practise wicked works with men
That work iniquity ;
And with their delicacies my taste
Let me not satisfy.
- 5 Let him that righteous is me smite,
It shall a kindness be ;
Let him reprove, I shall it count
A precious oil to me ;
Such smiting shall not break my
For yet the time shall fall, [head,
When I in their calamities
To God pray for them shall.

- 6 Tràth thilgear sios air clachaibh
cruaidh,
Am breitheamhna gu léir;
'N sin cluinnidh iad, oir 's milis binn,
Deadh bhriathra grinn mo bhéil.
- 7 Ar cnámhan fòs aig beul na h-uaigh?
Do sgaoileadh leò le tàir;
Mar ghearrar is mar egoiltear fiodh
'Na spealtaibh air an làr.
- 8 Ach tha mo shùilean riutsa suas,
Iehobhab Dhia nam feart:
Na fàg-sa m'anam bochd gun treòir,
'S tu téin mo dhòigh 's mo neart.
- 9 O teasairg mi o'n rib', a Dhé,
A leag iad chum mo sgrios;
'S o hiontaibh luchd na h-aingidh
eachd
A dh'fholuich iad gun fhuas.
- 10 Ach tuiteadh luchd na h-aingidh-
eachd
'Nan hiontaibh rinneadh leò,
Am feadh bhios mise gabhail thart',
'S a' tèarnadh asta beò.

SALM CXLII.—142.

- 1 GHLAODH mi ri Dia le m' ghuth;
is fòs
Le m' ghuth rinn m'urnuigh ris.
- 2 Mo chaidh 'na fhianuis dhòirt mi
mach,
'S mo thrioblaid dh'fhoillsich mis'.
- 3 Tràth bha mo spiorad bàite stigh,
'N sin b'aithne dhuit mo cheum;
Sa' bhealach san do shiubhail mi,
Gun fhios do leag iad lion.
- 4 Dh'amhaire mi air mo dheis, is
dh' fheuch,
'S cha robh fear m'eòlais ann;
No neach do m'anam bleireadh
spéis;
Thròig cabhair mi san àm.
- 5 O Thighearna, do ghlaodh mi riut,
Is thubhairt mi gun ghò,
Gur tu a's tèarmunn dileas domh,
'S mo chuid an tìr nam beò.

- 6 Chionn gu 'n do chlaoidheadh mi
gu truagh,
Eisd ri mo ghlaodh san àm;
Issaor mi o luchd m'fhòirneirt mhoir,
Oir 's treise leo na leam.
- 7 A prìosan m'auam buin a mach,
T'ainm-sa gu molar leam:
Is iadhaidh umam fireana,
Oir ni thu pailteas rium.

SALM CXLIII.—143.

- 1 RI m'urnuigh dís, isaom do chluas
Ri m' athcheuinge, a Dhé;
A' d'flurinn is a'd' cheartas àrd,
Gu gràs mhor freagair mi.

- 6 When as their judges down shall be
In stony places east,
Then shall they hear my words; for
they
Shall sweet be to their taste.
- 7 About the grave's devouring mouth
Our bones are scatter'd round,
As wood which men do cut and
cleave
Lies scatter'd on the ground.
- 8 But unto thee, O God the Lord,
Mine eyes uplifted be;
My soul do not leave destitute;
My trust is set on thee.
- 9 Lord, keep me safely from the
snares
Which they for me prepare;
And from the subtle gins of them
That wicked workers are.
- 10 Let workers of iniquity
Into their own nets fall,
Whilst I do, by thine help, escape
The danger of them all.

PSALM CXLII.—142.

- 1 I WITH my voice cried to the Lord,
With it made my request:
- 2 Pour'd out to him my plaint, to
him
My trouble I exprest.
- 3 When in me was o'erwhelm'd my
spirit,
Then well thou knew'st my way;
Where I did walk a snare for me
They privily did lay.
- 4 I look'd on my right hand, and
view'd,
But none to know me were;
All refuge failed me, no man
Did for my soul take care.
- 5 I cried to thee; I said, Thou art
My refuge, Lord, alone;
And in the land of those that live
Thou art my portion.

- 6 Because I am brought very low,
Attend unto my cry:
Me from my persecutors save,
Who stronger are than I.
- 7 From prison bring my soul, that I
Thy name may glorify:
The just shall compass me, when
thou
With me deal'st bounteously.

PSALM CXLIII.—143:

- 1 LORD, hear my pray'r, attend my
suits;
And in thy faithfulness
Give thou an answer unto me,
And in thy righteousness.

- 2 Na tionnsgain ann am breitheanas
Le t'òglach dileas féin :
Oir 's dearb' nach saorar duine beò
A' d'fhianuis ann am binn.
- 3 Oir lean an nàmhaid eucorach
Le toir ghéir m'anam bochd,
Mo bheatha thilg e sìos le tàir,
Leag ris an làr gun iochd :
Is chuir e mi an dorchadas
Chum còmhnuidh anu gu truagh ;
Is ionnan mi 's an dream gu dearbh
Bhiodh fada marbh san uaigh.
- 4 Is uime sin tha m'anam bàit'
Gu cràiteach ann am chom :
Mo chridh' a'm' chliabh gu muladach,
Air tàs gu tuirseach trom.
- 5 Na làith' o chian do chuimhnich mi,
Taim cnuasachadh gun tàmh
T' oibre gu léir ; 's a' smuaineachadh
Air guiomharaibh do làmh.
- 6 Mo làmhan shin mi riutsa suas ;
An geall tha m'anam ort,
Amhluidh mar blitheas fearann
Air tiormachadh le tart. {cruaidh
- 7 Eisd rium, a Thighearna, gu grad ;
Chaidh as do m'anam bochd :
Do ghnùis na ceil, chum nach bi mi
Mardhream theid sìos do'n t-slochd.
- 8 Thoir orm gu'n cluinnear leam, gu
moch,
Guth binn do chaoimhneis-ghràidh ;
Oir annad chuir mi féin gu mòr
Mo dhòchas is mo dhòigh :
Am bealach fòs an gluaisear leam,
Thoir orm gu'n aithnich mi :
Oir riutsa tha mi togail suas
Mo spioraid thruaigh, a Dhé.
- 9 O m' naimhdibh guineach teasairg
O Thighearn is a Rìgh : {mi,
A d'ionnsuidh theich mi fòs, a chum
Gu foluicht' leatsa mi. {dhomb,
- 10 Do thoil a dheanamh teagaisg
Oir 's tu mo Dhia gu beachd :
O's maith do spiorad ; treùruich mi
Gu tìr na fireantachd.
- 11 Sgàth t'ainme beothaich mi gu treun,
A Dhé lehobhah mhòir : {bochd
Sgàth t'fhireantachd, saor m'anam
O thrioblaid ghoirt 's o leòn.
- 12 Cuir as do m' naimhdibh tre do
Is sgrios iad sin gu léir {ghràs,
A ta cur in'anam' thruaigh fo leòn ;
Oir 's mise t'òglach féin.

SALM CXLIV.—144.

- 1 BEANNAICHT' gu robh lehobhah
Mo charraig e 's mo threòir ; {treun,
Mo làmh a theagaisgeas gu cath,
'S gu comhrag mhaith mo mhedir:

- 2 Thy servant also bring thou not
In judgment to be tried :
Because no living man can be
In thy sight justified.
- 3 For th' en'my hath pursu'd my
soul,
My life to ground down tread :
In darkness he hath made me
dwell,
As who have long been dead.
- 4 My sp'rit is therefore overwhelm'd
In me perplexedly ;
Within me is my very heart
Amazed wondrously.
- 5 I call to mind the days of old,
To meditate I use
On all thy works ; upon the deeds
I of thy hands do muse.
- 6 My hands to thee I stretch ; my
soul
Thirsts, as dry land, for thee.
- 7 Haste, Lord, to hear, my spirit fails :
Hide not thy face from me ;
Lest like to them I do become
That go down to the dust.
- 8 At morn let me thy kindness hear ;
For in thee do I trust.
Teach me the way that I should
walk :
I lift my soul to thee.
- 9 Lord, free me from my foes ; I flee
To thee to cover me.
- 10 Because thou art my God, to do
Thy will do me instruct :
Thy Sp'rit is good, me to the land
Of uprightness conduct.
- 11 Revive and quicken me, O Lord,
Ev'n for thine own name's sake ;
And do thou, for thy righteousness,
My soul from trouble take.
- 12 And of thy mercy slay my foes ;
Let all destroyed be
That do afflict my soul : for I
A servant am to thee.

Second Version, see page 169.

PSALM CXLIV.—144.

- 1 O BLESSED ever be the Lord,
Who is my strength and might,
Who doth instruct my hands to
war,
My fingers teach to fight.

- 2 Mo mhaith, mo dhion, 's mo bhaideal
àrd,
Mo shlànuighear, 's mo sgiath;
'Se cheannsaicheas mo dhaoine fo'm,
Mo mhuinghinn is e Dia.
- 3 Dhia, ciod e 'n duine, gu bheil thu
A' gabhail eòlais air?
No ciod e mac an duine fòs
Gu'n d' thug thu e fa'near?
- 4 An duine, 's cosinhuil e gu fìor
Ri diomhanas gun stà;
'S a làith' mar sgàil, 's mar fhaileas
A' gabhail seach a ta. [fòs]
- 5 O lùb, a Dhia, do fhlaithis àrd',
Thig féin gun dàil a nuas:
Bean ris na sléibhtibh mòr' le d' neart,
Is uath' théid deatach suas.
- 6 Cuir vait a mach do dhealanach,
Is sgaoil iad sud air fad:
Is tilg a mach do shaighde geur',
Is claidhear iad gu grad.
- 7 Sin vait do làmh á t'ionad àrd,
Saor mi, is fuasgail orm,
O uisgibh làidir iomarcach,
'S o làimh nan coigreach borb'.
- 8 Iadsan 'g am bheil am béil a' teachd
Air diomhanas gach lò:
An deas làmh sud, is deas làmh i
Làn logain agus gò.
- 9 Dhuit seinneam òran nuadh, a Dhé,
'S ann air an t saltair ghrinn;
Air inneal-ciùil nan teuda deich,
Dhuit seinneam moladh binn.
- 10 'Se Dia a bheir do righribh mòr'
Slàint' agus buaidh gu treun,
'Se shaoras Daibhidh 'òglach caomh
O'n chlaidheam mhillteach gheur.
- 11 Saor mi, is fuasgail orm o làmh
Nan coimheach, 'g am bheil beul
Làn diomhanais: 's an deas làmh fòs
'Na deas làmh foill' is brèig'.
- 12 A chum gu'm biodh ar mic a' fàs
Mar ùr-chrann suas 'nan òig':
S' ar nigheana mar chlachabh suaidht'
An oisinn lùchairt mhòir.
- 13 Ar saibhlean làn do'n uile stòr;
Ar treudan fòs a' breith
Nam miltean, seadh deich miltean fos
'Nar machairibh gach leth.
- 14 Ar daimb gu h-obair làidir calm,
Gun bhriseadh mach no steach;
A chum 'nar sràididh fòs nach biodh
Guth caoidh' gu gearanach.
- 15 'S beannaicht' am pobull sin a ta
San inbhe so gu beachd;
'S beannaicht' am pobull fòs, d'an Dia,
Iehobhah Triath nam feart.
- 2 My goodness, fortress, my high tow'r,
Deliverer, and shield,
In whom I trust: who under me
My people makes to yield.
- 3 Lord, what is man, that thou of him
Dost so much knowledge take?
Or son of man, that thou of him
So great account dost make?
- 4 Man is like vanity; his days,
As shadows, pass away.
- 5 Lord, bow thy heav'ns, come down,
touch thou
The hills, and smoke shall they.
- 6 Cast forth thy lightning, scatter
them;
Thine arrows shoot, them rout.
- 7 Thine hand send from above, me
save;
From great depths draw me out.
And from the hand of children
strange,
- 8 Whose mouth speaks vanity;
And their right hand is a right hand
That works deceitfully.
- 9 A new song I to thee will sing,
Lord, on a psaltery;
I on a ten-string'd instrument
Will praises sing to thee.
- 10 Ev'n he it is that unto kings
Salvation doth send,
Who his own servant David doth
From hurtful sword defend.
- 11 O free me from strange children's
hand,
Whose mouth speaks vanity;
And their right hand a right hand is
That works deceitfully.
- 12 That, as the plants, our sons may
be
In youth grown up that are;
Our daughters like to corner-stones,
Carv'd like a palace fair.
- 13 That to afford all kind of store
Our garners may be fill'd;
That our sheep thousands, in our
streets
Ten thousands they may yield.
- 14 That strong our oxen be for work,
That no in-breaking be,
Nor going out; and that our streets
May from complaints be free.
- 15 Those people blessed are who be
In such a case as this;
Yea, blessed all those people are,
Whose God Jehovah is.

- 1 ARDUICHEAM thu, mo Dhia, 's mo Rìgh;
T'ainm beannaicheam gu bràth.
- 2 Do t'ainm am feasd bheir mise cliù;
Arduicheam thu gach là.
- 3 Tha Dia leobhah mòr gu dearbh;
Ion-mholta Dia gu mòr:
Cha'n fheudar meud a mhòrachd-
A rannsachadh gu leòr. [san
- 4 Molaidh gach àl do ghniomhara
Do'n àl a thig 'nan déigh;
Is t'òibre cumhachdach ro mhòr
Sior-chuirear leò an céill.
- 5 Urram do mhòrachd ghlòrmhoir féin
Cuiridh mi'n céill gu beachd;
Air t'òibribh iongantach gu léir
Labhran, a Dhé nam feart.
- 6 Labhraidh daoine' eile fòs air neart
Do bhearta uamhasach;
Is mise foillsicheam gu mòr
Do mhòrachd iongantach.
- 7 Is cuirear leo an céill gu pailt
Iomradh do mhaitheis mhòir;
Do cheartas glan, is t'ionracas
Molaidh gu binn le ceòl.
- 8 Tha'n Tighearna ro-ghràsmhor
caoin,
Is làn do thruacantachd;
A ta e mall chum feirg', is fòs
Pailt ann an trèaireachd.
- 9 Is maith leobhah do gach dùil;
Tha 'thròcair chaomh gu beachd
Os ceann gach obair agus gnìomh
A rinneadh leis le neart.
- 10 Dhia, molaidh t'òibre thu air fad;
Le d' naomhaibh molar thu:
- 11 Air glòir do rioghachd labhraidh
Innsidh do neart le cliù. [iad;
- 12 A chum a bhearta cumhachdach
Gu'n tuigeadh clann nan daoine';
Gu bheil a rioghachd làn do ghlòir,
Is mòralachd faraon.
- 13 Do rioghachd féin, is rioghachd i
Ta siorruidh buan gu beachd;
Is mairidh t'uachdranachd gu bràth
Air feadh gach àil ri teachd.
- 14 Cumaidh leobhah suas le neart
An dream tha tuitean sìos;
'S an dream tha clonadh chum an
Togaidh e 'n àird a ris. [làir,
- 15 Tha sìile fòs gach dùil' air bith
A' feitheamh ort, a Rìgh;
Is tha thu ains na tràthaibh ceart
A' tabhairt dhoibh am bidh.
- 16 A ta thu ann ad thoirbheartas
Fosgladh do làimh' gu mòr,
Is miann gach nithe beò air bith
Sàsuichear leat gu leòr.
- 1 I'LL thee extol, my God, O King;
I'll bless thy name always.
- 2 Thee will I bless each day, and
will
Thy name for ever praise.
- 3 Great is the Lord, much to be
prais'd;
His greatness search exceeds.
- 4 Race unto race shall praise thy
works,
And show thy mighty deeds.
- 5 I of thy glorious majesty
The honour will record;
I'll speak of all thy mighty works,
Which wondrous are, O Lord,
- 6 Men of thine acts the might shall
show,
Thine acts that dreadful are;
And I, thy glory to advance,
Thy greatness will declare.
- 7 The mem'ry of thy goodness great
They largely shall express;
With songs of praise they shall
extol
Thy perfect righteousness.
- 8 The Lord is very gracious,
In him compassions flow;
In mercy he is very great,
And is to anger slow.
- 9 The Lord Jehovah unto all
His goodness doth declare;
And over all his other works
His tender mercies are.
- 10 Thee all thy works shall praise, O
Lord,
And thee thy saints shall bless;
- 11 They shall thy kingdom's glory
show,
Thy pow'r by speech express:
- 12 To make the sons of men to know
His acts done mightily,
And of his kingdom th' excellent
And glorious majesty.
- 13 Thy kingdom shall for ever stand,
Thy reign through ages all.
- 14 God raiseth all that are bow'd
down,
Upholdeth all that fall.
- 15 The eyes of all things wait on thee,
The Giver of all good;
And thou, in time convenient,
Bestow'st on them their food:
- 16 Thine hand thou open'st lib'rally,
And of thy bounty gives
Enough to satisfy the need
Of ev'ry thing that lives.
- 17 The Lord is just in all his ways,
Holy in his works all.

- 17 Tha Dia 'na uile shlighibh ceart,
Is naomh 'na uile ghnìomh.
- 18 'S dlùth Dia do mheud 's a ghàirm-
eas air,
Seadh ghairmeas air gu fìor.
- 19 Deadh mhiann gach neach d'an-
Coimhlionaidh e gu pailt; [eagal e,
Is éisdidh esan fòs r'an glaoth,
Saoraidh e iad 'nan aire.
- 20 An dream tha tabhairt gràidh do
Dhoibh ni e tèarmunr deas; [Dhia,
Ach fòs na b-aingidh olc gu lèir
Do ni e fèin an sgrios.
- 21 A' luaidh air cliù Iehobhah thréin,
Bithidh mo bheul gun cheisd:
'Ainm naomha beannaicheadh gach
Gu sìorruidh buan am feasd. [leoil,
SALM CXLVI.—146.
- 1 DIA molaibh; mol, O m'anam, Dia.
- 2 Molaidd mi Dia ri m' bheò;
Ard-seinnidh mise cliù do m' Dhia,
Ri fad mo ré 's mo lò.
- 3 Na earbaibh is na deanaibh bun
A prionnsaibh làidir treun';
No fòs á mac aoin duin' a t'ann,
'S gun fhurtachd ann ri feum.
- 4 Tha 'anail-san dol as a mach,
Théid e g'a tìr air ais,
Théid as d'a smuaintibh-san gu
San là sin fèin gu cas. [léir,
- 5 'S beannaicht' an duine sin gam
Dia Iacoib mar a neart; [bheil
'G an bheil a dhòchas ann a Dhia,
Iehobhah Triath nam feart.
- 6 'Se chruthaich nèamh, is muir, is tìr,
'S gach aon ni ann ta;
'S e choimhdeas fìrinn mar an
Gu sìorruidh is gu bràth. [ceudn'
- 7 Ri daoineibh ta fo thòirneart mòr,
Cumaidh e còir gu caoin,
Bheir biadh do'n ocrach; cuiridh
Na prìosanaich fo sgaoil. [Dia
- 8 'Se Dia ta fosgladh sùil nan dall;
Togaidh Iehobhah mòr
An dream a ta air cromadh sìos:
Is caomh leis daoine còir.
- 9 Dia seasaidh bantrach 's dilleachdan,
'Se 's dìon do 'n choigreach ann:
Ach slighe fhiar nan daoine daoi
Tilgidh e bun os ceann.
- 10 Bidh Dia 'na Ard-Rìgh mòr gu
bràth,
Do Dhia-sa, Shìon naomh;
O linn gu linn gu maireannach.
Molaibhse Dia gu caomh.

SALM CXLVII.—147.

- 1 MOLAIBHSE Dia; oir 's maith bhi
Ard mholadh binn d'ar Dia, [seinn

- 18 God's near to all that call on him,
In truth that on him call.
- 19 He will accomplish the desire
Of those that do him fear;
He also will deliver them,
And he their cry will hear.
- 20 The Lord preserves all who him
love,
That nought can them annoy;
But he all those that wicked are
Will utterly destroy.
- 21 My mouth the praises of the Lord
To publish cease shall never;
Let all flesh bless his holy name
For ever and for ever.
- (Second Version, see page 169.)

PSALM CXLVI.—146.

- 1 PRAISE God. The Lord praise, O
my soul.
- 2 I'll praise God while I live;
While I have being, to my God
In songs I'll praises give.
- 3 Trust not in princes, nor man's son,
In whom there is no stay;
4 His breath departs, to's earth he
turns:
That day his thoughts decay.
- 5 O happy is that man and blest,
Whom Jacob's God doth aid;
Whose hope upon the Lord doth rest,
And on his God is stay'd:
- 6 Who made the earth and heavens
high,
Who made the swelling deep,
And all that is within the same;
Who truth doth ever keep:
- 7 Who righteous judgment executes
For those oppress'd that be,
Who to the hungry giveth food;
God sets the pris'ners free.
- 8 The Lord doth give the blind their
sight,
The bowed down doth raise:
The Lord doth dearly love all those
That walk in upright ways.
- 9 The stranger's shield, the widow's
stay,
The orphan's help is he:
But yet by him the wicked's way
Turn'd upside down shall be.
- 10 The Lord shall reign for evermore:
Thy God, O Sion, he
Reigns to all generations.
Praise to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXLVII.—147.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good
Praise to our God to sing:

- Oir 's tlachdmhor e 's is maiseil sud,
Bhi tabhairt cliù do'n Triath.
- 2 Suas togaidd Dia Ierusalem;
Cruinnichidh e ri chéil',
An dream d'au d' rinneadh diobar-
Do ghineal Israeil. [aich,
- 3 Do'n aitim 'g am bheil cridhe brùit',
Bheir esan slàinte mhòr:
Is ceanglaidd suas gu faicilleach
Gach cneadh ta orra 's leòn.
- 4 Na reulta lionmhor àirmhear leis;
G' au ainmeachadh gu léir.
- 5 Is mòr ar Dia, 's is mòr a neart;
Gun tomhas air a chéill.
- 6 Togaidh Iehobhah suas gu dearbh
Na daoine ciùin a ris,
Is leagar leis na daoine le tàir,
Gu làr, 'g an tilgeadh sìos.
- 7 Seinnibh do Dhia Iehobhah mòr,
Le buidheachas gu binn:
Seinnibh d'ar Dia-ne moladh àrd
Air teud na clàrsaich grinn.
- 8 'Se dh'fhol' cheas nàmh le neulaibh
Dh'ulluicheas uisge fòs [tiugh',
Do'n talamh; 'se bheir air an fheur
Bhi fàs air sléibhtibh mòr'.
- 9 Do'n ainmhidh 's do gach beathach
Bheir esan lòn gun dìth; [beò,
Is do na fithich òg' faraon
A ghlaodhas 'g iarraidh bidh.
- 10 An neart an eich cha bhi a dhùil,
Ge mòr a lùth 's a threis;
Cha ghabh e tlachd an cosaibh fir
Sheasas gu dìreach deas.
- 11 Tha Dia a' gabhail tlachd gu mòr
Do'n dream d'au eagal e,
Chuireas an dòchas is an dòigh
'Na thròcair-san gach ré.
- 12 Thoir moladh, O Ierusalem,
Do Dhia Iehobhah mòr,
Do d' Dhia-sa tabhair moladh fìor,
O Shion, mar is còir.
- 13 Croinn-dhruididh fòs do dhorsa mòr'
Do neartaich e gu maith;
Is bheannaich e do shliochd gu léir
A' d' mheadhon féin a stigh.
- 14 'Se chuireas ann ad chrìochaibh fòs
Sith agus sonas mor: [ghloin
'Se ni te smior a' chruithneachd
Do shàsachadh gu leòr.
- 15 'Se chuireas 'àithne mach air tìr,
Ni 'thocal ruith gu luath.
- 16 Bheir sneachd mar olainn; sgaoilidh
An liath-reodh mar an luath. [e
- 17 Leac-eighe tilgidh e a mach,
Mar ghreamanna nach gann;
Is anns an fhuachd a rinneadh leis,
Cò dh'fheudas seasamh ann?
- For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.
- 2 God doth build up Jerusalem;
And he it is alone
That the dispers'd of Israel
Doth gather into one.
- 3 Those that are broken in their
heart,
And grieved in their minds,
He healeth, and their painful
wounds
He tenderly up-binds.
- 4 He counts the number of the stars;
He names them ev'ry one.
- 5 Great is our Lord, and of great
pow'r;
His wisdom search can none.
- 6 The Lord lifts up the meek; and
casts
The wicked to the ground.
- 7 Sing to the Lord, and give him
thanks:
On harp his praises sound;
- 8 Who covereth the heav'n with
clouds,
Who for the earth below
Prepareth rain, who maketh grass
Upon the mountains grow.
- 9 He gives the beast his food, he feeds
The ravens young that cry.
- 10 His pleasure not in horses'
strength,
Nor in man's legs, doth lie:
- 11 But in all those that do him fear
The Lord doth pleasure take;
In those that to his mercy do
By hope themselves betake.
- 12 The Lord praise, O Jerusalem;
Sion, thy God confess:
- 13 For thy gates' bars he maketh
strong;
Thy sons in thee doth bless.
- 14 He in thy borders maketh peace;
With fine wheat filleth thee.
- 15 He sends forth his command on
earth,
His word runs speedily.
- 16 Hoar-frost, like ashes, scatt'reth
he;
Like wool he snow doth give:
- 17 Like morsels casteth forth his ice;
Who in its cold can live?
- 18 He sendeth forth his mighty word,
And melteth them again;
His wind he makes to blow, and
then
The waters flow again.

- 18 Cuiridh e 'fhocal mòr a mach,
Is leaghar iad a ris :
Air séideadh dha le gaoith an sin,
Sruthaidh na tuilte sìos.
- 19 Do Iacob tha e foillseachadh
A bhriathar fìor-ghlan naomh,
A statuin is a bhreitheanais
Do Israel gu caomh.
- 20 So maitheas nach do dheònaich e
Dh'aon chinneach ta fo 'n ghrein :
A bhreitheanais cha b'aithne dhoibh.
Mòlaibh Iehobhah treun.

SALM CXLVIII.—148.

- 1 MOLAIBHSE Dia. Ard-mholaibh
Iehobhah mòr gu bràth, [fòs
O nèamh nan speur ; molaibhse Dia,
'S na h-ionadaibh a's àird'.
- 2 Uil' aingle Dhé, mòr-mholaibh e :
Molaibh e, 'shluagh gu léir.
- 3 O ghrian 's a ghealach, molaibh e,
'S a reulta glan nan speur.
- 4 O nèamha àrd' nan uile nèamh,
Is uisgeachan a ta
An còmhnuidh shuas os ceann nan
Molaibhse Dia a ghnàth. [speur,
- 5 Thugadh iad cliù is moladh binn
Do ainm Iehobhah thréin ;
Oir chuir e 'àithne mach le neart,
Is rinneadh iad d'a réir.
- 6 Do rinn e fòs an daingneachadh
A chum bhi buan a ghnàth :
Is chuir e statuin orra sud
Nach téid air chùl gu bràth.
- 7 O'n talamh fòs a ta fo nèamh,
Molaibh Iehobhah treun ;
Uil' dhràgona ro-uamhasach,
'S a dhoimhneachda gu léir.
- 8 Tein'-athair agus clach-shneachd
chruaidh,
An ceò théid suas, 's an sneachd ;
Gaoth dhoinionnach a' coimhlionadh
A bhriathar-san gu beachd.
- 9 Na sléibhte farsuinn atmhor mòr',
'S na tulaich fòs le chéil' ;
Gach craobh bheir toradh agus blàth,
'S na seudair ard' gu léir.
- 10 Gach beathach, ainmhidh, is gach
A shnaigeas air an làr, [dùil
'S gach eunlaich sgiathach iteagach,
Ta 'g itealaich gu h-àrd.
- 11 Gach rìgh air thalamh, làidir inor,
'S gach pobull fòs air bith ;
Na prionnsan is luchd breitheanais
Tha thar gach tìr fa leth.
- 12 Na h-òig-fheara ta calma deas,
'S na maighdeana le chéil' ;
Na seanaire ta eolach glic,
'S gach leanabh òg' gu léir.

- 19 The doctrine of his holy word
To Jacob he doth show ;
His statutes and his judgments he
Gives Israel to know.
- 20 To any nation never he
Such favour did afford ;
For they his judgments have not
known.
- O do ye praise the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII.—148.

- 1 PRAISE God. From heavens, praise
the Lord,
In heights praise to him be.
- 2 All ye his angels, praise ye him ;
His hosts all, praise him ye.
- 3 O praise ye him, both sun and
moon ;
Praise him, all stars of light.
- 4 Ye heav'ns of heav'ns, him praise,
and floods
Above the heavens' height.
- 5 Let all the creatures praise the
name
Of our almighty Lord :
For he commanded, and they
were
Created by his word.
- 6 He also, for all times to come,
Hath them establish'd sure :
He hath appointed them a law,
Which ever shall endure.
- 7 Praise ye Jehovah from the earth,
Dragons, and ev'ry deep :
- 8 Fire, hail, snow, vapour, stormy
wind,
His word that fully keep.
- 9 All hills and mountains, fruitful
trees,
And all ye cedars high :
- 10 Beasts, and all cattle, creeping
things,
And all ye birds that fly.
- 11 Kings of the earth, all nations,
Princes, earth's judges all :
- 12 Both young men, yea, and maidens
too,
Old men, and children small.
- 13 Let them God's name praise ; for
his name
Alone is excellent :

13 Ainm Dhé àrd-mholadh iad, oir tha
'Ainm-san a mhàin ro-mhór :
Os ceann na talmhainn is nan nèamh
Air àrdachadh tha 'ghlòir.

14 Adharc a shluaigh leis àrdaichear,
Seadh cliù a naomh gu léir,
Sluaigh Israeil, tha dhas-an-dlùth.
Molaibh Iehobhah treun.

SALM CXLIX.—149.

1 MOLAIBHSE Dia : is òran nuadh
Seinnibh do Dhia gu caomh ;
Seinnibh a mholadh-san gu binn,
An coimhthional nan naomh.

2 Biodh Isra'la aobhneach ann an Dia ;
An Tì a chruthaich e ;
Deanadh clann Shioin gairdeachas
'Nan Rìgh air feadh gach ré.

3 Is anns an dannsadh thugadh iad
D'a ainm-san moladh binn .
A chliù le tiompan seuneadh iad,
Is leis a' chlàrsaich ghrinn.

4 Oir tha Iehobhah gabhail tlachd
'Na phobull dileas féin :
Ro-sgiambhach fòs le 'shlàinte nì
Na daoine sèimh gu léir.

5 Biodh air na daoineibh naomh' an sin
Ur-ghàirdeachas an glòir :
Is air an leabaibh seinneadh iad
Do Dhia le h-iolaich mhòir.

6 Gu'n robh àrd-chliù an Tighearna
Gu dlìgheach ann am beul :
Is ann an làimh-san fòs gu robh
Claidheamh dà-shaobhair geur.

7 A chum gu deant' air fineachaibh
Làn-dioghaltas gu léir :
Is mar an ceudna air na slòigh
Làn-smachdachadh gu geur.

8 A chum gu'n deant' an rìghrean-san
A chur fo chuibhreigh ghéir ;
Fuidh gheimhlibh teann do'n iarunn
An uaisle mòr' gu léir. [chruaidh

9 Chum dioghaltas a chur an gnìomh,
Ta sgrìobht' 'na fhocal ceart :
So cliù nam fireanach gu léir.
Molaibhse Dia nam feart.

SALM CL.—150.

1 MOLAIBHSE Dia. 'Na theampull
Molaibhse Dia gu mòr : [naomh
An speuraibh àrd' a chumhachd fòs
Molaibh e mar is còir.

2 Air son a ghnìomhara ro-threun,
Molaibhse Dia 's gach àit ;
A réir a mhòrachd molaibh e,
'S a ghlòir a ta ro-àrd.

3 Le guth na trompaid mar an ceudn,
Molaibhse Dia gu binn :
Air clàrsaich seinnibh moladh dha,
Is air an t-saltair ghrinn.

His glory reacheth far above
The earth and firmament.

14 His people's horn, the praise of all
His saints, exalteth he ;
Ev'n Isr'el's seed, a people near
To him. The Lord praise ye.

Second Version, see page 170.

PSALM CXLIX.—149.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord : unto him sing
A new song, and his praise
In the assembly of his saints
In sweet psalms do ye raise.

2 Let Isr'el in his Maker joy,
And to him praises sing :
Let all that Sion's children are
Be joyful in their King.

3 O let them unto his great name
Give praises in the dance ;
Let them with timbrel and with harp
In songs his praise advance.

4 For God doth pleasure take in those
That his own people be ;
And he with his salvation
The meek will beautify.

5 And in his glory excellent
Let all his saints rejoice :
Let them to him upon their beds
Aloud lift up their voice.

6 Let in their mouth aloft be rais'd
The high praise of the Lord,
And let them have in their right hand
A sharp two-edged sword ;

7 To execute the vengeance due
Upon the heathen all,
And make deserved punishment
Upon the people fall. [bind

8 And ev'n with chains, as pris'ners,
Their kings that them command ;
Yea, and with iron fetters strong,
The nobles of their land.

9 On them the judgment to perform
Found written in his word :
This honour is to all his saints.
O do ye praise the Lord.

PSALM CL.—150.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. God's praise
within

His sanctuary raise ;
And to him in the firmament
Of his pow'r give ye praise.

2 Because of all his mighty acts,
With praise him magnify :
O praise him, as he doth excel
In glorious majesty.

3 Praise him ; with trumpet's sound :
his praise
With psalterly advance :

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Le tiompan thugaibh inoladh dha,
San dannsadh mar an ceudn';
Le organ togaibh suas a chliù,
'S le inneal-ciùil nan teud.</p> <p>5 Air ciombalaibh ta làbhar binn
Molaibhse Dia gun tàmh:
Molaibhse Dia air ciombalaibh,
Nì toirm is fuaim ro-àrd.</p> <p>6 Gach uile dhùil sam bith ta beò,
'G am bheil an deò 'nan crè,
Ard-mholadh iad san Dia gu mòr.
Molaibh Iehobhah treun.</p> | <p>4 With timbrel, harp, string'd instru-
ments,
And organs, in the dance.</p> <p>5 Praise him on cymbals loud; him
praise
On cymbals sounding high.</p> <p>6 Let each thing breathing praise the
Lord.
Praise to the Lord give ye.</p> |
|---|---|

SECOND VERSIONS OF ENGLISH PSALMS.

PSALM VI.—6.

- 1 IN thy great indignation,
O Lord, rebuke me not;
Nor on me lay thy chast'ning hand,
In thy displeasure hot.
- 2 Lord, I am weak, therefore on me
Have mercy, and me spare:
Heal me, O Lord, because thou
know'st
My bones much vexed are.
- 3 My soul is vexed sore: but, Lord,
How long stay wilt thou make?
- 4 Return, Lord, free my soul; and save
Me, for thy mercies' sake.
- 5 Because of thee in death there shall
No more remembrance be:
Of those that in the grave do lie,
Who shall give thanks to thee?
- 6 I with my groaning weary am,
And all the night my bed
I caused for to swim; with tears
My couch I watered.
- 7 By reason of my vexing grief
Mine eye consumed is:
It waxeth old, because of all
That be mine enemies.
- 8 But now, depart from me all ye
That work iniquity: [voice,
For why? the Lord hath heard my
When I did mourn and cry.
- 9 Unto my supplication
The Lord did hearing give:
When I to him my prayer make,
The Lord will it receive.
- 10 Let all be sham'd and troubled sore
That en'mies are to me;
Let them turn back, and suddenly
Ashamed let them be.

PSALM XXV.—25.

- 1 TO thee I lift my soul, O Lord:
2 My God, I trust in thee:
Let me not be ashamed; let not
My foes triumph o'er me.
- 3 Yea, let thou none ashamed be
That do on thee attend;
Ashamed let them be, O Lord,
Who without cause offend.
- 4 Thy ways, Lord, show; teach me
thy paths:
- 5 Lead me in truth, teach me:
For of my safety thou art God;
All day I wait on thee.
- 6 Thy mercies, that most tender are,
Do thou, O Lord, remember,
And loving-kindnesses: for they
Have been of old for ever.
- 7 Let not the errors of my youth,
Nor sins, remember'd be:
In mercy, for thy goodness' sake,
O Lord, remember me.
- 8 The Lord is good and gracious,
He upright is also:
He therefore sinners will instruct
In ways that they should go.
- 9 The meek and lowly he will guide
In judgment just away:
To meek and poor afflicted ones
He'll clearly teach his way.
- 10 The whole paths of the Lord our
Are truth and mercy sure, [God
To such as keep his covenant,
And testimonies pure.
- 11 Now, for thine own name's sake, O
I humbly thee entreat [Lord,
To pardon mine iniquity,
For it is very great.

- 12 What man fears God? him shall
he teach
The way that he shall choose.
- 13 His soul shall dwell at ease: his seed
The earth, as heirs, shall use.
- 14 The secret of the Lord is with
Such as do fear his name;
And he his holy covenant
Will manifest to them.
- 15 Towards the Lord my waiting eyes
Continually are set;
For he it is that shall bring forth
My feet out of the net.
- 16 O turn thee unto me, O God,
Have mercy me upon;
Because I solitary am,
And in affliction.
- 17 Enlarg'd the griefs are of mine
Me from distress relieve. [heart;
- 18 See mine affliction and my pain,
And all my sins forgive.
- 19 Consider thou mine enemies,
Because they many are;
And it a cruel hatred is
Which they against me bear.
- 20 O do thou keep my soul; O God,
Do thou deliver me:
Let me not be ashamed; for I
Do put my trust in thee.
- 21 O let integrity and truth
Keep me, who thee attend.
- 22 Redemption, Lord, to Israel
From all his troubles send.

PSALM XLV.—45.

- 1 MY heart inditing is
Good matter in a song:
I speak the things that I have made,
Which to the king belong:
My tongue shall be as quick
His honour to indite,
As is the pen of any scribe,
That useth fast to write.
- 2 Thou'rt fairest of all men;
Grace in thy lips doth flow;
And therefore blessings evermore
On thee doth God bestow.
- 3 Thy sword gird on thy thigh,
Thou that art most of might;
Appear in dreadful majesty,
And in thy glory bright.
- 4 For meekness, truth, and right,
Ride prosp'rously in state;
And thy right hand shall teach to
Things terrible and great. [thee
- 5 Thy shafts shall pierce their hearts
That foes are to the King;
Whereby into subjection
The people thou shalt bring.

- 6 Thy royal seat, O Lord,
For ever shall remain:
The sceptre of thy kingdom doth
All righteousness maintain.
- 7 Thou lov'st right, and hat'st ill;
For God, thy God, most high,
Above thy fellows hath with th' oil
Of joy anointed thee.
- 8 Of myrrh and spices sweet
A smell thy garments had,
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
Whereby they made thee glad.
- 9 And in thy glorious train
Kings' daughters waiting stand;
And thy fair queen, in Ophir gold,
Doth stand at thy right hand.
- 10 O daughter, take good heed,
Incline, and give good ear;
Thou must forget thy kindred all,
And father's house most dear.
- 11 Thy beauty to the King
Shall then delightful be:
And do thou humbly worship him,
Because thy Lord is he.
- 12 The daughter then of Tyre
There with a gift shall be,
And all the wealthy of the land
Shall make their suit to thee.
- 13 The daughter of the King
All glorious is within;
And with embroideries of gold
Her garments wrought have been.
- 14 She cometh to the King
In robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
Shall unto thee be brought.
- 15 They shall be brought with joy,
And mirth on ev'ry side,
Into the palace of the King,
And there they shall abide.
- 16 And in thy fathers' stead,
Thy children thou may'st take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.
- 17 I will show forth thy name
To generations all:
Therefore the people evermore
To thee give praises shall.

PSALM L.—50.

- 1 THE mighty God, the Lord, hath
spoke,
And call'd the earth upon,
Ev'n from the rising of the sun
Unto his going down.
- 2 From out of Sion, his own hill,
Where the perfection high
Of beauty is, from thence the Lord
Hath shined gloriously.

- 3 Our God shall come, and shall no more
Be silent, but speak out :
Before him fire shall waste, great storms
Shall compass him about.
- 4 He to the heavens from above,
And to the earth below,
Shall call, that he his judgments may
Before his people show.
- 5 Let all my saints together be,
Unto me gathered ;
Those that by sacrifice with me
A covenant have made.
- 6 And then the heavens shall declare
His righteousness abroad :
Because the Lord himself doth come ;
None else is judge but God.
- 7 Hear, O my people, and I'll speak ;
O Israel by name,
Against thee I will testify ;
God, ev'n thy God, I am.
- 8 I for thy sacrifices few
Reprove thee never will,
Nor for burnt-off'rings to have been
Before me offer'd still.
- 9 I'll take no bullock nor he-goats
From house nor folds of thine :
10 For beasts of forests, cattle all
On thousand hills, are mine.
- 11 The fowls are all to me well known
That mountains high do yield ;
And I do challenge as mine own
The wild beasts of the field.
- 12 If I were hungry, I would not
To thee for need complain ;
For earth, and all its fulness, doth
To me of right pertain.
- 13 That I to eat the flesh of bulls
Take pleasure dost thou think ?
Or that I need to quench my thirst,
The blood of goats to drink ?
- 14 Nay, rather unto me, thy God,
Thanksgiving offer thou :
To the most High perform thy word,
And fully pay thy vow :
- 15 And in the day of trouble great
See that thou call on me ;
I will deliver thee, and thou
My name shalt glorify.
- 16 But God unto the wicked saith,
Why should'st thou mention make
Of my commands ? how dar'st thou
in
Thy mouth my cov'nant take ?
- 17 Sith it is so that thou dost hate
All good instruction ;
- And sith thou cast'st behind thy back,
And slight'st my words each one.
- 18 When thou a thief didst see, then
straight
Thou join'dst with him in sin,
And with the vile adulterers
Thou hast partaker been.
- 19 Thy mouth to evil thou dost give,
Thy tongue deceit doth frame.
- 20 Thou sitt'st, and 'gainst thy brother
speak'st,
Thy mother's son to shame.
- 21 These things thou wickedly hast
done,
And I have silent been :
Thou thought'st that I was like thy-
And did approve thy sin : [self,
But I will sharply thee reprove,
And I will order right
Thy sins and thy transgressions
In presence of thy sight.
- 22 Consider this, and be afraid,
Ye that forget the Lord,
Lest I in pieces tear you all,
When none can help afford.
- 23 Who off'reth praise me glorifies :
I will show God's salvation
To him that ordereth aright
His life and conversation.

PSALM LXVII.—67.

- 1 LORD, unto us be merciful,
Do thou us also bless ;
And graciously cause shine on us
The brightness of thy face :
- 2 That so thy way upon the earth
To all men may be known ;
Also among the nations all
Thy saving health be shown.
- 3 O let the people praise thee, Lord ;
Let people all thee praise.
- 4 O let the nations be glad,
And sing for joy always :
For rightly thou shalt people judge,
And nations rule on earth.
- 5 Let people praise thee, Lord ; let all
The folk praise thee with mirth.
- 6 Then shall the earth yield her in-
crease ;
God, our God, bless us shall.
- 7 God shall us ble-s ; and of the earth
The ends shall fear him all.

PSALM LXX.—70.

- 1 MAKE haste, O God, me to preserve :
With speed, Lord, succour me.
- 2 Let them that for my soul do seek
Sham'd and confounded be :
Let them be turned back, and sham'd,
That in my hurt delight.

- 3 Turn'd back be they, Ha, ha, that
Their shaming to requite. [say,
4 O Lord, in thee let all be glad,
And joy that seek for thee :
Let them who thy salvation love
Say still, God praised be.
5 But I both poor and needy am ;
Come, Lord, and make no stay :
My help thou and deliv'rer art ;
O Lord, make no delay.

PSALM C.—100.

- 1 O ALL ye lands, unto the Lord
Make ye a joyful noise.
2 Serve God with gladness, him before
Come with a singing voice.
3 Know ye the Lord that he is God ;
Not we, but he us made :
We are his people, and the sheep
Within his pasture fed.
4 Enter his gates and courts with
praise,
To thank him go ye thither :
To him express your thankfulness,
And bless his name together.
5 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy faileth never ;
And to all generations
His truth endureth ever.

PSALM CII.—102.

- 1 LORD, hear my pray'r, and let my
Have speedy access unto thee : [cry
2 In day of my calamity
O hide not thou thy face from me.
Hear when I call to thee ; that day
An answer speedily return :
3 My days, like smoke, consume away,
And, as an hearth, my bones do
burn.
4 My heart is wounded very sore,
And withered, like grass doth fade :
I am forgetful grown therefore
To take and eat my daily bread.
5 By reason of my smart within,
And voice of my most grievous
groans,
My flesh consumed is, my skin,
All parch'd, doth cleave unto my
bones.
6 The pelican of wilderness,
The owl in desert, I do match ;
7 And, sparrow-like, companionless,
Upon the bouse's top, I watch.
8 I all day long am made a scorn,
Reproach'd by my malicious foes :
The madmen are against me sworn,
The men against me that arose.
9 For I have ashes eaten up,
To me as if they had been bread ;

- And with my drink I in my cup
Of bitter tears a mixture made.
10 Because thy wrath was not appeas'd,
And dreadful indignation :
Therefore it was that thou me rais'd,
And thou again didst cast me down.
11 My days are like a shade alway,
Which doth declining swiftly pass ;
And I am withered away,
Much like unto the fading grass.
12 But thou, O Lord, shalt still endure,
From change and all mutation free,
And to all generations sure
Shall thy remembrance ever be.
13 Thou shalt arise, and mercy yet
Thou to mount Sion shalt extend :
Her time for favour which was set,
Behold, is now come to an end.
14 Thy saints take pleasure in her
stones,
Her very dust to them is dear.
15 All heathen lands and kingly thrones
On earth thy glorious name shall
fear.
16 God in his glory shall appear,
When Sion he builds and repairs.
17 He shall regard and lend his ear
Unto the needy's humble pray'rs :
Th' afflicted's pray'r he will not
scorn.
18 All times this shall be on record :
And generations yet unborn
Shall praise and magnify the Lord.
19 He from his holy place look'd down,
The earth he view'd from heav'n on
high,
20 To hear the pris'ner's mourning
groan,
And free them that are doom'd to
die ;
21 That Sion, and Jerus'lem too,
His name and praise may well re-
cord,
22 When people and the kingdoms do
Assemble all to praise the Lord.
23 My strength he weakened in the
My days of life he shortened. [way,
24 My God, O take me not away
In mid time of my days, I said :
Thy years throughout all ages last.
25 Of old thou hast established
The earth's foundation firm and fast:
Thy mighty hands the heav'ns have
made.
26 They perish shall, as garments do,
But thou shalt evermore endure ;
As vestures, thou shalt change them
so ;
And they shall all be changed sure :

- 27 But from all changes thou art free ; 5 Which God omnipotent,
Thy endless years do last for aye.
28 Thy servants, and their seed who be,
Establish'd shall before thee stay.
PSALM CXXIV.—124.
- 1 NOW Israel
May say, and that truly,
If that the Lord
Had not our cause maintained;
2 If that the Lord
Had not our right sustain'd,
When cruel men
Against us furiously
Rose up in wrath,
To make of us their prey.
3 Then certainly
They had devour'd us all,
And swallow'd quick,
For ought that we could deem ;
Such was their rage,
As we might well esteen.
4 And as fierce floods
Before them all things drown,
So had they brought
Our soul to death quite down.
5 The raging streams,
With their proud swelling waves,
Had then our soul
O'erwhelmed in the deep.
6 But, bless'd be God,
Who doth us safely keep,
And hath not giv'n
Us for a living prey
Unto their teeth,
And bloody cruelty.
7 Ev'n as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare
Escapes away,
So is our soul set free :
Broke are their nets,
And thus escaped we.
8 Therefore our help
Is in the Lord's great name,
Who heav'n and earth
By his great power did frame.
PSALM CXXXVI.—136.
- 1 PRAISE God, for he is kind :
His mercy lasts for aye.
2 Give thanks with heart and mind
To God of gods alway :
For certainly
His mercies dure
Most firm and sure
Eternally.
3 The Lord of lords praise ye,
Whose mercies still endure.
4 Great wonders only he
Doth work by his great pow'r.
For certainly, &c.
- 5 By might and wisdom high,
The heav'n and firmament
Did frame, as we may see :
For certainly, &c.
6 To him who did outstretch
This earth so great and wide,
Above the waters' reach
Making it to abide :
For certainly, &c.
7 Great lights he made to be ;
For his grace lasteth aye ;
8 Such as the sun we see,
To rule the lightsome day :
For certainly, &c.
9 Also the moon so clear,
Which shineth in our sight ;
The stars that do appear,
To guide the darksome night
For certainly, &c.
10 To him that Egypt smote,
Who did his message scorn ;
And in his anger hot
Did kill all their first-born :
For certainly, &c.
11 Thence Is'el out he brought ;
For his grace lasteth ever.
12 With a strong hand he wrought,
And stretch'd out arm deliver :
For certainly, &c.
13 The sea he cut in two ;
For his grace lasteth still.
14 And through its midst to go
Made his own Israel :
For certainly, &c.
15 But overwhelm'd and lost
Was proud king Pharaoh,
With all his mighty host,
And chariots there also :
For certainly, &c.
16 To him who pow'rfully
His chosen people led,
Ev'n through the desert dry,
And in that place them fed :
For certainly, &c.
17 To him great kings who smote ;
For his grace hath no bound.
18 Who slew, and spared not
Kings famous and renown'd :
For certainly, &c.
19 Sihon the Am'rite's king ;
For his grace lasteth ever :
20 Og also, who did reign
The land of Bashan over :
For certainly, &c.
21 Their land by lot he gave ;
For his grace faileth never,

- 22 That Isr'el might it have
In heritage for ever :
For certainly, &c.
- 23 Who hath remembered
Us in our low estate ;
- 24 And us delivered
From foes which did us hate :
For certainly, &c.
- 25 Who to all flesh gives food ;
For his grace faileth never.
- 26 Give thanks to God most good,
The God of heav'n, for ever :
For certainly, &c.

PSALM CXLIII.—143.

- 1 OH hear my prayer, Lord,
And unto my desire
To bow thine ear accord,
I humbly thee require :
And, in thy faithfulness
Unto me answer make,
And, in thy righteousness,
Upon me pity take.
- 2 In judgment enter not
With me thy servant poor ;
For why, this well I wot,
No sinner can endure
The sight of thee, O God :
If thou his deeds shalt try,
He dare make none abode
Himself to justify.
- 3 Behold, the cruel foe
Me persecutes with spite,
My soul to overthrow :
Yea, he my life down quite
Unto the ground hath smote,
And made me dwell full low,
In darkness, as forgot,
Or men dead long ago.
- 4 Therefore my sp'rit much vex'd,
O'erwhelm'd is me within ;
My heart right sore perplex'd
And desolate hath been.
- 5 Yet I do call to mind
What ancient days record,
Thy works of ev'ry kind
I think upon, O Lord.
- 6 Lo, I do stretch my hands
To thee, my help alone ;
For thou well understands
All my complaint and moan :
My thirsting soul desires,
And longeth after thee,
As thirsty ground requires
With rain refresh'd to be.
- 7 Lord, let my pray'r prevail,
To auswer it make speed ;

For, lo, my sp'rit doth fail :
Hide not thy face in need ;
Lest I be like to those
That do in darkness sit,
Or him that downward goes
Into the dreadful pit.

- 8 Because I trust in thee,
O Lord, cause me to hear
Thy loving-kindness free,
When morning doth appear :
Cause me to know the way
Wherein my path should be ;
For why, my soul on high
I do lift up to thee.
- 9 From my fierce enemy
In safety do me guide,
Because I flee to thee,
Lord, that thou may'st me hide.
- 10 My God alone art thou,
Teach me thy righteousness :
Thy Sp'rit's good, lead me to
The land of uprightness.
- 11 O Lord, for thy name's sake
Be pleas'd to quicken me ;
And, for thy truth, forth take
My soul from misery.
- 12 And of thy grace destroy
My foes, and put to shame
All who my soul annoy ;
For I thy servant am.

PSALM CXLV.—145.

- 1 O LORD, thou art my God and King ;
Thee will I magnify and praise :
I will thee bless, and gladly sing
Unto thy holy name always.
- 2 Each day I rise I will thee bless,
And praise thy name time without
end.
- 3 Much to be prais'd, and great God
is ;
His greatness none can comprehend
- 4 Race shall thy works praise unto race,
The mighty acts show done by thee.
- 5 I will speak of the glorious grace,
And honour of thy majesty ;
Thy wondrous works I will record.
- 6 By men the might shall be extoll'd
Of all thy dreadful acts, O Lord :
And I thy greatness will unfold.
- 7 They utter shall abundantly
The mem'ry of thy goodness great ;
And shall sing praises cheerfully,
Whilst they thy righteousness relate.
- 8 The Lord our God is gracious,
Compassionate is he also ;
In mercy he is plenteous,
But unto wrath and anger slow.

- 9 Good unto all men is the Lord :
O'er all his works his mercy is.
- 10 Thy works all praise to thee afford :
Thy saints, O Lord, thy name shall
bless.
- 11 The glory of thy kingdom show
Shall they, and of thy power tell :
- 12 That so men's sons his deeds may
know,
His kingdom's grace that doth excel.
- 13 Thy kingdom hath none end at all,
It doth through ages all remain.
- 14 The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
The cast-down raiseth up again.
- 15 The eyes of all things, Lord, attend,
And on thee wait that here do live,
And thou, in season due, dost send
Sufficient food them to relieve.
- 16 Yea, thou thine hand dost open
wide,
And ev'ry thing dost satisfy
That lives, and doth on earth abide,
Of thy great liberality.
- 17 The Lord is just in his ways all,
And holy in his works each one.
- 18 He's near to all that on him call,
Who call in truth on him alone.
- 19 God will the just desire fulfil
Of such as do him fear and dread :
Their cry regard, and hear he will,
And save them in the time of need.
- 20 The Lord preserves all, more and
less,
That bear to him a loving heart :
But workers all of wickedness
Destroy will he, and clean subvert.
- 21 Therefore my mouth and lips I'll
frame
To speak the praises of the Lord :
To magnify his holy name
For ever let all flesh accord.

PSALM CXLVIII.—148.

- 1 THE Lord of heav'n confess,
On high his glory raise.
- 2 Him let all angels bless,
Him all his armies praise.
- 3 Him glorify
Sun, moon, and stars ;
- 4 Ye higher spheres
And cloudy sky.
- 5 From God your beings are,
Him therefore famous make ;
You all created were,
When he the word but spake.
- 6 And from that place
Where fix'd you be
By his decree,
You cannot pass.
- 7 Praise God from earth below,
Ye dragons, and ye deeps :
- 8 Fire, hail, clouds, wind, and snow,
Whom in command he keeps.
- 9 Praise ye his name,
Hills great and small,
Trees low and tall :
- 10 Beasts wild and tame ;
All things that creep or fly.
- 11 Ye kings, ye vulgar throng,
All princes mean or high ;
- 12 Both men and virgins young,
Ev'n young and old,
- 13 Exalt his name ;
For much his fame
Should be extoll'd.
- O let God's name be prais'd
Above both earth and sky ;
- 14 For he his saints hath rais'd,
And set their horn on high ;
Ev'n those that be
Of Isr'el's race,
Near to his grace.
The Lord praise ye.

LAOIDHEAN

O NA

SGRÌOPTUIRIBH NAOMHA.

LAOIDH I. Genesis i.

- O** NEO-NI éireadh talamh 's nèamh,
So labhair guth an Triath :
O neo-ni dh'éirich talamh 's nèamh,
Gu h-àmhhal mar a dh'iarr.
- 2 Shuidh air an aigein duibhre tiugh,
Thuirt Dia, Biodh solus ann ;
Ghrad-las an solus dealrach glan,
'S an duibhre theich gu teann.
- 3 Do neulaibh dh'àithn e togail suas,
Suas thog na neoil d'a rèir ; [àit,
Le'n ionmhas uisg' sgaoil iad 's gach
A' snàmh air feadh nan speur.
- 4 Dh'àithn e do'n uisg' a luidh air fonn
Grad-thional gu h-aon àit ;
Dhian-ruith an fhairge, tonn air
thonn,
Is feuch an talamh tràight'!
- 5 Le luibhbh gorm is craobhaibh meas,
Chòmhdaich e 'n talamh lom ;
Mu'n d' thàinig fras no drùchd o'n
speur,
'S mu 'n d' éirich grian air fonn.
- 6 Sgeadaich e 'n sin na nèamhan àrd' ;
Gu dealrach las a' ghrian :
A' ghealach is na reulta dhùisg,
A dh' àireamh mhios is bhliadhn'.
- 7 Do'n uisge dhealbh le hobhah treun
Gach gineal éisg sa' chuan ;
Is ghairm o'n doimhne mar an
ceudn'
Gach eun san ealtainn shuas.
- 8 Gach dùile beò air thalamh ta
Dhealbh thu le d' làimh, fa leth ;
Do'n leòmhnan bhorb 's do 'n
chnuimheig fhaoin
Thug thu maraon am bith.
- 9 An duine chruthaich thu fadheòidh,
A'd' choslas glòrmhor féin,
Gu bhì 'na uachdran dligheach fìor
Os ceann gach nì fo'n ghréin.
- 10 T'uil' oibre 'n sin a'd' làth'r, a Dhé,
Gu ciatach àluinn sheas ;
Sheall thu, is thuirt gu robh gach nì
Gu fìor-mhaith agus deas.
- 11 Cia glòrmhor t' oibre-sa gu léir !
Cia treun thu féin an neart ;
Cò 'n ti nach tugadh dhuit-sa cliù !
Molams' thu, Dhia nam feart !

II. Gen. xxviii. 20—22.

- 1 DHE Bhteil ! le d' làimh thoirbh-
eartaich
'S tu bheathaich t' Isra'el féin :

PARAPHRASES

OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF

SACRED SCRIPTURE.

PARAPH. I. Genesis i.

- L**ET heav'n arise, let earth appear,
Said th' Almighty Lord :
The heav'n arose, the earth appear'd,
At his creating word.
- 2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the
deep :
God said, " Let there be light !"
The light shone forth with smiling
And scatter'd ancient night. [ray,
- 3 He bade the clouds ascend on high ;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float upon the air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand ;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful
trees,
The new-form'd globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the soil,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then high in heaven's resplendent
arch
He plac'd two orbs of light,
He set the sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.
- 7 Next from the deep, th' Almighty
King
Did vital beings frame ;
Fowls of the air of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.
- 8 To all the various brutal tribes
He gave their wondrous birth ;
At once the lion and the worm
Sprung from the teeming earth.
- 9 Then, chief o'er all his works
below,
At last was Adam made ;
His Maker's image bless'd his soul,
And glory crown'd his head.
- 10 Fair in th' Almighty Maker's eye
The whole creation stood.
He view'd the fabric he had
rais'd ;
His word pronounc'd it good.

II. Gen. xxviii. 20—22.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;

- 'S a threòraich feadh an turuissgth
Ar sinnseara gu léir ;
- 2 Ar bhàid 's ar n-urruigh nis a ta
Aig làth'r do chaithir ghràis ;
Bi leinn, O Dhia ar n-aithriche !
'S na diobair sinn gu bràth.
- 3 Tre cheumaibh dorch' ar beatha 'n
O treòraich thusa sinn ; [so,
'S o là gu là ar teachd-an-tir,
'S ar n-èididh-cuirp thoir dhuinn.
- 4 Fo sgàil do sgéith, O dean ar dìon
Gu crìch ar seachrain sgith,
Is thoir d'ar n-an'maibh fois fadh-
eòidh
A'd' chòmhnuidh shuas an sìth.
- 5 Na tiodhlaca so, Dhé nan gràs,
Thoir dhuinn o d'làimh gu fial ;
'S a nis, 's o so a mach gu bràth,
Is tu a ghnàth ar Dia.

III. Iob i. 21.

- 1 LOMNOCHD mar thàinig sinn a
Do 'n t saoghal so air tùs, [steach
Is amhluidh thèid sinn lomnochd as
Is taisgear sinn san ùir.
- 2 Gach nì ri 'n canar leinn gu faoin
Ar maoin 's ar stòras féin,
Is iasad goirid aoin là e,
'S grad-dhiolar e gu léir.
- 3 'Se Dia bheir dhuinn gach comb-
fhurtachd,
No ghearras iad air falbh ;
Ma thug e leis 'se féin thug uaith :
Beannaicht' gach uair biodh 'ainm !
- 4 Beannaicht' gu sìorruidh gu robh
Cha ghearrain sinn nì 's mò : [Dia!
Docrach no socrach biodh ar cor,
Dhuits', Athair gu robh glòir.

IV. Iob iii. 17—20.

- 1 CIA sàmhach ciùin an talla dorch
San gabh sinn uile tàmh ;
An tìr na dì-chuimhn' far nach gluais
Aon fhuathas sinn no nàmh.
- 2 Cia tosdach sèimh an leabhadh 'n
A ghabhail suain is fois ; [uaigh,
Thèid crìoch air dragh luchd-euceirt
innt'
'S gheibh daoine sgith innt' clos.
- 3 Innte cha chaidh am prìosanach
Nì 's mò mar fhuair e 'chlaoidh ;
Cha dochainn smachd an droch rìgh
bhuirb,
'S is balbh guth mhillt-fhir dhaoi.
- 4 Tha lag is laidir, beag is mòr,
Co-shìnt, san uaigh le chéil' :
Tha naimhdean sàmhach taobh ri
Is luchd na comhstri réidh. [taobh,
- 5 Co-ionnan coidlidh iad air fad
Fo ghlasaibh teann a' bhàis,

- Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led :
- 2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now pre-
Before thy throne of grace : [sent
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious
hand
Our humble pray'rs implore ;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

III. Job i. 21.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And enter'd life at first ;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.
- 2 Whate'er we fondly call our own
Belongs to heav'n's great Lord ;
The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restor'd.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts
high,
Or sinks them in the grave :
He gives ; and, when he takes away,
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Then, ever blessed by his name !
His goodness swell'd our store ;
His justice but resumes its own ;
'Tis ours still to adore.

IV. Job iii. 17—20.

- 1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave !
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by Heav'n's
Receives us all at last. [decree,
- 2 The wicked there from troubling
cease :
There passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'ry's sad abode ;
No more they hear th' oppressor's
Or dread the tyrant's rod. [voice,
- 4 There servants, masters, small and
great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All levell'd by the hand of Death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb ;

Gu'n nair an gairmear iad le Dia
'Na fhianuis là a' bhràth.

V. Iob v. 6—12.

1 AMHGHAR o'n duslach ged nach
dùisg,

O'n ùir ged nach tig bròn;
Gidheadh is lionmhor iad na h-uile
Th' air mac an duine 'n tòir.

2 Amhluidh mar dh'éireas srada suas
Gu luath air lorg a cheil':
Mar sin tha'n duine air a bhreth
Gu bròn is cùradh geur.

3 Ach earbam-sa ri Dia mo chùis,
Is deanam m'urnuigh ris;
Riaghladh an domhain tha 'na làimh,
Gu 'làthair teichidh mis'.

4 Tha 'oibre lionmhor agus mòr,
Cò chuireas iad an cèill?
An t-anam brònach nì e ait,
'S an t-anam lag nì treun.

VI. Iob viii. 11—22.

1 GUN lathach am fàs luachair ghlas?
No seilisteir gun sruth?

Ged fhàs, is diombuan gearr an
cuairt,
Seargaidh, gun bhvain, an cruth.

2 Is ionnan dòchas baoth an daoì,
Nach feud a chaidh bhi buan;
Mar lion an damhain-allaidh fhaoìn,
Théid leis gach gaoth mu'n cuairt.

3 Tràth leigras e a thaic r'a thigh,
Aomaidh gach clach is crann;
'S luath ghreimicheas e ris, ach 's
'luath'

Théid 'fhardoch bun os ceann.

4 Ged fhàs 'na ghàradh ris a' ghréin
A gheuga dosrach ùr;
'S ged sgaoil e 'fhreumhan domhain
Do-spionta ta car ùin': [teann,

5 Gidheadh air teachd d'a bhinn o
nèamh,

Spionar a fhreumh á bun;
'Aite cha 'n aithnich e ni's mò:
Caochlaidh a ghlòir gu tur.

6 Feuch, 's amhluidh gairdeachas nan
daoì,
Nì tair air naomh-reachd Dhé;
Grad-thuitidh iad: 's co grad a thig
'Nan àite daoine séimh.

7 Ach Dia nan gràs, le cumhachd mòr,
Nì daoine còir a dhion;
An cridhe lionaidh e le gean,
'S am beul le moladh sìor.

VII. Iob ix. 2—10.

1 AM bi siol Adhaimh saor o chiont',
No glan am fianais Dé?

Ma thagras e rèir ceartais ruinn,
F'a smachd théid sinn do'n eug.

Till God in judgment calls them
To meet their final doom. [forth,

V. Job v. 6—12.

1 THOUGH trouble springs not from
the dust,

Nor sorrow from the ground;
Yet ills on ills, by Heav'n's decree,
In man's estate are found.

2 As sparks in close succession rise,
So man, the child of woe,
Is doom'd to endless cares and toils
Through all his life below.

3 But with my God I leave my cause;
From him I seek relief;
To him, in confidence of pray'r,
Unbosom all my grief.

4 Unnumber'd are his wondrous works,
Unsearchable his ways;
'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer,
The bowed down to raise.

VI. Job viii. 11—22.

1 THE rush may rise where waters
And flags beside the stream; [flow,
But soon their verdure fades and dies
Before the scorching beam;

2 So is the sinner's hope cut off:
Or, if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
From ev'ry breath that flies.

3 Fix'd on his house he leans; his
house
And all its props decay:
He holds it fast; but, while he holds,
The tott'ring frame gives way.

4 Fair, in his garden, to the sun
His boughs with verdure smile;
And, deeply fixed, his spreading roots
Unshaken stand awhile.

5 But forth the sentence flies from
Heav'n,

That sweeps him from his place;
Which then denies him for its lord,
Nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo! this the joy of wicked men,
Who Heav'n's high laws despise:
They quickly fall; and in their room
As quickly others rise.

7 But, for the just, with gracious care,
God will his pow'r employ;
He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
And fill their hearts with joy.

VII. Job ix. 2—10.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?

If he contends in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 Gu geur-chuiseach ma thoimbseas e
Gach smuain, is guth, is gnìomh;
Leithsgeul, air son aoin do mhìle
cìont',
A dhealbh cha'n urrainn mi.

3 Is glic a chrìdh' 's is treun a làmh,
'S nach aingidh dàn an sluagh
A thogas ceann an aghaidh Dhia;
Cò riamh thug air san buaidh?

4 Roimh 'fheirg, na slèibhte crìoth-
naichidh,
Is clisgidh iad o'm bonn;
O 'bhunchar luaisgidh null 's a nall,
Le garbh-chrith, 'n talamh trom.

5 Ma thoirmisgeas e éirigh gréin',
Cha'n éirich grian gu bràth:
Dubh-neulach nì e 'n speur air fad,
'S gach reul thèid as 'na smàl.

6 Coisichidh Dia san fhainge ghairbh,
Carbad do ghaothaibh uì;
A shlighe àrd cò lorgaicheas?
A cheuma dorch' co chi?

VIII. Iob xiv. 1—15.

1 O DHUINE th'air do bhreth le
mnaoi,

Cia teare is truagh do làith'!
O'n dushlach thàinig thu, is thèid
Gu d' dhuslach fèin gun dàil.

2 Mar mhaoth-lus fàsaidh tu fo
bhlàth,

Is gheibh thu bàs gu beachd:
Mar fhaileas teichidh tu gu luath,
'S cha bhuan air thalamh neach.

3 Làn cìont' is truagh, an seas aon
dùil,

Fa chomhair sùilean Dé?
Co chaidh bheir uisge soilleir glan
A tobar salach crèidh?

4 Ar làithean air an àireamh ta,
'S gun tàmh a' gabhail seach;
Is goirid gus an tig an uair
A nì do'n uaigh ar teach.

5 Dhé mhòir! na smachdaich ann ad
fheirg

An tomhas goirid faoin,
Do làithibh diombuan an-shocrach
Thug thu do chloinn nan daoine'.

6 Ged chrìonas lus, cha'n fhaigh e
bàs,

Thig 'fhàs ri h-tìne nìos;
'S ged sheargas craobh sa' gheamh-
radh fhuar,
Nì 'n t-earrach nuadh i ris.

Ach aon uair 's gu'm faigh duine bàs,
Cha phill a làith' nì 's mo;

2 If he should mark my words and
thoughts
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could I for one of thousand faults
The least excuse devise?

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
Who dares with him contend?
Or who that tries th' unequal strife
Shall prosper in the end?

4 He makes the mountains feel his
wrath,
And their old seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her
And all her pillars shake. [place,

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
Th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the
And seals up all the stars. [skies,

6 He walks upon the raging sea;
Flies on the stormy wind:
None can explore his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

VIII. Job xiv. 1—15.

1 FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

2 Behold the emblem of thy state,
In flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
Before thy sov'reign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted springs
A hallow'd stream afford?

4 Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

5 Great God! afflict not in thy wrath
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

6 All nature dies, and lives again:
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the moun-
tain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,

7 Resign the honours of their form
At Winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
A desolated waste.

8 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of
And flourish green again. [Spring,

9 But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return:

- A bheatha cha dean earrach nuadh,
'S air 'uaigh cha bhris an lò.
8 Amhluidh mar shruth a ruitheas
bras,
'S nach pill air ais r'a shliabh;
Tha làith' is bliadhnaidh 's linn dol
seach,
'S cha phill ri neach an triall.
- 9 San uaigh 'n tràth luidheas duine
sìos,
Coidlidh e 'n dìon a' bhàis;
'S cha dùisg e tuilleadh gus an téid
An cruinne-cé 'na smál.
- 10 O biodh an uaigh 'na leabadh
thàmh
Dhomb féin, gu là mo Thriath,
San éirich mi gu h-aobhach suas
Le naomh-shluagh maiseach
Dhia!
- 11 San dòchas ait, le foighid mhòir,
Feithidh mi ordugh Nèimh,
A thig san àm a shonruich Dia
An triall mi thuige féin.

IX. Job xxvi. 6—14.

- 1CO ghleachdas ris a' ghairdean threun
A dhealbh na speuran àrd'?
No c'ait am folaich neach e féin
O'n t-sùil d'au léir gach àit?
- 2 'Na shealladh-san tha ifrinn féin
Is léir-sgrìos uile rùisgt':
'S an ceilear lochd air bith no bend
O fhradharc geur a shùl?
- 3 Air neo-ùì chroch e 'n domhan mòr
'S an àirde tuath do sgaoil
Air ionad falamh, agus phaisg
Uisge sna neulaibh faoin'.
- 4 Tràth chithear cumhachd Dhé 's
gach àit,
Tha sgàil 'ga fholach féin;
Tha 'chaithir cuairtiche le nèidil,
'S do dhuine beò cha léir.
- 5 On fha na fairge pillidh e
Le tràgh, air inèud a neirt;
Is air a' chrìoch a thug e dhi
Cha téid i chaoidh a thart.
- 6 Roimh achmhasan Iehobhah thréin,
Tha talamh 's nèamh air chrith:
Clisgidh au stèidh na lasas suas
A chorruich uair air bith.
- 7 Gun doinionn luaisgidh e an cuan,
'S togaidh e suas a thuinn;
'S an t-uaibhreach tilgidh e, gun
O 'àirde bun os ceann. [nàmh,
- 8 'S e Ionas nèamh le cuideachd
'S a nì iad aobhach ait: [naomh
Ach sliochd na nathrach tilgidh sìos
Gu ionad claidh le smachd.

- Shall any foll'wing spring revive
The ashes of the urn?
10 The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.
- 11 So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light:
- 12 And man, when laid in lonesome
grave,
Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 13 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!
- 14 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient
mind,
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come,
When death shall set me free.
- IX. Job xxvi. 6, to the end.
- 1 WHO can resist th' Almighty arm
That made the starry sky?
Or who elude the certain glance
Of God's all-seeing eye?
- 2 From him no cov'ring veils our
crimes:
Hell opens to his sight;
And all destruction's secret snares
Lie full disclos'd in light.
- 3 Firm on the boundless void of space
He pois'd the steady pole,
And in the circle of his clouds
Bade secret waters roll.
- 4 While nature's universal frame
Its Maker's pow'r reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
An awful cloud conceals.
- 5 From where the rising day ascends,
To where it sets in night,
He compasses the floods with bounds,
And checks their threat'ning might.
- 6 The pillars that support the sky
Tremble at his rebuke;
Through all its caverns quakes the
As though its centre shook [earth,
- 7 He brings the waters from their beds,
Although no tempest blows,
And smites the kingdom of the proud
Without the hand of foes.
- 8 With bright inhabitants above
He fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked serpent's breed
Dismay'd before him stand.

- 9 D'a oibribh 's beag a chithear leinn,
'S cha tuig sinn iad sin féin :
Ach tairneanach a chumhachd
mhòir,
Cò dh'fheudas chur an céill ?

X. Gnath-fhoc. i. 20—31.

- 1 AN coimhthional nan iomadh slògh,
Is anns na ròidibh tigh',
Ri cloinn nan daoine tha Gliocas
A' togail suas a ghuth' : [uèimh
2 Cia fhada a ni luchd fanoid tair
Air firinn 's gràsa Dhé ?
'S a bheir sibh, amadana, spéis
D' ur toil mhi-cheàillidh féin ?
3 Pillibh air m' éarails', air 'ur n-ais,
Is bidh sibh sona chaoidh :
Pillibh, 's a chum bhur beannachadh,
Mo spiorad bheir mi dhuibh.
4 Ach mur toir sibh mo ghuth fa'near,
'S mur éisd sibh ri mo ghlaodh :
Tràth ghlaodhas sibhs' an là bhur
n-aire,
'Ur n-athchuinge bidh faoin.
5 Tràth ghlaças léir-sgrìos sibh 'na
cuairt,
Mar iom-ghaoth luath nan speur,
Ni mise fanoid air 'ur caoidh,
'S 'ur n urnuigh chaoidh cha 'n
éisd.
6 O'n ròghuaich sibh roimh bheatha
bas,
'S éigin gu bràth bhi truagh ;
Oir ciod air bith a chuireas neach,
Dheth sin ni 'n neach siu buain.

XI. Gnath-fhoc. iii. 13—17.

- 1 CIA sona 'n ti do theagasg Dhé !
Bheir éideachd gach aon uair ;
'S ri gliocas nèimh, le mòran tlachd,
Philleas gu moch a chluas ?
2 Is fearr a stòr na 'n t-ionmhas faoin
A ta san t-saogh' l gu léir ;
'S is luachmhoire a dhuais gu mòr
Na òr a' chruinne-che.
3 Tha saoghal fada 'na làimh dheis,
Is urram 'na làimh chlì ;
Iadsan air fad a bheir dha gràdh,
'S leo saoihbheas, slàint', is sìth.
4 Do 'n òg 'na shlighe fhiorghlan
Sòlas bheir e gu pailt, [réidh,
'S do 'n aosda bheir e coron glòir,
'S tròcair o Dhia gu airc.
5 An uair tha dìchioll dhaoine mòr,
Tha 'dhuais-san mòr o'a rèir :
Do sholasaihbh tha 'shlighe làn ;
Is sìth a ghuàth 's gach ceum.

- 9 Few of his works can we survey ;
These few our skill transcend :
But the full thunder of his pow'r
What heart can comprehend ?

X. Prov. i. 20—31.

- 1 IN streets, and op'nings of the gates,
Where pours the busy crowd,
Thus heav'nly Wisdom lifts her
And cries to men aloud : [voice,
2 How long, ye scorers of the truth,
Scornful will ye remain ?
How long shall fools their folly love,
And hear my words in vain ?
3 O turn, at last, at my reproof !
And, in that happy hour,
His bless'd effusions on your heart
My Spirit down shall pour.
4 But since so long, with earnest voice,
To you in vain I call,
Since all my counsels and reproofs
Thus ineffectual fall ;
5 The time will come, when humbled
In sorrow's evil day, [low,
Your voice by anguish shall be taught,
But taught too late, to pray.
6 When, like the whirlwind, o'er the
Comes desolation's blast : [deep
Pray'rs then extorted shall be vain,
The hour of mercy past.
7 The choice you made has fix'd your
For this is Heav'n's decree, [doom ;
That with the fruits of what he
The sinner fill'd shall be. [sow'd

XI. Prov. iii. 13—17.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.
3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days ;
Riches, with splendid honours join'd,
Are what her left displays.
4 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

XII. Gnath-fhoc. vi. 6—12.

- 1 EIRICH a lundaire gun grad, [stad ;
'S thoir ort an seangan beag gun
Oir ged nach d' fhuair e riamh fear-
iùil',
No neach g'a ghreasadh air a chùl ;
- 2 Fa chomhair geamhraidh ni e deas,
A' cuimhneachadh gun tàmh a leas,
San t-samhradh trusaidh e a lòn,
San fhoghar iomlan tha a stòr.
- 3 Ach c'uin a dh'èireas tus' o d'shuain?
A lundaire, nach dùisg thu suas ?
Cha'n iarr do leisg ach tuilleadh
tàmh,
Le clò do'n t-sùil, is pasga làmh.
- 4 Ach feuch! tha bochdainn agus bròn,
Ag iadhadh air gach làmh a'd' chòir;
'S mar ghaisteach armach teachd
a'd' dhàil, [sàil.
Trom-bhruthaidh iad do cheann fo'n

XIII. Gnath-fhoc. viii. 22—36.

- 1 BIBH tosdach uile, chlann dan daoin',
Tràth ghlaodhas Gliocas Dé,
A bhriathra thugar leibh fa'near,
'S d'a earail thugaibh géill.
- 2 Bu mhise Annsachd Dhé o thùs,
Mu'n robh na nèamha ann;
'S mu'n d'fhuair an domhan mòr a
Bha mise, feadh gach àm. [bhith,
- 3 Mu'n robh ann sléibhte mòr' no
Mu'n robh ann muir no tìr, [beag',
No nì air bith sa' chruinne-ché;
Aig deas làimh Dhé bha mi.
- 4 Tràth dhealbhe neòil is athar àrd,
An talamh tràight' 's an cuan,
'S tràth ghearr e 'n crìochan doibh fa
Bha mise leis san uair. [leth,
- 5 Tràth chroch e 'n talamh cothrom-
Gun taic ris o aon taobh, [aicht'
Dhearc mi le sòlas mòr an sin
Air ionad còmhnuidh dhaoin'.
- 6 Dhealbh smuain mo chrìdh' o shìorr-
uidheachd
Làn-tearmunn doibh o'n bhàs; [so,
Neo-chaochluidheach, uaith sin gu
Tha m'iochd dhoibh is mo ghràdh.
- 7 Ri m' theagasg éisdibh uime sin,
Is gheibh sibh beatha uaith,
Is sona 'n ti bheir géill do m' lagh;
Bidh 'n ti nach tabhair truaigh.
- 8 Is mise nì gu nèamh an t-iùil,
'Sa bheir do 'n ionraic duais;
Tha beatha 's càirdeas aig gach
A leanas mi gach uair. [neach
- 9 Ach 's naimhde mòr d'an an'maibh
féin
Na dhiultas géill do m' reachd ;

XII. Prov. vi. 6—12.

- 1 YE indolent and slothful ! rise,
View the ant's labours and be wise;
She has no guide to point her way,
No ruler chiding her delay :
- 2 Yet see with what incessant cares
She for the winter's storm prepares;
In summer she provides her meat,
And harvest finds her store com-
plete.
- 3 But when will slothful man arise ?
How long shall sleep seal up his
eyes ?
Sloth more indulgence still demands;
Sloth shuts the eyes, and folds the
hands.
- 4 But mark the end; want shall assail,
When all your strength and vigour
fail ;
Want, like an armed man, shall rush
The hoary head of age to crush.

XIII. Prov. viii. 22, to the end.

- 1 KEEP silence, all ye sons of men,
And hear with rev'rence due ;
Eternal wisdom from above
Thus lifts her voice to you :
- 2 I was th' Almighty's chief delight
From everlasting days,
Ere yet his arm was stretched forth
The heav'ns and earth to raise.
- 3 Before the sea began to flow,
And leave the solid land,
Before the hills and mountains rose,
I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 When first he rear'd the arch of
heav'n,
And spread the clouds on air,
When first the fountains of the deep
He open'd, I was there.
- 5 There I was with him when he
stretch'd
His compass o'er the deep, [waves
And charg'd the ocean's swelling
Within their bounds to keep.
- 6 With joy I saw the abode prepar'd
Which men were soon to fill :
Them from the first of days I lov'd,
Unchang'd, I love them still.
- 7 Now therefore hearken to my words,
Ye children, and be wise :
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that shuns them dies.
- 8 Where dubious paths perplex the
Direction I afford ; [mind,
Life shall be his that follows me,
And favour from the Lord.
- 9 But he who scorns my sacred laws
Shall deeply wound his heart,

'S na bheir sior-fhuath do m' theag-
asg naomh,

Chum ifrinn theid gu beachd.

XIV. Eccles. vii. 2—6.

1 O SIBHS' air fad le 'm b' àill bhi glie,
Bibh tric an tigh a' bhròin :

Oir luath no mall tha sinn gu léir
Ri fulang péin is leòn.

2 Is fearr gu mòr bhi giùlan goimh,
O àmhghar tigh na caoidh' ;
Na 'n cridh' a lot le solas baoth,
An cuideachd dhaoine daoil.

3 'N tràth bhios an aghaidh tuirseach
'S an t-sùil a' sìleadh dheur, [trom,
Gheibh sinuainte naomh' san anam
'S ni iad ni 's fearr an gnè. [tàmh,

4 An duine crionna theid gu tric
Gu bothan bochd a' bhròin ;
Ach leis an dream air bheagan céill'
Is aoibhinn talla cheòil.

5 Is diombuan aighear dhaoine daoil,
'S is dlùth dhoibh àmhghar truagh:
Mar bhoisge fuaimneach droighinn
fhaoin

Ghrad-chaochluidheas gu luath.

XV. Eccles. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 'SE nis an t-àm bhi réidh ri Dia :
'S e nis an t-àm thoirt géill do'n
Triath ;

Am feadh a mhaireas là nan gràs :
Feudaidd gach neach dol as o'n bhàs.

2 'Si so an uair a sheachnadh truagh',
'S a thabhairt nèimh a mach le
buaidh ;

So cothrom aigh, ta dian-dhol seach,
Deanar deadh-bhuil dheth leis gach
neach.

3 Is fìos do'n bheò gu faigh e bàs,
Air d'chuimhn' tha gach marbh an
tràs :

An cuimhne dh' fhalbh, is dh' fhalbh
an ainm,

Cha'n aithnich'r iad, 's cha'n aithne
dhoibh.

4 Theirig an gràdh, is sguir am fuath,
'S tha'm farmad sìnte leo san uaigh ;
Cha 'n eòl doibh ni sam bith fo 'n
ghréin ;

An saothair sguir maraon riu féin.

5 Dean d'chioll uime sin 'na thràth,
Crioach a chur air saothair do làmh ;
Oir saothair, seòl, no obair ghlic,
Cha deanar leat gu bràth fo 'n lic.

6 San uaigh, do'm bheil sinn uile triall.
Maith'nas cha'n fhaigh, 's cha d'
fhuaradh riannh :

Gunchaochla'bithidh cor gach neach
Gu àm d'a bhinne teachd a mach.

He courts destruction who con-
temns

The counsel I impart.

XIV. Eccles. vii. 2—6.

1 WHILE others crowd the house of
mirth,

And haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with wisdom dwell
Frequent the house of woe.

2 Better to weep with those who weep,
And share th' afflicted's smart,
Than mix with fools in giddy joys
That cheat and wound the heart.

3 When virtuous sorrow clouds the
And tears bedim the eye, [face,
The soul is led to solemn thought,
And wafted to the sky.

4 The wise in heart revisit oft
Grief's dark sequester'd cell ;
The thoughtless still with levity
And mirth delight to dwell.

5 The noisy laughter of the fool
Is like the crackling sound
Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall
In ashes to the ground.

XV. Eccles. ix. 4—6, 10.

1 AS long as life its term extends,
Hope's blest dominion never ends ;
For while the lamp holds on to
burn,

The greatest sinner may return.

2 Life is the season God hath giv'n
To fly from hell, and rise to heav'n ;
That day of grace fleets fast away,
And none its rapid course can stay.

3 The living know that they must
die,

But all the dead forgotten lie :
Their mem'ry and their name is
gone,

Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's
done

Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5 Then what thy thoughts design to
do,

Still let thy hands with might pur-
sue ;

Since no device nor work is found,
Nor wisdom underneath the ground.

6 In the cold grave to which we
haste,

There are no acts of pardon past :
But fix'd the doom of all remains,
And everlasting silence reigns.

- 1 CUIMHNICH do Dhia an làithibh
t'òig',
Làithibh gun bhròn gun smal:
Mu'n tig na bliadhnaidh breòite
'S am fàs air t'inntinn cal. [tiun,
2 Mu'n salaich lochd air bith do
chridh',
Grad-sgrìobh air lagh do Dhia:
'S do Chruithear cuimhnich fòs an
Mu'm fàs thu aosmhor liath.[tràs,
3 Oir, goirid uait tha pian is bròn,
Na neòil tha cheana dlùth
Ni t'aoibhneas dorch, is t'òige sean,
A' cur do ghean air chùil.
4 'S gearr gus an gearain thu gu goirt
Fo sprochd is iarguin aois',
'S an cuimhnich thu air aighear t'òig',
Nach pill ni 's mò do d'thaobh.

- 1 A MHAITHEAN Shodoim! gabhaidh
suim
Do fhocal Rìgh nam feachd;
Fheara Ghomorah! thigibh dlùth,
Is bithibh ùmh'l d'a reachd.
2 Mar so a deir e, Cìod is brìgh
D'ur n-iobairtibh gun stà?
Tha m'altair sgith d'urtiodhlacaibh,
'S thug mi d'ur n-aoradh gràiu.
3 Ged las 'ur n-iobairtean gu nèamb,
'S ged dhorchaidh tùis an speur;
Gidheadh bheir mise fuath is gràin
Do ghniomh 'ur làmh 's duibh féin.
4 Bhur trasg 's 'ur n-urnuigh 's fuath-
'S 'ur làithe féill faraon; [ach leam,
Oir tha 'ur chridhe làn do cheilg,
'S 'ur slighe cam is claon.
5 Glanaibh 'ur làmhan o gach olc,
'S na deanaibh lochd ni 's mò;
'Nur giùlan uile bithibh ceart,
'S 'nur eridhe glan, gun ghò.
6 Na taigibh dhomhsa urram faoin,
Ach foghlumaibh mo reachd;
Teann-thagraibh cùis na bantraich
truaigh,
'S air fann na deanaibh lochd.
7 An sin, dearg mar chorcur ged robh
'Ur lochdan, nighear uaibh
An sal, is bidh sibh glan, tre ghràs
Mar shneachd is àille snuadh.

- 1 FEUCH! éiridh san linn dheireann-
aich
Naomh-theampull Dhia na glòir',
Os ceann nam beann 's nan sléibht-
ean àrd';
Fàth iongantais ro-mhòir!

- 1 IN life's gay morn, when sprightly
youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
Which beauty can disclose;
2 Deep on thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd.
3 For soon the shades of grief shall
cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares, and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.
4 Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

- 1 RULERS of Sodom! hear the voice
Of heav'n's eternal Lord;
Men of Gomorrah! bend your ear
Submissive to his word.
2 'Tis thus he speaks: To what intent
Are your oblations vain?
Why load my altars with your gifts,
Polluted and profane?
3 Burnt-off'rings long may blaze to
heav'n,
And incense cloud the skies;
The worship and the worshipper
Are hateful in my eyes.
4 Your rites, your fasts, your pray'rs, I
And pomp of solemn days: [scorn,
I know your hearts are full of guile,
And crooked are your ways.
5 But cleanse your hands, ye guilty
And cease from deeds of sin; [race,
Learn in your actions to be just,
And pure in heart within.
6 Mock not my name with honours
But keep my holy laws; [vain,
Do justice to the friendless poor,
And plead the widow's cause.
7 Then tho' your guilty souls are
stain'd
With sins of crimson dye,
Yet, through my grace, with snow
itself
In whiteness they shall vie.

- 1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the
Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

- 2 D'a ionnsuidh thig na cinnich ait,
Gach teangadh 's treubh le chéil':
Ag ràdh, Suas greasmaid gun dàil
Gu teampull àluinn Dé.
- 3 An solus thig o Shìon àrd
Dealraidh feadh dhùthcha cèin;
'S do 'n Rìgh 'na shuidh' air Salem
Bheirear 's gach àite géill. [ta
- 4 Measg chinneach 's eilean iomallach
Ard-shuidhidh e gu breth;
'S o cheartas naomha gheibh gach
A bhinne féin fa leth. [aon
- 5 Le connspoid is le h-an-ìochd borb
Cha bhuair ear linn nan gràs;
Gu speal is coltar iompaichear
Gach claidheamh 's inneal bàis.
- 6 Le nàmh na 's mò cha chasgar nàmh
'S cha bhì san àrach chaoidh:
Cha chruinnich trompaid slòigh r'a
chéil',
'S cha 'n éighear cath a chaoidh.
- 7 O ghineil Iacoib, uime sin,
Thigibh gu teampull Dé;
'S 'na sholus-sàn ta dealrach glan,
Sìor thriallamaid gu nàmh.

XIX. Isaiah ix. 2—8.

- 1 FEUCH! dh'èirich solus air na slòigh
Bha chòmhnuidh 'n duibhre bàis;
Is air an t-sluagh a bha fo sgàil,
Nis dhealraich Grian nan gràs.
- 2 A d'ionnsuidh-sa, a Ghrian an aigh!
Le failte thig gach sluagh,
'S iad aoibhinn mar luchd buain o'n
'S am foghar taigte suas. [thaich,
- 3 Oir fogh thu dhinn ar n-eallach
Is lotadh leat ar nàmh, [ghoirt,
Le d'ghairdean treun ghrad-thig thu
Luchd mi-ruin chum an làir. [sios
- 4 Mar laoch a' ruith feadh fola 's àir,
Tha Slànuighear nam buadh;
Mar cheumaibh dealanaich nan speur
Bheir thu fo ghéill gach sluagh.
- 5 Feuch dhuinne rugadh Mac an aigh;
Fhuair sinn Slànuighear treun!
Gach treubh air thalamh géillidh
Is aingle nèimh gu léir. [dha,
- 6 Prionnsa na sìochaint canar ris,
'S e'n Tì ta glic is treun;
Le ceartas riaghlaidh e gach sluagh,
O 'chaithir shuas air nàmh.

XX. Isaiah xxvi. 1—7.

- 1 CIA glòrmhor àluinn caithir Dhé!
Sìon cia breagh a snuadh!
Innte chuir Dia a chaithir-rìgh,
Chum marsuinn sìorruidh buan.
- 2 A balla dìonaidd e le 'ghràs,
Gu làr cha tuit i chaoidh;

- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Sion hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The king who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their
swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.
- 7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

XIX. Isaiah ix. 2—8.

- 1 THE race that long in darkness pin'd
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
The gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 For thou our burden hast remov'd,
And quell'd th' oppressor's sway,
Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons
In Midian's evil day. [fell
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is giv'n;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.
- 5 His name shall be the Prince of
For evermore ador'd, [Peace,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 6 His pow'r increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

XX. Isaiah xxvi. 1—7.

- 1 HOW glorious Sion's courts appear,
The city of our God!
His throne he hath establish'd here,
Here fix'd his lov'd abode.
- 2 Its walls, defended by his grace,
No pow'r shall e'er o'erthrow,

Ni slàute tèarmunn dì gach taobh,
'S ifrinn cha 'n fheud a claidh.

- 3 A dhorsa siorruidh, éiribh suas,
Fosglaibh gu luath o chéil';
'S gu'n rachadh naomh-shluagh Dhé
a steach,
A thug d'a reachd-san géill.
- 4 An so gun airceas mealaidh sibh
Sith shòlasach gu bràth; [Dhé,
Sibhse le 'n ionmhuinn àrd-aium
'S tha deanamh buin á 'ghràs.
- 5 Earbaibh á Dia, sior-earbaibh as;
Gach eagal fograibh naibh;
Aig Dia tha cumhachd chum 'ur
dion,
Feadh linn nan linn gu buan.
- 6 Còmhnuidh nan droch dhaoine', ged
Bheir Dia le 'laimh i nuas; [is àrd,
'S am mòr-chuist tilgidh esan sìos,
Co iosal ris an uagh.
- 7 Saltraidh am bochd an sin le tàir,
Air àrais àrd nan daoibh:
Tràth bhios iad sìnte air an làr,
Gun éirigh 'n àird a chaidh.

XXI. Isaiah xxxiii. 13—18.

- 1 HO! gach aon neach fad as no dlùth,
Do'n chùis so gabhaibh suin;
Bidh àgh is beannachd aig na naoimh,
Ach sgriosar daoine daoibh.
- 2 An ti bhios ionraic treibhdhìreach
Fa chomhair Dhé gach uair,
Ri gnìomh gun iochd nach cuir a
laimh,
'S air bréig gu bràth nach luaidh;
- 3 An ti nach laimhsich duais an uile,
'S gu ceilg nach buair an saogh'l,
Nach seall gun ghràin air lochd air
bith,
'S nach gluais air slighe chlaoin.
- 4 An ti sin còmhnuidh gheibh gu bràth
An daingneach làidir Dhé;
Gun easbhuidh gheibh e 'theachd-an-
Is caisgear iota 's fheum. [tìr,
- 5 Fadheòidh bidh Nèamh dha fosgailte,
Le dorsaibh farsuinn fial,
'S le Rìgh nan rìghrean bithidh e
Gu tèaruint' feadh gach ial.

XXII. Isaiah xl. 27—31.

- 1 C'AR SON a dhòirtear leat a mach
Do chaidh, gun dùil ri iochd?
Ceart mar nach tugadh Dia fa'near
Cùis neach air bith d'a shliochd.
- 2 Esan a chruthaich talamh 's nèamh;
Am bheil a thearmuinn gann?
No 'm feud an làmh a dhealbh gach
Fàs sgìth gu bràth no fann? [ni

Salvation is its bulwark sure,
Against th' assailing foe.

- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, who obey
The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
And dwell in perfect peace.
Ye, who have known Jehovah's name,
And trusted in his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as his years.
- 6 What though the wicked dwell on
high,
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 Along the dust shall then be spread
Their tow'rs that brave the skies:
On them the needy's feet shall tread,
And on their ruins rise.

XXI. Isaiah xxxiii. 13—18.

- 1 ATTEND, ye tribes that dwell re-
mote,
Ye tribes at hand, give ear;
Th' upright in heart alone have hope,
The false in heart have fear.
- 2 The man who walks with God in
And ev'ry guile disdains, [truth,
Who hates to lift oppression's rod,
And scorns its shameful gains;
- 3 Whose soul abhors the impious bribe
That tempts from truth to stray,
And from th' enticing snares of vice
Who turns his eyes away:
- 4 His dwelling, 'midst the strength of
rocks,
Shall ever stand secure;
His Father will provide his bread,
His water shall be sure.
- 5 For him the kingdom of the just
Afar doth glorious shine:
And he the King of kings shall see
In majesty divine.

XXII. Isaiah xl. 27, to the end.

- 1 WHY pour'st thou forth thine anxious
Despairing of relief, [plaint,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
And did not heed thy grief?
- 2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not
That firm remains on high [heard,
The everlasting throne of Him
Who form'd the earth and sky?

- 3 Maith, glic, is uile-chumhachdach,
Tha 'n Triath a ta 'gar dìon;
A shlighe ged nach léir do neach,
Is ceart e anns gach gnìomh.
- 4 'S mòr fàth ar misnich, uime sin,
Fo cheannsal Dhia nan sluagh;
Do 'n fhìrean lag bheir esan neart,
'S do'n anmhuin bheir e buaidh.
- 5 Caillidh na daoine sean an treòir,
'S an òigridh féin an lùth;
Ach mheud 's a dh' fheith ri Dia nan
gràs,
Tha slàinte dhoibhsan dlùth.
- 6 Le cosaibh lùthar siùbbhlaidh iad
San t-slighe dh' ionnsuidh glòir';
'S fàsaidh an neart mar thrìallas
iad,
'Nan giùlan diadhaidh còir.
- 7 Air sgiathaibh creidimh éiridh iad,
Mar iolair luath nan speur,
Os ceann an t-saoghail dhorchas so,
Gu Dia an àirde nèimh.

XXIII. Isaiah xlii. 1—13.

- 1 FEUCH m' òglach! feuch mo sheir-
cinn ghràidh
'S e àrdaicht' ann am neart;
Mo roghainn e do'n t-sluagh gu léir,
Dha thug mi spéis gu beachd.
- 2 Aisran gu saoiibhir tuirlingidh
Mo Spiorad naomha féin,
Chum anns na dùthchaibh ionmhallach
Mo bhreth gu'n cuir e 'n céill.
- 3 Séimh agus ciùin, gun gheilt no
buirb,
Bheir esan breth neo-chlaon;
Cha bhris e 'm feasd a' chuile tha
brùit',
'S cha mhùch e'n lasair chaol.
- 4 Gu lasair séidear leis an t-srad;
Do 'n lag bheir e làn-bhuaidh;
Feadh mhòr-thìr 's eilean sgaoilidh
Is géillidh dha gach sluagh. [eud;
- 5 So deir an Dia ghairm nèamh gu
'S a las na lèchraim iùil, [bith,
A thug do 'n duine spiorad glic,
'S a dhealbh gach uile dhùil:
- 6 'S tu m' Fhàidh, a ghairm 's a thog
mi suas!
Gach uair is leat mo neart;
O m' uile chumhachd gheibh thu
treòir [beart.
Gu d' chòmhnadh anns gach
- 7 Annadsa ni mi ris gach tìr
Coimhcheangal sìorruidh gràidh,

- 3 Art thou afraid his pow'r shall fail
When comes thy evil day?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 4 Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r
The Rock of ages stands;
Though him thou can'st not see, nor
The working of his hands. [trace
- 5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour.
His heav'nly aids impart.
- 6 Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.
- 7 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.
- 8 On eagles' wings they mount, they
soar,
Their wings are faith and love,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heav'n above.

XXIII. Isaiah xlii. 1—13.

- 1 BEHOLD my Servant! see him rise
Exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.
- 2 On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
My Spirit shall descend;
My truths and judgments he shall
show
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice,
No threats from him proceed;
The smoking flax he shall not
quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
The weak will not despise;
Judgment he shall bring forth to
And make the fallen rise. [truth,
- 5 The progress of his zeal and pow'r
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.
- 6 He who erected heav'n's bright arch,
And bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
And form'd the human soul,
- 7 Thus saith the Lord, Thee have I
My Prophet thee install; [rais'd,
In right I've rais'd thee, and in
strength
I'll succour whom I call.

- Thoir saorsa do na braighdibh leòint',
 'S do chinnich eòlas aigh.
 8 Na dorsa praise brisidh tu,
 'S na glasa làidir teann :
 Is solus aoibhinn agus saors'
 Bheir thu do 'n daor 's do 'n dall.
 9 'S mise Iehobhah ; 's e sin m' ainm
 Air feadh gach uile ial ;
 Mo ghlòir cha bhuin do dhealbhaibh faoin',
 'S mi léin a'm' aonar Dia.
 10 Feuch! choimhlionadh a nis gach ni
 Gheal mi o shean do'n t-saogh'l ;
 'S na nithe gheallar learn an tràs,
 Coimhlionar iad faraon.
 11 Canaibh do 'n Tighearn òran nuadh :
 Air 'ainm biodh luadh 's gach àit ;
 Feadh muir, is tir, is innse cian,
 Biodh moladh Dhia gu bràth.
 12 A chaithir mhòir ! is fhasaich fhaoir!
 Molaibh araon ar Dia ;
 'Sa mhachair thugaibh moladh dha,
 'S na bheil 'nur tàmh feadh shliabh.
 13 Seinnidh gach sluagh, gu h-aon-sgeulach,
 Ghlòir ion-mholt' Dhe bhith-bhuain ;
 'S do'n chaithream aoibhinn agus throm
 Co-shreagradh fonn is cuan !

XXIV. Isaiah xlix. 13—17.

- 1 A NEAMHA, togaibh luathghair ait ;
 A thalamh, binn-cheol seinn ;
 Ashléibhte, canaibh co-sheirm chiùil,
 'S gach dùil air feadh gach liun !
 2 Feuchaibh cia trócaireach ar Dia !
 Cluinnibh a bhriathra gràis ;
 Do'n anam thruagh bheir comh-fhurtachd,
 Is saors' o dhochann bàis.
 3 Sguiribh, an làithibh goirt 'ur claidh',
 D'ur caoidh 's d'urgearan cruaidh ;
 An saoil sibh nach toir Dia fa'near
 Staid gach aoin neach d'a shluagh?
 4 An diobair mathair cìochran maoth
 A òrrolaich, le h-an-ìochd?
 Nach maothaich osna 's deòir a cridh'
 'S nach gabh i truas d'a sliochd?
 5 Ach, arsa Dia, ged chaochail ìochd
 D'a gineil anns gach mnaoi,
 Mo ghaol is m'ìochd-sa do mo shluagh,
 Gun chaochladh mairidh chaoidh.

- 8 I will establish with the lands
 A covenant in thee,
 To give the Gentile nations light,
 And set the pris'ners free :
 9 Asunder burst the gates of brass ;
 The iron fetters fall ;
 And gladsome light and liberty
 Are straight restor'd to all.
 10 I am the Lord, and by the name
 Of great Jehovah known ;
 No idol shall usurp my praise,
 Nor mount into my throne.
 11 Lo ! former scenes predicted once,
 Conspicuous rise to view ;
 And future scenes predicted now,
 Shall be accomplish'd too.
 12 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains !
 Let earth his praise resound,
 Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
 And fill the isles around !
 13 O city of the Lord ! begin
 The universal song ;
 And let the scatter'd villages
 The cheerful notes prolong.
 14 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
 Lift up its lonely voice ;
 And let the tenants of the rock
 With accents rude rejoice ;
 15 Till 'midst the streams of distant lands
 The islands sound his praise ;
 And all combin'd, with one accord,
 Jehovah's glories raise.

XXIV. Isaiah xlix. 13—17.

- 1 YE heav'ns, send forth your song of praise !
 Earth, raise your voice below !
 Let hills and mountains join the hymn,
 And joy through nature flow.
 2 Behold how gracious is our God !
 Hear the consoling strains,
 In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
 And mitigates our pains.
 3 Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
 In sad dismay to mourn,
 As if the Lord could leave his saints
 Forsaken or forlorn.
 4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
 The infant whom she bore ?
 And can its plaintive cries be heard,
 Nor move compassion more ?
 5 She may forget : nature may fail
 A parent's heart to move ;
 But Sion on my heart shall dwell
 In everlasting love.

6 Domhain airdearnaibh mo dhàlàimh,
Ainm Shioin ghearr mi sìos ;
A balla briste càiridh mi,
'S a h-àrois togaidh ris.

XXV. Isaiah liii.

- 1 CIA tearc an dream, le creidimh beò
A ghabhas eòlas uainn ;
No mhothaicheas o'm fiosrach féin,
Mòr-chumbachd Dhé bhith-bhuain?
- 2 Tha Iosa teachd! gun ghreadhnachas,
A dh'fhoillseachadh cia dlùth :
Oir àille thalmhaidh air cha bhi,
No bheag do ioghnadh shùl.
- 3 Mar chinneas ann am fàsach thaoine
Luibh mhaoth, gun churam sluaigh ;
Mar sin, san t-saoghal aingidh so,
Dh'fhàs Crìosd fo ainneart suas.
- 4 Fo dhimeas is fo tharcuis dhaoine,
Feuch fear an àmhghair thruaigh!
Is bròn a' leantuinn ris gun chlos,
An taobh a bhos do'n uaigh.
- 5 Ach cha b'è féin, ach sinne thoill
Gach cràdh a rinn a leòn ;
Oir neòchiontach sheas e 'nar riochd,
'Sgu h-ìochdmhor ghabh air bròn.
- 6 Gidheadh mar dhroch dhuin' mheas-
adh e,
'S mar fhògharach o ghràs ;
Tràth dhèirt e 'fhuil air son an t-
sluaigh,
Fo osnaidh chruidh a' bhàis.
- 7 Le 'naomb-fhuil nigh e dhinn gu
glan,
Ar truaillidheachd 's ar lochd ;
Leighis a chreuchdan, 's shaor a
Gu bràth ar n-an'ma bochd. [bhàs
- 8 Chaidh daoine dall is ceannairceach
Air seachran truagh, mar threud:
Ach ghiulain Crìosd ar n-eusaontas,
Is dhiol ar n-uile bheud.
- 9 Fo bhuillibh trom' ar smachdachaidh
Feuch giulan caomh Mhic Dhé!
Mar uan gun lochd, a dh'ìmlicheas
An làmh le 'n casgrar e.
- 10 A neòchionta cò dh'fhoillsicheas !
'S e 'n cuibheirich chruidh an sàs?
Feuch dhiteadh e le samhladh
Is thugadh seach gu bàs. [reachd,
- 11 Le peacaich luidh e sìos san dus,
Na beartaich thug dha uaigh ; [e,
Marchaith e 'bheatha, chriochnaich
Gun chiont', air meud a thruaigh.
- 12 Mar so ge d' bhruthadh e le Dia,
Dh'èirich ar Triath a ris,
Oir iobairt iomlan 'aoin mhic féin
Dhiol ceartas Dé gu sìor :

6 Full in my sight, upon my hands
I have engrav'd her name :
My hands shall build her ruin'd walls,
And raise her broken frame.

XXV. Isaiah liii.

- 1 How few receive with cordial faith
The tidings which we bring ?
How few have seen the arm reveal'd
Of heav'n's eternal King ?
- 2 The Saviour comes! no outward
pomp
Bespeaks his presence nigh ;
No earthly beauty shines in him
To draw the carnal eye.
- 3 Fair as a beauteous tender flow'r
Amidst the desert grows,
So slighted by a rebel race
The heav'nly Saviour rose.
- 4 Rejected and despis'd of men,
Behold a man of woe!
Grief was his close companion still
Through all his life below.
- 5 Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
Ours were the woes he bore:
Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul,
With bitter anguish tore.
- 6 We held him as condemn'd by
Heav'n,
An outcast from his God,
While for our sins he groan'd, he
Beneath his Father's rod. [bled,
- 7 His sacred blood hath wash'd our
souls
From sin's polluted stain ;
His stripes have heal'd us, and his
Reviv'd our souls again. [death
- 8 We all, like sheep, had gone astray
In ruin's fatal road :
On him were our transgressions laid:
He bore the mighty load.
- 9 Wrong'd and oppress'd how meekly
In patient silence stood ! [he
Mute, as the peaceful harmless lamb,
When brought to shed its blood.
- 10 Who can his generation tell?
From prison see him led !
With impious show of law con-
demn'd,
And number'd with the dead.
- 11 'Midst sinners low in dust he lay ;
The rich a grave supplied :
Unspotted was his blameless life ;
Unstain'd by sin he died. [high,
- 12 Yet God shall raise his head on
Though thus he brought him low ;
His sacred off'ring, when complete,
Shall terminate his woe.

- 13 Oir, arsa Dia, làn shoirbhichidh
Mo thlachd 'na làmh gun cheisd;
Bidh 'ghineal lionmhor feadh gach
'S bidh inbhe mòr am feasd. [lìnn,
14 Bidh 'anam ait tràth dhearcas e
Air toradh pailt a phéin;
Is bheir na sloigh a shlànuich e,
Cliu sior d'an Slàn'ear treun.
15 Roinnidh e chreach le laochraibh
treun';
'S do 'n eug bheir gach aon nàmh;
Le ciontaich ge d' luidh' e san uaigh,
Dh'éirich le buaidh an àird.
16 Dh'fhuiling e dhioladh cionta
dhaoin'
A dh' fhaotainn sith' d'a shluagh;
'S mar charaid sior-bheò nis air
nèamh,
Tagraidh e 'n cùis gach uair.

XXVI. Isaiah lv.

- 1 O DHAOINE tartmhor! thigibh chum
Sruth pailt nan uisge beò;
An nasgaidh gheibh am bochd a
dhiol,
Gun aigiod is gun òr.
2 C' ar son a struidheas sibh 'ur maoin
Air nithibh faoin' nach biadh;
'S a chailleas sibh 'ur saoth'r gach là,
Mu ni nach sàsuich miann?
3 Gu deònach cromaibh riums' 'ur
cluas,
Ma 's àill leibh suaimhneas fìor;
Le m' theagasg bidh 'ur n-an'ma
Is gheibh sibh sòlas sior. [beò,
4 Eisidibh, is mairibh beò gu bràth!
Mo chùmhnannt gràsmhor 's leibh;
An tròcair a rinn Daibhidh ait,
Gun airc bheir mise dhuibh.
5 Mar fhianuis ròghnaich 's thog mi e,
Mar cheannard treun do m'
shluagh;
Gach fìne gairmidh e o chéin,
'S bheir iad fo 'bhrataich buaidh.
6 Feuch crìocha cian nach b'aithne
Is do nach b'aithne thu, [dhuìt,
Ard-fhàidh! a d'ionnsuidh cruinn-
ichidh,
'S do m' ainm-sa bheir iad cliu.
7 Grad-iarraibh Dia am feadh tha
'chluas
'Ga cromadh nuas r' ur glaoth;
'S 'nuair tha e tairgseadh dhuibh a
ghràis,
Gabhaibh ri 'shlàinte shaor.
8 Tréigeadh an t-aingidh 'shlighe
chlaon, [chridh',
'S an droch dhuin' smuain a

- 13 For, saith the Lord, my pleasure
then
Shall prosper in his hand;
His shall a num'rous offspring be,
And still his honours stand.
14 His soul, rejoicing, shall behold
The purchase of his pain;
And all the guilty whom he sav'd
Shall bless Messiah's reign.
15 He with the great shall share the
spoil,
And baffle all his foes:
Though, rank'd with sinners, here
he fell,
A conqueror he rose.
16 He died to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiv'n:
He lives to bless them and defend,
And plead their cause in heav'n.

XXVI. Isaiah lv.

- 1 HO! ye that thirst, approach the
Where living waters flow: [spring
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go.
2 How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and sub-
stance waste
On trifles light as air.
3 My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give:
Incline your ear, and come to me;
The soul that hears shall live.
4 With you a cov'nant I will make,
That ever shall endure;
The hope which gladden'd David's
heart
My mercy hath made sure.
5 Behold, he comes! your leader
comes,
With might and honour crown'd:
A witness who shall spread my name
To earth's remotest bound.
6 See! nations hasten to his call
From ev'ry distant shore;
Isles, yet unknown, shall bow to
him,
And Isr'el's God adore.
7 Seek ye the Lord while yet his ear
Is open to your call;
While offer'd mercy still is near,
Before his footstool fall.
8 Let sinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forego:
And God, when they to him re-
turn,
Returning grace will show.

Is pilleadh iad ri Dia gun dàil,
Is gheibh iad slàint' is sìth.

- 9 Oir Dia tha saoi bhir ann an iochd,
Is laghaidh e gach beud: [dhaoiu';
Cha'n ionnann nàdur dha 's do
A thròcair chaomh cha tréig.
10 Oir mar is àrd an speur, deir Dia,
Os ceann na talmhainn fhaoine,
'S co-àrd tha m' iùl 's mo smuainte-
Thar iùl is smuainte dhaoine'. [sa
11 Nuas silidh frasa sneachd is uisg',
'S cha phill a ris an àird,
An talmh gus an taisich iad
A ghiulan lòin 's gach àit.
12 Mar so aon ghuth a labhras mis'
Cha tig air ais gun bhuil; [dùil,
Mo ghairm gheibh éisdeachd o gach
Is bidh iad ùmh'l do m' thoil.
13 'N sin stiùrar dùthchan iompaichte,
Le h-aobhneas is le fois:
Na sléibhte seinnidh air gach taobh;
Buailidh gach craobh a bos.
14 An àite droighinn agus dris
Bidh ùr-chroinn uaine fas; [dùil,
Mar so sior-mhairidh; 's bheir gach
Ard-chliu do Dhia nan gràs.

XXVII. Isaiah lvii. 15, 16.

- 1 EISDIBH! gach neach air thalamh
Guth Dhé ro-àird is naoimh; [ta,
'S iad so a bhriathra trècaireach,
Fàth dòchais chloinn nan daoine'.
2 An àirde nèimh mo chaithir rìgh
O shiorruì'chd shocruich mis';
'S leam cliu nan aingeal feadh gach
linn,
'S gach buaidh ta iomlan leis.
3 Gidheadh o m' ionad còmhnuidh
shuas,
Seallaidh mi nuas a ghnàth,
Air luchd a' chridhe bhriste bhrùit',
'S 'nam bùthan ni mi tàmh:
4 A cheangal suas an spioraid bhrùit',
'S g'a thoirt o'n tìr a nìos;
'S a bheothachadh nan an'ma
Tha dol do'n uaigh a sìos. [truagh'
5 Na h-an'ma sin a dhealbh mi féin,
Gheibh tèaruinteachd fo m' ghràs;
Tagradh cha dean mi riu do shior,
Mun tuit iad sìos a'm' làth'r.

XXVIII. Isaiah lviii. 5—9.

- 1 FEUCH! ciod an trasg is àill le Dia,
An e bli cianail trom?
No sgeadaichte le samhladh bròin,
Is aghaidh leòinte chrom?
2 An ionmhuinn leamsa éididh bròin,
Deir Rìgh na glòir' e féin?

- 9 He pardons with o'erflowing love:
For, hear the voice divine!
My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are mine:
10 But 'far as heav'n's resplendent
Beyond earth's spot extend, [orbs
As far my thoughts, as far my ways,
Your ways and thoughts transcend.
11 And as the rains from heav'n distil,
Nor thither mount again,
But swell the earth with fruitful
And all its tribes sustain: [juice,
12 So not a word that flows from me
Shall ineffectual fall;
But universal nature prove
Obedient to my call.
13 With joy and peace shall then be
The glad converted lands; [led
The lofty mountains then shall sing,
The forests clap their hands.
14 Where briars grew 'midst barren
wolds,
Shall firs and myrtles spring;
And nature, through its utmost
bounds,
Eternal praises sing.

XXVII. Isaiah lvii. 15, 16.

- 1 THUS speaks the high and lofty
One;
Ye tribes of earth give ear;
The words of your Almighty King
With sacred reverence hear:
2 Amidst the majesty of heav'n
My throne is fix'd on high;
And through eternity I hear
The praises of the sky;
3 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble hallow'd cell;
And with the penitent who mourn
'Tis my delight to dwell;
4 The downcast spirit to revive,
The sad in soul to cheer;
And from the bed of dust the man
Of heart contrite to rear.
5 With me dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race;
The souls which I have form'd shall
find
A refuge in my grace.

XXVIII. Isaiah lviii. 5—9.

- 1 ATTEND, and mark the solemn fast
Which to the Lord is dear;
Disdain the false unhallow'd mask
Which vain dissemblers wear.
2 Do I delight in sorrow's dress?
Saith he who reigns above;

LAOIDH XXIX. XXX.

Le ceann air lùbadh, 's gnùis fo smal,
Am faigh sibh uamsa spéis?

- 3 Ri daoine truagh 'gan sàruchadh,
Cum baigh is cothrom maith;
'S do dhaoine bochd is an-shocrach
Gabh curam, 's a biodh ort rath.
- 4 Do'n dilleachd ocrach thoir do
bhiadh,
'S biodh d'fhardach fial gach uair
Do'n choigreach tha gun àite taimh,
'S do'n anrach dhìblidh through.
- 5 Còmhdaich an lònnochd, dìon am
Tog suas an tì fo leòn; [suar,
'S na druid do chridhe le h-an-ìochd
O neach air bith san fheòil.
- 6 An sin mar mhaduinn shoilleir
chiuin,
Bidh t'ùin' air thalamh bhos;
Air t'ùile shlighe dealraidh Dia,
'S o t' iarguin gheibh thu fois.

XXIX. Tuir. iii. 37—40.

- 1 AM measg nan cumhachdach cò 'n
A bheir gu crìch na 's àill? [ti
Nach 'eil gach nì sa' chruinne-ché,
Fo ordugh Dhé a mhàin:
- 2 'S esan a nì ar n-aobhneas mòr,
No bheir dhuinn bròn fa seach:
'S i 'lànna dhealbha an solus iùil,
'S do dhuibh-neòil thug an dreach.
- 3 Cìod uim' an gearain duine beò,
'Ga leòn fo smachdach' Dhé?
A chum a leas tha Dia 'ga chlaoidh
Gu thoirt d'a ionnsuidh féin.
- 4 O dhaoine! rannsaichibh gu geur,
Gach ceum d'ur slighe chlaoin;
'S pillibh o 'r seachranaibh gu Dia,
'Thaobh meud a thèid air chaoìn.

XXX. Hosea vi. 1—4.

- 1 THIGIBH, is rachamaid gu Dia,
Le cridhe tiamhaidh bròin;
Ge d' pheacaich sinn, nì esan ìochd
Air an'maibh briste leòint'.
- 2 Air 'iarrtus dùisgidh 'n doinnionn
gharbh,
Is fàsaidh balbh a ris;
Is ged tha 'ghairdean treun gu sgrios,
Tha e co treun g'ar dìon.
- 3 B'fhada 's bu chian ar n-oidhche
bhròin,
Bheir teachd an lò dhuinn gean;
Oir thig ar Dia is fògraidh e
Gach dòlas ruinn a lean.
- 4 'N sin gheibh sinn eòlas air a ghràdh,
Ma thig sinn dhasan dlùth;
Bidh 'ghnùis mar ghrein na maidne
'S a ghuth mar inneal-ciùil.[gloin'.

PARAPH. XXIX. XXX. 187

The hanging head and rueful look,
Will they attract my love?

- 3 Let such as feel oppression's load
Thy tender pity share:
And let the helpless, homeless poor,
Be thy peculiar care.
- 4 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
With thy abundance blest;
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.
- 5 Let him who pines with piercing
cold
By thee be warm'd and clad;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.
- 6 Then, bright as morning, shall come
forth,
In peace and joy, thy days;
And glory from the Lord above
Shall shine on all thy ways.

XXIX. Lament. iii. 37—40.

- 1 AMIDST the mighty, where is he
Who saith, and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeful life
Is from the Lord alone.
- 2 He gives in gladsome bow'rs to dwell,
Or clothes in sorrow's shroud;
His hand hath form'd the light, his
hand
Hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.
- 3 Why should a living man complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod?
Our sins afflict us; and the cross
Must bring us back to God.
- 4 O sons of men! with anxious care
Your hearts and ways explore;
Return from paths of vice to God:
Return, and sin no more!

XXX. Hosea vi. 1—4.

- 1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest
And stills the stormy wave; [forth,
And though his arm be strong to
smite,
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Long hath the night of sorrow
reign'd;
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.
- 4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

- 5 Mar dhrùchd air bharr nan luibhean
maoth,
'S iad air gach taobh fo bhlàth;
No mar na frasan thig a nuas
Air fearann cruaidh is fàs;
6 Mar sin ni dealradh gnùis ar Dé
Ar n-an'ma aoibhinn ait:
Fògraidh e duibhre 's doilghios uainn,
Is ni sinu uail gun airc.

XXXI. Micah vi. 6—9.

- 1 CIA leis a thig mi 'm fianuis Dhia,
Ard-thriath a' chruinne-ché!
No ciod an iobairt bheir mi dha,
Chum e bhi ghnàth rium réidh?
2 An toilich mile iobairt-loisgt',
Le'm boltrach tùis an Triath?
Deich mile sruthan olaidh 'n leòr,
'S gach ainmhidh beò san t-sliabh?
3 Mur leòr, an gabh e mo cheud-
ghin,
An riochd mo bheatha féin;
Toradh mo chuirp an éiric m'an'm'
Chum bhi 's gach àm rium réidh?
4 Cha'n fhoghainn so; is aobhar
gràin
Le Dia gach cràbhadh saoi;
'Na fhocal leig e ris a rùn,
A stiùradh chloinn nan daoin'.
5 O dhuine! so na dh'iarr e ort:
Dean ceartas, miannaich iochd;
Gu h-umhal gluais an làth'r do
Dhia,
Is dean a riar gu glic.

XXXII. Habac. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 CHAOIDH ged nach toir craun fige
blàth,
'S nach fàs air fion-chrann meas;
Saoth'r a' chroinn-olaidh ged a thréig,
'S fàs dèis' gun bhi air slios;
2 Gach treud o'n mhainnir ged a bhuail
Grad fhuathas 'nuair nach saoil;
Greigh ged nach fàg an t-Earrach
No bò air uachdar raoin; [cruaidh;
3 Gidheadh san Triath bidh mise ait,
Is ni mi uail 'na ghràdh;
Mòr aoibhneas ni mi ann am Dhia;
'S e Dia mo shlàint' gu bràth.
4 Bheir Dia dhomh neart chum ruith
gu dian
Mar fhiadh air fireach àrd:
Is bheir e mi gu riogh'chd na glòir',
Fo sheòla caomh a ghràis.
5 'Se Dia mo stòr, mo bheatha, 's m'iùl
O 'n tig mo luth 's mo threis;
Gainne no gort', beatha, no bàs,
Cha sgar o 'ghràdh mi 'm feasd.

- 5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:
6 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase
away
The sorrows of the night.

XXXI. Micah vi. 6—9.

- 1 THUS speaks the heathen: How shall
The Pow'r Supreme adore? [man
With what accepted off'rings come
His mercy to implore?
2 Shall clouds of incense to the skies
With grateful odour speed?
Or victims from a thousand hills
Upon the altar bleed?
3 Does justice nobler blood demand
To save the sinner's life?
Shall, trembling, in his offspring's
The father plunge the knife? [side
4 No: God rejects the bloody rites
Which blindfold zeal began;
His oracles of truth proclaim
The message brought to man.
5 He what is good hath clearly shown,
O favour'd race! to thee;
And what doth God require of those
Who bend to him the knee?
6 Thy deeds, let sacred justice rule;
Thy heart, let mercy fill;
And, walking humbly with thy God,
To him resign thy will.

XXXII. Habak. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 WHAT though no flow'rs the fig-
tree clothe,
Tho' vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply?
2 Though from the fold, with sad sur-
prise
My flock cut off I see:
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be?
3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.
4 He to my tardy feet shall lend
The swiftness of the roe;
Till, rais'd on high, I safely dwell
Beyond the reach of woe.
5 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

- 1 ATHAIR gach dùil a bhos is shuas !
D'an dual gach cliu is gloir ;
A'd làthair strìochdaidh sinne sìos,
Gu h-ìosal mar is còir.
- 2 T'ainm naomhaichear 's na h-uile àit,
Is aoradh dha gach slògh ;
Craobh-sgaoil do Shoisgeul, 's thoir
dha buaidh,
Is luathaich riogh'chd na glòir'.
- 3 Deanadh gach dùil air thalamh bhos,
Do thoil mar ainglibh nèimh ;
Dhi gèilleadh iad le cridhe ait,
'S le giulan macant' sèimh ;
- 4 Ar n-aran làthail deònuich dhuinn,
Is cridhe taingeil leis ;
Is ciod air bith is cuibhrionn duinn,
Do bheannachd biodh 'na chois.
- 5 Maith dhuinn ar fiacha trom, a Dhé,
A réir mar mhaithear leinn,
D'ar feichnibh fein an euceartan,
'S gach beum a thug iad dhuinn.
- 6 Na leig am buaireadh sinn, a Dhé,
Ach gléidh sinn o gach lochd ;
Oir rioghachd, cumhachd, 's glòir
gun chrìch
'S leat nis 's a ris gu beachd.

- 1 BUIDHEACHAS follaiseach thug
Criosd,
D'a Athair féin, ag ràdh,
Sior-bheannaicht' bi-sa, Dhia nam
O linn gu linn gu bràth ! [feart,
- 2 'S tu chéil air daoineibh saogh'ta glic
Dearbh-fhìrinn shlàinteil nèimh,
Gidheadh a thaisbein soilleir i
Do leanbaibh ùmhal sèimh.
- 3 'Si so do thoil-sa, Athair chaoimh !
'S do naomhreachd seasmhach
buan :
Na iarradh aingle naomh' no daoine'
Làn-fhios an aobhair uainn.
- 4 Gach uile chumbachd dhomhs' thug
Dha mhàin is fios mo ghnè : [Dia,
Is dhomh-sa mhàin a ghnè-san 's eòl,
'S do'n dream d'an seòl mi e.
- 5 O sibhse ta le uallach trom
An uile 's an eagail ledint',
Thigibh a m'ionnsuidh-sa, is gheibh
Bhur n-anama fois is treòir.
- 6 Le cridhe ùmhal togarach
Mo chuing-sa togaibh oirbh :
Do m' cheaunsal géillibh, is do m'
reachd,
Gu beachd cha'n 'eil e doirbh.

- 1 FATHER of all ! we bow to thee !
Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd ;
But present still through all thy
The universal Lord. [works,
- 2 For ever hallow'd be thy name
By all beneath the skies ;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 A grateful homage may we yield,
With hearts resign'd to thee ;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.
- 4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still :
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.
- 5 Our sins before thee we confess ;
O may they be forgiv'n !
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from Heav'n.
- 6 Still let thy grace our life direct ;
From evil guard our way ;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.
- 7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom
All glory's due to thee : [thine:
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

- 1 THUS spoke the Saviour of the
world,
And rais'd his eyes to heav'n :
To thee, O Father ! Lord of all,
Eternal praise be giv'n.
- 2 Thou to the pure and lowly heart
Hast heav'nly truth reveal'd ;
Which from the self-conceited mind
Thy wisdom hath conceal'd.
- 3 Ev'n so, thou, Father, hast ordain'd
Thy high decree to stand ;
Nor men nor angels may presume
The reason to demand.
- 4 Thou only know'st the Son : from
thee
My kingdom I receive ;
And none the Father know but they
Who in the Son believe.
- 5 Come then to me, all ye who groan
With guilt and fears oppress ;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.
- 6 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
The meek and lowly mind ;
And thus your weary troubled
souls
Repose and peace shall find.

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- 7 Oir caomh tha mise agus sèimh,
'S cha dean mo chuing 'ur cràdh :
Foghlumaibh uam, 's 'ur n-an'ma
sgith
Fois shiorruidh gheibh is àgh.

XXXV. Mat. xxvi. 26—29.

- 1 SAN oidhche san do bhrathadh Ios',
'S e réidh gu 'bheatha leigeadh sìos,
Ghlac e aran, is bheannaich e,
Toirt buidheachais do Rìgh nan
nèamh.
2 'N sin thubhairt e r' a chàirdibh
gaoil,
('S e briseadh 'n t-samhlaidh sin air
'fheoil.)
Glacaibh, ithibh ; uaith so gu bràth,
Air chuimhne gleidhibh là mo bhàis.
3 Ghlac e an cupan fòs 'na làimh,
Is thog e ris a ghuth an àird,
Tràth labhair e le briathraibh sìth',
Is teas-ghràdh lasadh suas 'na
chrìdh'.
4 M' fhuil, amhuil so, bheir mise seach,
Mar éiric an'm' air son gach neach ;
So seula cùmhnaint slàint' is gràis',
Cruaidh-naisgte leamsa ann am
bhàs.
5 Làn-luchdaichte le gràdh do dhaoin',
Tha 'n cupan so, 's an ioc-shlàint'
saor ;
Gabhaibh dheth uile, 's bithibh beò ;
Bibh cuimhneach orms' thug suas an
deò.

XXXV. *Air Sheol Eile.*

- 1 SAN oidhch' an d' éirich gach aon
nàmh
'N aghaidh Slànuighear dhaoin',
Ghlac e, 's e réidh gu dol gu bàs,
Aran 'na làmhaibh naomh'.
2 'S air toirt da buidheachais do Dhia,
Tha riaghladh talamh 's nèimh,
An t-aran bhris, mar shamhl' air
Is thuirt gu foil r'a threud ; ['fheoil,
3 Mo chorp-sa briste, amhuil so,
Feuch bheir mi dhuibh gu saor ;
Oir air 'ur sonsa bhriseadh e,
'S air son a' chinne-daoin'.
4 Glacaibh is ithibh, uime sin,
Is cuimhnichibh mo bhàs,
Gach uair a ni sibh 'n obair cheudn'
'Na dhéigh so, gu là bhràth.

XXXVI. Luc. i. 46—56.

- 1 NI m'anam uail is gairdeachas
An Dia mo shlàinte caoimh ;
Oir thog a mhaithreas Inilt suas
O m'ìnbhe shuaraich fhaoin.

PARAPH. XXXV. XXXVI.

- 7 For light and gentle is my yoke ;
The burden I impose
Shall ease the heart, which groan'd
before
Beneath a load of woes.

XXXV. Matth. xxvi. 26—29.

- 1 'Twas on that night, when doom'd
to know
The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread :
2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n
To him that rules in earth and
heav'n,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his foll'wers spoke :
3 My broken body thus I give
For you, for all ; take, eat, and live ;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view.
4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
And God anew he thank'd and
prais'd ;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd :
5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And Heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.
6 With love to man this cup is fraught ;
Let all partake the sacred draught :
Through latest ages let it pour,
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

Second Version, continued.

- 5 Ghlac e an sin 'na làimh an cup',
'S thug buidheachas faraoan,
Bha 'chrìdhe laiste le teas-ghràdh,
Shruth slàint' o 'bhilibh caoin.
6 Feuch amhuil so bheir mise m'fhuil,
Gu'r tèarn' o ghuin a' bhàis ;
Gabhadh gach neach ; tha 'n ioc-
shlàint saor
Do gach uil' aon le'n àill.
7 Air feadh gach linn sior-chuimhnich-
ibh,
Mòr-shaoibhreas m'ìochd 's mo
ghràis,
So seul a' cùmhnaint ni mi
ruibh,
Is cuimhneachan mo bhàis.

XXXVI. Luke i. 46—56.

- 1 MY soul and spirit, fill'd with joy,
My God and Saviour praise,
Whose goodness did from poor estate
His humble handmaid raise.

LAOIDH XXXVII. XXXVIII.

- 2 Canar mi sona leis gach linn,
Oir rinn mo Dhia orm iochd,
Is naomha 'ainm, 's is buan a ghràs,
Nis is gach tràth gu beachd.
- 3 Feuch, dh'fhoillsich Dia a ghairdean
treun,
An t-uabhbreach thréig e tur,
Luchd-àrdain thilg o'n caithir-rìgh,
'S an t-ìosal thog o'n dus.
- 4 An t-ocrach shàsuich e le lòn,
An saobhair leòn le gort',
Ri luchd an àilghios chuir e cùl,
Is thug a rùn do'n bhochd.
- 5 Chuimhnich e 'thròcair is a ghràs
Do Iacob òglach fèin,
Is thug e cabhair, mar a gheall,
San aimsir fad o chéin.

XXXVII. Luc. ii. 8—15.

- 1 AIR blith do bhuachaillibh le chéil'
A' faireadh treud san oidhch',
Thaisbeanadh aingeal doibh o nèamh,
'S am magh lion e le soills'.
- 2 Bu mhòr an oillt', ach thuir e riu,
Na gabhaibh geilt no sgàth,
Oir sgeul ro-ait tha agam dhuibh,
Is do gach linn gu bràth.
- 3 'N diugh rugadh dhuibh am baile 'n
Rìgh
An Slànuighear, seadh Criosd,
Feuch, cluinuibh uam-sa comhara,
Le 'm mothaich sibh gur fìor :
- 4 An naoidhean nàmhaidh gheibh
sibh 'n sin,
Follais do rosgaibh dhaoin',
'Se paisgt' an trusgan an-uasal,
'S na luidh' am prasaich fhaoin.
- 5 Iabhair an seraph so, 's air ball
Bha 'm magh do ainglibh làn,
A' seinn gu binn do Dhia na sìth',
'S b' e so bu bhrìgh d'an dàn :
- 6 Gach glòir do Dhia sna nàmhaidh
Sìth bhuan air thalamh ta : [shuas,
Nochd Dia 'dheadh-thoil do'n chinne-
dhaoin'
'S cha traogh am feasd a ghràdh.

XXXVIII. Luc. ii. 25—33.

- 1 DO Shimeon an duine naomh
Dh'innseadh le Spiorad Dhia,
Gu faiceadh e roimh uair a bhàis,
An Slàn'ear, Criosd an Triath.
- 2 An gealladh solasach so dh'fheith
An naomh o là gu là ;
Is cha do mhealladh e 'na dhùil,
Choimhlionadh chùis 'na tràth.
- 3 'Nuair thugadh Iosa réir an lagh'
A stigh do 'n teampull naomh,

PARAPH. XXXVII. XXXVIII. 191

- 2 Me bless'd of God, the God of might,
All ages shall proclaim :
From age to age his mercy lasts,
And holy is his name.
- 3 Strength with his arm th' Almighty
show'd ;
The proud his looks abas'd ;
He cast the mighty to the ground,
The meek to honour rais'd.
- 4 The hungry with good things were
The rich with hunger pin'd : [fill'd,
He sent his servant Isr'el belp,
And call'd his love to mind ;
- 5 Which to our fathers' ancient race
His promise did ensure,
To Abrah'm and his chosen seed,
For ever to endure.

XXXVII. Luke ii. 8—15.

- 1 WHILE humble shepherds watch'd
their flocks
In Bethleh'm's plains by night,
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,
And fill'd the plains with light.
- 2 Fear not, he said, (for sudden dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind ;)
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 The heav'nly Babe you there shall
find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling-bands,
And in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forth-
with
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God ; and thus
Address'd their joyful song :
- 6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ; [men,
Good-will is shown by Heav'n to
And never more shall cease.

XXXVIII. Luke ii. 25—33.

- 1 JUST and devout old Simeon liv'd ;
To him it was reveal'd,
That Christ, the Lord, his eyes should
Ere death his eyelids seal'd. [see
- 2 For this consoling gift of Heav'n
To Isr'el's fallen state,
From year to year with patient hope
The aged saint did wait.
- 3 Nor did he wait in vain ; for, lo !
Revolving years brought round,

- Do Shimeon dh'fhoillsicheadh cò e,
Le Spiorad nèimh gu saor.
- 4 'Na ghairdean aosda ghlac an naomh
An naoidhean, 's thug e cliu
Do Dhia, 's e seinn le aoibhneas àrd,
'S le gairdeachas 'na ghnùis:
- 5 Nis leig do t'òglach triall an sìth
Chum siorruidheachd mar gheall;
O'n chunnaic mi do shlàint', a
Thriath,
Mo thriall na bitheadh mall.
- 6 Na làmhnan so, a ghlac mo Rìgh,
Na glacadh ni 'na dhéigh;
'S na sùilean so a chunnaic Crìosd,
Na faiceadh ni fo'n ghréin.
- 7 Tha'n t-slàinte gheall thu dhuinn
o shean
'S a cho gheall thu faraon,
A' dearbhadh dhuinn gur fìor do
ghràdh
Gu bràth do'n chinne-daoin'.
- 8 So Grian an aigh le'm tògrar
duibhr'
A' Gheintilich gun iùl,
Is anns an cuir do theaghlach
taght'
Clann Israeil an dùil.

XXXIX. Luc. iv. 18, 19.

- 1 CLUINNIBH sgeul ait: Tha Ios' air
teachd
Ri'n robh o shean ar dùil!
Lìonar gach crìdh' le gairdeachas,
Seinnear gu bràth a cliu.
- 2 Tha'n Spiorad dhoirteadh air gu
Ri fhaicinn anns gach ni: [pailt,
Tha gliocas, cumhachd, eud, is
gràdh,
Dealrach 'na uile ghnìomh.
- 3 Le 'theachd, làn shaorar braighde
truagh'
Bh'aig Satan fo chruidh-ghlais;
Oir sgaoilidh e gach cuibhreach
Is sgealbaidh dorsa prais.[theann,
- 4 Le 'theachd, neul cionta thèid air
chùl,
'S thig fradharc iùil do'n dall;
Clàisteachd do 'n bhodhar, 's cainnt
do'n bhalbh,
'S do'n bhacach lùth nam ball.
- 5 Le 'theachd, gheibh bochd is uireas'-
Làn-diòl do shaoibhreas gràis;[ach

- In season due, the happy day,
Which all his wishes crown'd.
- 4 When Jesus, to the temple brought
By Mary's pious care,
As Heav'n's appointed rites requir'd,
To God was offered there,
- 5 Simeon into those holy courts
A heav'nly impulse drew;
He saw the Virgin hold her Son,
And straight his Lord he knew.
- 6 With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smil'd;
Then fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the promis'd child:
- 7 And while he held the heav'n-born
Ordain'd to bless mankind, [Babe,
Thus spoke, with earnest look, and
Exulting, yet resign'd: [heart
- 8 Now, Lord! according to thy word,
Let me in peace depart;
Mine eyes have thy salvation seen,
And gladness fills my heart.
- 9 At length my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace.
- 10 This great salvation, long prepar'd,
And now disclos'd to view,
Hath prov'd thy love was constant
And promises were true. [still,
- 11 That Sun I now behold, whose light
Shall heathen darkness chase,
And rays of brightest glory pour
Around thy chosen race.

XXXIX. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,
And ev'ry voice be song!
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely shed,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and
His holy breast inspire. [love,
- 3 He comes! the pris'ners to relieve,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes! from dark'ning scales of
vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.
- 5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

- An cridhe briste ceanglar suas,
An t-anam truagh bidh slàn.
- 6 Thàinig là-saoraidh ait o'r Dia,
'S maithear ar fiacha dhuinn :
Oir choimhlion Dia a ghealladh mòr,
Is bidh e 'n còmhuidh leinn.
- 7 Hosana ait do Rìgh na sìth' !
O so a mach gu bràth ;
Co-shreagradh nèamh, is muir, is tìr,
Le co-sheirm shiorruidh dha.

XL. Luc. xv. 13—25.

- 1 LE misg is mì-bheus 'nuair a chaith
An struidhear truagh a mhaoin,
'S e 'g iarraidh lóin am measg nam
muc,
Do phlaosgaibh falamh faoin'.
- 2 Ged bhàsaichinn, thuir e, le gort',
Am fearann coigreach céin,
An teaghlach m' Athar gheibh gach
Na 's àill le 'chridhe féin. [tràill
- 3 Nis pillidh, 's tuitidh mi a sìos
An làthair m' Athar chaoimh ;
Och ! pheacaich is cha'n airidh mi,
Air t'iochd-sa no iochd nèimh.
- 4 Ag ràdh so, gu tigh 'Athar phill,
Le inntinn thuirseach throm ;
Tràth chunnaic 'Athair e fad as,
Las tlus is iochd 'na chom.
- 5 Ghrad-ruith 'an chòdhail, 's thug e
Le furan m' d'a mhac ; [pòg,
Is b'aithreach leis an struidhear
thruagh
Gu'n d'thug e fuath d'a smachd.
- 6 Och ! pheacaich, is cha'n airidh mi,
Air t'iochd-sa no iochd nèimh ;
Dean mi a'm' sheirbhiseach a mhàin,
O Athair chàirdeil chaoimh !
- 7 Thugaibh a mach, ars' 'Athair ait,
A' chulaidh thaghta dha ;
'S gach iochd is urram dìolamaid
Do'n iompachan gun dàil :
- 8 Oir bha e marbh, is tha e beò ;
Caillte, 's fadheòidh air sgeul ;
Biodh gairdeachas oirn uime sin,
'S biodh so 'na làtha feill'.
- 9 Mar sin bidh gairdeachas air nèamh,
Tràth thèarnar peacach baoh ;
Le pilleadh dha le h-aithreachas
Gu 'Athair iochdmhor caomh.

XLI. Eoin iii. 14—19.

- 1 'NUAIR thogadh suas an nathair
phrais
Le Maois, san fhàsach chruaidh,
Dhearc oirre 'n dream bha dlùth
do'n bhàs,
Is shlànuicheadh an sluagh ;

- 6 The sacred year has now revolv'd,
Accepted of the Lord,
When Heav'n's high promise is fulfil'd,
And Isr'el is restor'd.
- 7 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of
Peace !
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heav'n's exalted arches ring
With thy most honour'd name.

XL. Luke xv. 13—25.

- 1 THE wretched prodigal behold
In mis'ry lying low,
Whom vice had sunk from high estate,
And plung'd in want and woe.
- 2 While I, despis'd and scorn'd, he
cries,
Starve in a foreign land,
The meanest in my father's house
Is fed with bounteous hand :
- 3 I'll go, and with a mourning voice,
Fall down before his face :
Father ! I've sinn'd 'gainst Heav'n
and thee,
Nor can deserve thy grace.
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love :
The father sees him from afar,
And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son :
The grieving prodigal bewail'd
The follies he had done.
- 6 No more, my father, can I hope
To find paternal grace ;
My utmost wish is to obtain
A servant's humble place.
- 7 Bring forth the fairest robe for him,
The joyful father said ;
To him each mark of grace be
And ev'ry honour paid : [shown,
- 8 A day of feasting I ordain ;
Let mirth and song abound :
My son was dead, and lives again !
Was lost, and now is found .
- 9 Thus joy abounds in paradise
Among the hosts of heav'n,
Soon as the sinner quits his sins,
Repents, and is forgiv'n.

XLI. John iii. 14—19.

- 1 AS when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded look'd, and straight
were cur'd,
The people ceas'd to die :

- 2 Mar so tha Criosd air àrdachadh,
Gu slàinte thabhairt duinn;
Seallaidh na slòigh chaidh lot an
Is slànuichear gach tiunn. [àird,
- 3 Cia an-mhor tròcair Dhia nan gràs:
Cia pailt a ghràdh is 'iochd
A thug a miac mar iobairt suas,
A dh'fhulang truaigh 'nar riochd!
- 4 Cha'n ann a dhiteadh cloinn nan
A thàinig Criosd o nèamh; [daoin'
Geur-lann gu sgrios cha robh 'na
No bagradh bàis 'na bheul. [laimh,
- 5 Le creidimh slàinteil géillibh-sa,
A luchd mi-bheus, d'a reachd;
Is bheir e tèarnint' sibh an sith,
G'a riogh'chd a ta ri teachd.
- 6 Ach leanaidh dioghaltas gu luath
An sluagh nach géill 'na thràth,
An dream ni dìmeas air Mac Dhé,
'S nach éisd ri tairgs' a ghràis.

XLII. Eoin xiv. 1—7.

- 1 UAIBH fògraibh eagal 's iomgain
cridh',
'S na biodh 'ur dòchas fann;
Earbaibh á freasdal Dé a ghnath,
'S a' m' ghradh-sa gach aon àm.
- 2 Gu àros m' Athar pillidh mi,
Ann 's lionmhor ionad tàimh:
'S is dealrach glóir na rioghachd siu,
'Ga lionadh air gach làimh.
- 3 Mur biodh na nithe so mar so,
Dhuibh dh'innsinn sin o thus;
Cha mheallainn sibh le dòchas baoth,
No muinghinn shaoil mu'n chùis.
- 4 Roimhibh théid mise chum, 'nur
n-ainm,
Gu'n gabhainn sealbh air nèamh;
'S gu'n ulluichinn a'm' rioghachd
Gu siorruidh àite tàimh. [dhuibh]
- 5 Ach pillidh mi air m'ais a ris,
Is bheir mi sibhs leam;
An sin cha dealaich sinn ni 's mò,
'S cha bhi sibh brònach trom.
- 6 A' bheatha, 'n fhirinn, is an ròd
A threòraicheas gu nèamh,
Is mise sin; 's na leanas mi,
Gu sonas bheir mi iad.

XLIII. Eoin xiv. 25—28.

- 1 MO ghuth cha chluinn sibh tuille-
adh nis,
Ghairm m' Athair mi chum nèin, h,
O'n tig an Comhfhurtair gun dàil,
An Spiorad gràsmhor naomh.
- 2 A'm' ainm-sa cuiridh 'n t-Athair e,
A dheanamh dhuibh an iùil;
A thoirt na chuala sibh 'nur cuimh'n',
S a dh'fhoillseachadh gach cùis'.

- 2 So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows:
Who looks to him with lively faith
Is sav'd from endless woes.
- 3 For God gave up his Son to death,
So gen'rous was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.
- 4 Not to condemn the sons of men
The Son of God appear'd;
No weapons in his hand are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard:
- 5 He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore;
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
And bids us fear no more.
- 6 But vengeance just for ever lies
On all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
And scorn his offer'd grace.

XLII. John xiv. 1—7.

- 1 LET not your hearts with anxious
thoughts
Be troubled or dismay'd;
But trust in Providence divine,
And trust my gracious aid.
- 2 I to my Father's house return;
There num'rous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land.
- 3 I go, your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare;
Regions unknown are safe to you,
When I, your friend, am there.
- 4 Thence shall I come, when ages
close,
To take you home with me;
There we shall meet to part no
more,
And still together be.
- 5 I am the way, the truth, the life:
No son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
Shall see my Father's face.

XLIII. John xiv. 25—28.

- 1 YOU now must hear my voice no
more;
My Father calls me home;
But soon from heav'n the Holy
Ghost,
Your Comforter, shall come.
- 2 That heav'nly Teacher, sent from
God,
Shall your whole soul inspire;

- 3 Mo shìth mar bheannachd dealach-
aidh,
'S mar dhilib gheibh sibh 'n tràs ;
Mo shìth bheir dhuibh làn-chomh-
'Nur beatha is 'nur bàs. [fhurtachd,
4 A réir droch nòis an t-saoghail
chlaoin,
Cha mheall mi sibh gun cheisd ;
Is gealladh, gun a choimhlionadh
Cha toir mi dhuibh am feasd.
5 A'd' ghealladh, Thriath, nì sinne
Ré fad ar turuis fhaoìn ; [bun,
'S ar n-earbsa làidir bidh a'd' ghràdh,
Rì fagail dhuinn an t-saogh'l.

XLIV. Eoin xix. 30.

- 1 FEUCH ! Iosa ceusda air a' chrann !
'S a cheann a' lùbadh nuas ;
'Fhuil chraobhach o gach creuchd a'
ruith,
Is cruitheachd bàis 'na ghruaidh.
2 Tha'n obair crìochnaicht,—Labhair
'S e tiomn' a spioraid suas ; [e,
Lùb e a cheann 's cha d'fhuiling e
Gnè tuilleadh péin no truaigh'.
3 Tha'n obair crìochnaicht,—Bhàsaich
Air son a' chinne-daoin' ; Criosd
Làn-fhuasgladh thug e dhuinn o'n
bhàs ;
O chumhachd Shataìn shaor.
4 Tha'n obair crìochnaicht,—Sguir a
leòn :
Le 'bhròn, le 'shaoth'r, 's le 'fhuil
Làn-cheannsaich e gach uile nàmh,
Is chreach e iad gu tur.
5 Tha'n obair crìochnaicht,—'S linn an
Lagh'
Do linn an t Soisgeil ghéill :
Seann nithe chaidh a nis air chùl,
'S tha 'n saoghal ùr gu léir.

XLV. Rom. ii. 4—8.

- 1 O DHAOINE daoì ! an dean sibh tàir
Air gràs is foighid Dhia ?
'S an dean sibh fànoid air a neart ?
An gleachd sibh ris, gun chiall ?
2 A chionn gu bheil a thròcair pailt,
Is 'fhoighidinn cho buan,
Am meudaich sibh 'ur seacharain,
'S am peacaich sibh gach uair ?
3 A ghin mhi-thaingeil ! nach ro-mhò
Bu chòir do mhaithreas Dé, [ais,
Do stiùradh dh'ionnsuidh aithreach-
'S do tharruing thuige fèin ?
4 Am fearr leat corruich chur air Dia,
'S an Triath bhì dhuit 'na nàmh,
Is ionnhas feirge tha sgaidh suas,
Nì truaigh thu là a' bhràth ?

- Your minds shall fill with sacred
truth,
Your hearts with sacred fire.
3 Peace is the gift I leave with you ;
My peace to you bequeath ;
Peace that shall comfort you through
life,
And cheer your souls in death.
4 I give not as the world bestows,
With promise false and vain ;
Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound
the heart
In which my words remain.

XLIV. John xix. 30.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe !
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow !
2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his
cheek
And trembling lips were spread ;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head !
3 'Tis finish'd—was his latest voice ;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the
And suffer'd pain no more. [ghost,
4 'Tis finish'd—The Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own ;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's pow'r o'erthrown.
5 'Tis finish'd—All his groans are past ;
His blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crown'd him with their spoils.
6 'Tis finish'd—Legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run ;
All old things now are past away,
And a new world begun.

XLV. Romans ii. 4—8.

- 1 UNGRATEFUL sinners ! whence this
scorn
Of God's long-suff'ring grace ?
And whence this madness that in-
Th' Almighty to his face ? [sults
2 Is it because his patience waits,
And pitying bowels move,
You multiply transgressions more,
And scorn his offer'd love ?
3 Dost thou not know, self-blinded
His goodness is design'd [man !
To wake repentance in thy soul,
And melt thy harden'd mind ?
4 And wilt thou rather choose to meet
Th' Almighty as thy foe,
And treasure up his wrath in store
Against the day of woe ?

- 5 An là sin 's dlùth, le 'dhioghaltas,
'S do bhinne ni e teann;
Thig fearg is claidh ort air gach
làimh,
Gun neach gu d' thèarnadh ann.
6 Ach iadsan uil' thug géill do'n Triath,
'S a ghluais gu diadhaidh naomh,
Gheibh crùn na beatha mar an duais
Bhith-bhuain, fad saogh'l nan
saogh'l.

XLVI. Rom. iii. 19—22.

- 1 CIA diombain earbsa chloinn nan
A' saoth'r an làmh'a féin? [daoin'
O nàdur truailidh ceannairceach
Cha sruth ach ole 's mi-bheus.
2 Biodh Iudhaich 's Geintilich 'nan
Gun fhocal as am beul; [tosd,
'S na deanadh duin' air bith do'n
Aon uaill am fianuis Dé. [t-sluagh
3 An gràs a nì dhinn fireana,
Cha toill ar gnìomh'ra féin;
Oir d'itidh 'n Lagh gach duine beò
Gu bròn bith-bhuan is péin.
4 Iosa! tràth dh'earbas sinn á t'ainm,
Cia luachmhor dhuinn do ghras!
Do ghràs a bheir dhuinn fireant-
achd,
'S do'r n-anam dìon gu bràth.

XLVII. Rom. vi. 1—7.

- 1 'SAM buanaich sinn gu dân 'nar
ciont',
Bhrìgh saoihbheis gràsa Chrìosd?
Nar leigeadh Dia gu làigh gu bràth
An smuain so tàmh 'nar crìdh'.
2 Tràth thugadh sinn do Dhia gu moch,
Ri droch-bheirt chuir sinn cùl;
Is gheall sinn gluasad fad ar làith'
Mar chruthach àluin ur.
3 Do'n pheacadh bhàsaich sinn le
Crìosd;
Leis dh'èirich sinn o'n uaigh
Gu beatha naoimh, a threòraicheas
Gu beatha ghlòrmhoir shuas.
4 Seadh, nis cha tràilleann sinn ni 's mò,
Do pheacadh no do bhàs;
Oir dh'fhuasgail Crìosd gach cuibh-
reach dhinn,
Is mhill ar n-uile nàmh.

XLVIII. Rom. viii. 31.

- 1 LE creidimh 's dòchas fògramaid;
Geilt, ciont', is dòrainn uainn;
'Se Dia ar caraid, 's mòr a threis;
Cia 'n t-eascair bheir oirnn buaidh?
2 An Ti thug 'aon-Bhac air ar son,
Mar chobhartach do'n bhàs;
Nach toir gach tiodhlac eile dhuinn?
'S an ceil e oirnn a ghràs?

- 5 Soon shall that fatal day approach
That must thy sentence seal,
And righteous judgments, now un-
known,
In awful pomp reveal;
6 While they, who full of holy deeds
To glory seek to rise,
Continuing patient to the end,
Shall gain th' immortal prize.

XLVI. Romans iii. 19—22.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
Upon their works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
Their actions full of guilt.
2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
Without one vaunting word;
And, humbled low, confess their
guilt
Before heav'n's righteous Lord.
3 No hope can on the law be built
Of justifying grace:
The law, that shows the sinner's
Condemns him to his face. [guilt,
4 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

XLVII. Romans vi. 1—7.

- 1 AND shall we then go on to sin,
That grace may more abound?
Great God, forbid that such a
thought
Should in our breast be found!
2 When to the sacred font we came,
Did not the rite proclaim,
That, wash'd from sin, and all its
stains,
New creatures we became?
3 With Christ the Lord we died to
With him to life we rise, [sin;
To life, which now begun on earth,
Is perfect in the skies.
4 Too long enthral'd to Satan's sway,
We now are slaves no more;
For Christ hath vanquish'd death
and sin,
Our freedom to restore.

XLVIII. Romans viii. 31, to the end.

- 1 LET Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
And who can prove a foe?
2 He who his Son, most dear and
Gave up for us to die, 'lov'd,
Shall he not all things freely give
That goodness can supply?

- 3 Feuch, shuair sinn anns a' ghibht bu m'ò
 Làin-chòir air nithibh 's lugh';
 Tha Crìosd air nèamh is talamh fòs,
 'Na earlas air gach àgh.
- 4 Cò'n is a chuireas ciont' á leth
 Sluaigh thaghta Dhé nan gràs!
 Cò dh'iteas iad? no dhiultas sìth,
 O dh'fhuiling Crìosd am bàs?
- 5 Dh'fhuiling e 'm bàs, ach dh'éiriche
 Gu deas làimh Dhé le buaidh;
 'N sin tagraidh e ar cùis do shìor,
 Is bheir làn-dìon d'a shluagh.
- 6 Cò nis ma ta a sgaras sinn
 O chaidreamh caomb ar Triath?
 An sgaoil aon neach an cuibhreach
 A cheangal sinn r'ar Dia? [sin]
- 7 Ged éirich dragh, 's ged bhagair bàs,
 'S ged iadh gach nàmh mu'n cuairt,
 Tre Chrìosd bheir sinn gu dùlanach,
 Orr' uile tuilleadh 's buaidh.
- 8 Ifrinn no talamh, beath' no bàs,
 Na sàruch ùine buain', [sinn,
 O ghràdh ar Triath cha dealaich
 'S cha sgar am feasd sinn uaith.
- 9 Bheir so dhuinn sonas feadh gach
 Mar rinn e gus an tràs: [linn,
 O shìorruidheachd gu sìorruidheachd
 Bheir Crìosd d'ar n-an'maibh gràdh.

XLIX. 1 Cor. xiii.

- 1 LE briathraibh dhaoin' is aingle
 nèimh,
 Ged labhrainn le sgèimh ghrinn;
 Impidh ged chuirinn air gach neach,
 Le teangaidh bhlasda bhinn;
- 2 Ard-shìosachd faidh ged bu leam,
 'S ged fhoillsichinn rùn Dé: [so,
 Gun seirc, is faoin gach nì dhiubh
 Cha dean iad dhomh guè fheim:
- 3 Ged ath'rraichinn le creidimh treun,
 Na slèibhteas as an ceal,
 Is neo-nì mi gun seirc is gràdh,
 Cha mhair mo ghràs ach scal.
- 4 Ged bheathaichinn le m' mhaoin
 am bochd,
 'S mo chorp ged loisginn fòs,
 Air son mo chreidimh, 's mi gun seirc,
 Cha dìong e bheag fadheòidh.
- 5 'S fad-fhulangach neo-sharvadach,
 'S is cairdeil gràdh gun cheisd;
 Cha dean e uail á bheartaibh féin,
 'S cha séidear suas e 'm feasd.
- 6 Droch amharus cha bhì aig seirc,
 'S nì foighid ri droch dhaoin':

- 3 Behold the best, the greatest gift
 Of everlasting love!
 Behold the pledge of peace below,
 And perfect bliss above
- 4 Where is the judge who can condemn,
 Since God hath justified?
 Who shall charge those with guilt
 or crime
 For whom the Saviour died?
- 5 The Saviour died, but rose again
 Triumphant from the grave;
 And pleads our cause at God's right
 hand,
 Omnipotent to save.
- 6 Who then can e'er divide us more
 From Jesus and his love,
 Or break the sacred chain that binds
 The earth to heav'n above?
- 7 Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
 And days of darkness fall;
 Through him all dangers we'll defy,
 And more than conquer all.
- 8 Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor
 Nor time's destroying sway, [hell,
 Can e'er efface us from his heart,
 Or make his love decay.
- 9 Each future period that will bless,
 As it has bless'd the past;
 He lov'd us from the first of time,
 He loves us to the last.

XLIX. 1 Cor. xiii.

- 1 THOUGH perfect eloquence adorn'd
 My sweet persuading tongue,
 Though I could speak in higher
 strains
 Than ever angel sung:
- 2 Though prophecy my soul inspir'd
 And made all myst'ries plain
 Yet, were I void of Christian love,
 These gifts were all in vain.
- 3 Nay, though my faith with bound-
 less pow'r,
 Ev'n mountains could remove,
 I still am nothing, if I'm void
 Of charity and love.
- 4 Although with lib'ral hand I gave
 My goods the poor to feed,
 Nay, gave my body to the flames,
 Still fruitless were the deed.
- 5 Love suffers long; love envies not;
 But love is ever kind;
 She never boasteth of herself,
 Nor proudly lifts the mind.
- 6 Love harbours no suspicious
 thought,
 Is patient to the bad;

- 'S fàth broin leath' iomradh uilc is ciont';
'S féin-spéis nan cleasa claoín';
- 7 Giulán neo-ìomchuidh 's fuath le seirc,
'S féin-spéis nan cleasa claoín';
Tha 'cridhe làn le iochd is gràdh
Do chàch air feadh an t saoi'il.
- 8 Giulainidh seirc fad ùine mòir',
Le dòchas nithe 's fearr;
'S fuilingidh i gu macant' sèimh
Iom' eucoir agus tàir.
- 9 Air nèamh is talamh, feadh gach cian
Sior-riaghlaichidh caomh-sheirc;
Tràth sguireas teagadh 's fiosachd fàidh,
Buan-mhairidh gràdh gun cheisd.
- 10 'S neo-fhoirfe 'n so gach gràs air bith,
Ach tionnsgnaidh làithe 's fearr,
'S an tig làn-iomlaineachd a steach,
'S an teich gach ni tha cearr.
- 11 An tràs 'nar n-òige gluaisidh sinn
Mar naoidheana gun iùl:
Chum foir'eachd; ach 'nuair dh'fhàsas sinn,
Théid leanbaidheachd air chùl.
- 12 Air thalamh mar tre dhubh-neul dorch'
Is léir dhuinn dealradh Dhé;
Ach gnùis ri gnùis an nèamh na
Gu soilleir chi sinn e. [glòir'
- 13 Tha creidimh, dòchas, agus gràdh,
An tràs an so le chéil';
Ach creidimh 's dòchas fàilnichidh,
'S buan-mhairidh gràdh gach ré.
- 14 Oir sluigear dòchas le làn-sheilbh,
Is creidimh le beachd sùl;
'S iad so na meadhoin, 's i chrìoch gràdh
Nach téid gu bràth air chùl.

L. 1 Cor. xv. 52—58.

- 1 LE fuaim na trompaid deireannaich
Criochnaichidh 'm fonn gu garbh:
Fosglaidh gach uaigh is brùchdaidh nìos, [marbh.
Chum sìorruic'hd cuirp nam
- 2 Feuch, éiridh cuirp nan saoi an sin
Le misnich is mòr-sgéimh,
Iad bàsmhor thuit, ach éiridh chum
Neo bàsmhorachd air nèamh.
- 3 Feuch fàistneachd fhìor nam Fàidhean naomh'
Coimhlionta nis gu beachd;
Gu géilleadh bàs do bheatha shìor,
'S gu criochnaicheadh an gleachd.

- Griev'd when she hears of sins and crimes,
And in the truth is glad.
- 7 Love no unseemly carriage shows,
Nor selfishly confin'd;
She glows with social tenderness,
And feels for all mankind.
- 8 Love beareth much, much she believes,
And still she hopes the best;
Love meekly suffers many a wrong,
Though sore with hardship press'd.
- 9 Love still shall hold an endless
In earth and heav'n above, [reign
When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,
And ev'ry gift but love.
- 10 Here all our gifts imperfect are;
But better days draw nigh,
When perfect light shall pour its
And all those shadows fly. [rays,
- 11 Like children here we speak and think,
Amus'd with childish toys;
But when our pow'rs their manhood reach,
We'll scorn our present joys.
- 12 Now dark and dim, as through a
Are God and truth beheld: [glass,
Then shall we see as face to face,
And God shall be unveil'd.
- 13 Faith, Hope, and Love, now dwell on earth,
And earth by them is blest;
But Faith and Hope must yield to Love,
Of all the graces best.
- 14 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And Faith be sight above:
These are the means, but this the
For saints for ever love. [end;

L. 1 Cor. xv. 52, to the end.

- 1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
When op'ning graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake;
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
Shall incorrupted rise,
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold what heav'nly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfill'd, [reign,
That Death should yield his ancient
And, vanquish'd, quit the field.

- 4 Suas togadh creidimh luathghair ait,
Is canadh e mar laoidh,
C' àit uis am bheil do ghath, a
Bhàis ?
C' àit, Uaigh, am bheil do
bhuaidh ?
- 5 B'i choguis chiontach gath a' bhàis,
Teann-shàithte 'n cridh' an daoi ;
'S b'e 'n Lagh a thug do chiont' a
neart
Gu luchd a' pheacaidh chlaoidh.
- 6 Ach beannaicht' gu robh Dia gu
bràth !
A chuir ar nàmh fo chois,
'S a thug dhuinn tre ar Ceannard
Crìosd
Buaidh shiorruidh agus fois.
- 7 Fa 'n aobhar sin, le dùrachd cridh',
D'ar Rìgh bheir sinne geill ;
Lan-dearbhta gu faigh sinn fadh-
eòidh,
Crùn glòir' an rìoghachd nèimh.

LI. 2 Cor. v. 1—11.

- 1 GRAD-THUITIDH 'n corp so sìos
do 'n tìr
'Na smùr fo chumhachd bàis :
Ach gheibh ar n-an'ma còmhnuidh
's fearr,
Gu h-àrd le Dia nan gràs :
2 Gheibh an'ma naomh' an còmhnuidh
'n sin
San tigh a thog dhoibh Dia ;
Tràth shaorar iad o'n phrìosan
thruagh,
Sam bheil an cuairt ré cian.
- 3 D'ar n-uallach talmhaidh sgith, mar
'S tric thairngear osna leinn ; [so
Ach saoraidh 'm bàs gu caomh sinn
uaith,
Is dhachaidh suas théid sinn.
- 4 Oir tha ar n-earbs' á tigh a's fearr,
Tràth dh'fhagas sinn a' chriadh ;
Cha'n e bhì rùisgt' ach sgeadaichte
Ri 'm bheil ar dùil 's ar miann.
- 5 So dòchas ait nan an'ma naomh'
O 'n Slàn'ear caomh an tràs,
A thug an Spiorad dhoibh maraon,
Mar sheul is earlais gràidh.
- 6 Sior-ghluaisidh sinn le creidimh beò,
An gealladh glòrmhor Dhia ;
'S bidh sinn, ré fad ar cuairt sa'
chorp,
Ag osnaich 'n déigh ar Triath.
- 7 Na 's ait le 'r n-an'maibh shaotainn,
'S ro-fhada leinn e uainn ; ['s fad,
Air imrich b' ait leinn dol o'n fheòil,
'S ar còmhnuidh shaotainn shuas.

- 4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing ;
O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death! thy sting
- 5 Thy sting was sin, and conscious
guilt,
'Twas this that arm'd thy dart :
The law gave sin its strength and
To pierce the sinner's heart : [force
6 But God, whose name be ever bless'd !
Disarms that foe we dread, [die,
And makes us conquerors when we
Through Christ our living head.
- 7 Then stedfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God
Yet more and more abound ;
- 8 Assur'd that though we labour now,
We labour not in vain,
But, through the grace of heav'n's
great Lord,
Th' eternal crown shall gain.

LI. 2 Corinth. v. 1—11.

- 1 SOON shall this earthly frame, dis-
solv'd,
In death and ruins lie ;
But better mansions wait the just,
Prepar'd above the skies.
- 2 An house eternal, built by God,
Shall lodge the holy mind,
When once those prison-walls have
fall'n
By which 'tis now confin'd.
- 3 Hence, burden'd with a weight of
clay,
We groan beneath the load,
Waiting the hour which sets us
free,
And brings us home to God.
- 4 We know, that when the soul, un-
cloth'd,
Shall from this body fly,
'Twill animate a purer frame
With life that cannot die.
- 5 Such are the hopes that cheer the
just ;
These hopes their God hath giv'n ;
His Spirit is the earnest now,
And seals their souls for heav'n.
- 6 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith grounded on his word ;
But while this body is our home,
We mourn an absent Lord.
- 7 What faith rejoices to believe,
We long and pant to see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord! with thee.

- 8 Ach anns a' chorp, no as a' chorp,
An so no 'n sin 'gam bi,
Sinn féin thoirt suas do sheirbhis
'Se so ar miann gu sior. [Dhia,
- 9 Chum caithir-breitheanais MhicDhé,
Feuch, théid gach uile neach;
A dh'fhaotainn péin no tuarasdail,
Mar thoill iad uaith fa seach.
- 10 Breth chothromach neo-chlaon an
sin
Gheibh deadh-ghníomh agus
lochd;
'S bidh cor gach neach gu siorruidh,
A bheus, ma's maith no ole. [réir

LII. Philip. ii. 6—12.

- 1 SIBHSE ta ainmichte air Crìosd,
I eanaibh gu sior a cheum;
'Nur n-iinntinn is 'nur coluadar
Bibh: cosmhuil ris gu léir.
- 2 Cruth 's coslas Dhé ged bha air
Crìosd,
'S uil' ionnhaigh Rìgh na glòir',
Ged b'ionnan nàdur 's inbhe dhoibh,
Co-ionnan air gach dòigh;
- 3 Gidheadh a mhòrachd chuir e
thaobh,
Is daoineachd ghabh air féin
Chum sinne shaoradh, chuir e sgàil,
Ré seal, air àilleachd nèimh.
- 4 Seadh chrom ar Slànuighear a sìos
Gu inbhe ìosal tràill:
Strìochd e do'n bhàs, seadh bàs na
An ro-mhòr péin is nàir'. [ceus'
- 5 Feuch dh'ardaich Dia, fa'n aobhar
An Triath a shaor a shluagh; [sin,
Thug e dha rìoghachd thar gach
Is ainm thar ainm r'a luadh. [rìgh,
- 6 A chum do ainm an Tighearn Ios'
Gu'n strìochd gach uile ghlùn,
Sna nàmhaidh shuas, air talamh
bhos,
Gu h-urramach 's gu h-umh'l.
- 7 Seadh strìochdaidh dhasan mar an
Is géillidh ifrinn shìos: [ceudn',
Gach treubh is teangadh 's dùil a t'
Aidichidh 'ainm gu sior. [ann,

LIII. 1 Tesal. iv. 13—18.

- 1 BIODH misneach aig luchd-muinntir
Chrìosd,
Tràth chi iad luchd an gaoil
A' dol gu codal ann an Ios',
Cha 'n i so crìoch an saoi'l.
- 2 C'ar son ma ta bhios sibh ri bròn,
Mar dhream gun dòchas mòr;
Am bheil sa' bhàs ach teachdair sìth?
'Gan gairm gu rìogh'chd na glòir'?

- 8 But still, or here, or going hence,
To this our labours tend,
That, in his service spent, our life
May in his favour end.
- 9 For, lo! before the Son, as judge,
Th' assembled world shall stand,
To take the punishment or prize
From his unerring hand.
- 10 Impartial retributions then
Our diff'rent lives await;
Our present actions, good or bad,
Shall fix our future fate.

LII. Philip. ii. 6—12

- 1 YE who the name of Jesus bear,
His sacred steps pursue;
And let that mind which was in
him
Be also found in you.
- 2 Though in the form of God he was,
His only Son declar'd,
Nor to be equally ador'd
As robb'ry did regard;
- 3 His greatness he for us abas'd,
For us his glory vail'd;
In human likeness dwelt on earth,
His majesty conceal'd:
- 4 Nor only as a man appears,
But stoops a servant low;
Submits to death, nay, bears the
cross,
In all its shame and woe.
- 5 Hence God this gen'rous love to men
With honours just hath crown'd,
And rais'd the name of Jesus far
Above all names renown'd;
- 6 That at this name, with sacred awe,
Each humble knee should bow,
Of hosts immortal in the skies,
And nations spread below:
- 7 That all the prostrate pow'rs of
hell
Might tremble at his word,
And ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
Confess that he is Lord.

LIII. 1 Thessal. iv. 13, to the end.

- 1 TAKE comfort, Christians, when
your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Why then dejected weep?
- 2 Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is giv'n?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heav'n.

- 3 Mar chaochail Criosd, 's mar dhùisg
Le buaidh o staid a' bhàis : [e suas
Is amhluidh dh'èireas fòs a shlugaibh
Le luathghair là a' bhràth.
- 4 O thig an là san tuirling Criosd,
Le h-iolaich, o na neòil, [truimp,
Le guth ard-aingil 's luaim na
A chluinn gach marbh is beò.
- 5 'N sin ath'rraichear an dream tha
beò,
'S dùisgear na slòigh ta marbh ;
Liubhraidh gach uaigh na fhuaire i
fein,
'S bidh slèibht' air chrith gu garbh.
- 6 Eiridh na naoimh a suas air tùs,
O 'n ùir le h-aoibhneas mòr ;
Ni aingle Dhé an coinneachadh,
'S an togail leo gu glòir.
- 7 Le chèile théid iad suas gu h-ait,
Gu tigh an Athar chaoimh,
Sam faigh iad còmhnuidh shior le 'n
Triath,
Gun iarguin is gun chlaoidh.
- 8 Fòs tamull beag, is ruigidh sinn
An caladh ait fadheòidh,
San coinnich sinn na sgaradh uainn,
'S cha dealaich sinn ni 's mò.

LIV. 2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 CHA 'n aobhar nàire leamsa Criosd,
No 'chùis a dhìon gu beachd ;
A crann a cheusaidh ni mi uail ;
Gèilleam gach uair d'a reachd.
- 2 Iosa, mo Dhia ! is eòl dhomh 'ainm,
Is earbam as gu bràth ;
Cha nàraich esan m'anam truagh,
'S cha chum e uam a ghràs.
- 3 Daingean is buan, mar chaithir Dhia,
Gach cian tha gealladh Chriosd ;
O ! 's tèaruint' m'anam-sa 'na làimh,
Gu là a theachd a ris.
- 4 San là sin fàiltichidh e m' ainm,
An làthair 'Athar chaoimh ;
Is sealbh san Nuadh Ierusalem
Do m'anam bheir le naoimh.

LV. 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

- 1 CHRIOCHNAICH mi nis mo chath 's
mo réis ;
Is dlùth dhomh eug is uaigh ;
M'anam a choirig mi do Dhia,
Triallaidh gu nèamh le buaidh.
- 2 Le armaibh nèamhaidh chuir mi 'n
cath,
Fo bhrataich Chriosd mo Thriath :
Ruith mi mo réis, mo dhilseachd
dhearbh,
'S tha m' earbs' á duais o m' Dhia.

- 3 As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead ;
So his disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.
- 4 The time draws nigh, when from the
clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heav'ns and earth shall rend.
- 5 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake ;
The graves shall yield their ancient
charge,
And earth's foundations shake.
- 6 The saints of God, from death set
free,
With joy shall mount on high ;
The heav'nly hosts with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 7 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go ;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.
- 8 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet, to part no more.

LIV. 2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
And honour all his laws.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord ! I know his name,
His name is all my boast ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 I know that safe with him remains,
Protected by his pow'r,
What I've committed to his trust,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own his servant's name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

LV. 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

- 1 MY race is run ; my warfare's o'er ;
The solemn hour is nigh,
When, offer'd up to God, my soul
Shall wing its flight on high.
- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have
fought
The battles of the Lord ;
Finish'd my course, and kept the
faith,
Depending on his word.

- 3 Fa m' chomhair-sa thaig Dia air
nèamh,
Gu tèaruint' crùn na glòir';
A chuireas a làmh-san air mo cheann
Air teachd do'n là mhiòr.
- 4 Mo Dhia cha d' orduich dhomhsa
An coron so mar dhuais; [mhàin
Ach do gach neach le'n ionmhuinn
A mhic, o nèamh a nuas. [teachd
- 5 O lochd 's o chunnart dìonaiddh
Criosd;
Mo choinheadh ni gach uair;
'S gu tèaruint' m'anam treòraichidh
Gu riogh'chd na glòire shuas.
- 6 Bheir mi, le còmhuaadh treun mo
Dùlan do ifrinn féin; [Thriath,
Is dhasan gu robh glòir ro-àrd
Is cliu gu bràth. Amen:

LVI. Titus iii. 3—9.

- 1 AIDICHIDH sinn le tuirse cridh'
Ro mheud ar ciont', a Dhé,
B' amaideach faoin ar n-uile smuain,
'S cha b'fhearr ar giùlan gnè.
- 2 Ach thoir, O m'anam, cliu is gràdh
Do àrd-ainm Rìgh nan sluagh,
Nach d' fhàg thu'm feasd, gun teas-
airginn,
Am peacadh, nàire, 's truaigh'.
- 3 Cha 'n ann tre oibribh fireantachd,
No gnìomh ar làmh a féin,
Ach tre ghràs Dhé, an Iosa Criosd,
A shaorar sinn o phéin.
- 4 Is ann an tròcair Dhé a mhàin,
A ta ar muinghinn threun;
A thròcair shaor ar n-an'ma' truagh',
'S ghlan uainn gach ciont' is beud.
- 5 Tha'n Spiorad dhòirteadh oirnn tre
Ios',
A' nigheadh dhinn gach sal,
A' fadadh teas-ghràidh feadh ar cridh',
'S 'gar deauamh naomha glan.
- 6 Mar so, làn-fhireanaicht' le gràs,
Gach là le beatha nuaidh
Sior-ghluaisidh sinn, 's an Spiorad
leinn,
Gu ruig ar n-oighreachd shuas.
- 7 Na h-uile 'gam bheil shambuil so
Do chreidimh 's dòchas naomh,
Sior-dhearbhadh iad, le giùlan maith,
Nach 'eil an dòchas faoin.

LVII. Eabh. iv. 14—16.

- 1 IOSA Mac Dhé, leig aon uair sìos
A bheath' air son a shluaigh,
Tha nis a' tagradh 'n cùis air nèamh
Mar shagart treun bheir buaidh.
- 2 Tre beatha 's bàs sìor-leanamaid
Ri Criosd gu daingean dlùth:

- 3 Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown which cannot fade:
The righteous Judge at that great
day
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the Sov'reign Lord de-
creed
This prize for me alone;
But for all such as love like me
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 From ev'ry snare and evil work
His grace shall me defend,
And to his heav'nly kingdom safe
Shall bring me in the end.

LVI. Titus iii. 3—9.

- 1 HOW wretched was our former
state,
When, slaves to Satan's sway,
With hearts disorder'd and impure,
O'erwhelm'd in sin we lay!
- 2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal
paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place,
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to the human race.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
His mercy sav'd our souls from
death,
And wash'd our souls from sin.
- 5 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
Its sacred fire imparts.
Refines our dross, and love divine
Rekindles in our hearts.
- 6 Thence rais'd from death, we live
And, justified by grace [anew;
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.
- 7 Let all who hold this faith and hope
In holy deeds abound;
Thus faith approves itself sincere,
By active virtue crown'd.

LVII. Heb. iv. 14, to the end.

- 1 JESUS, the Son of God, who
once
For us his life resign'd,
Now lives in heav'n, our great High
Priest,
And never-dying friend.

- O chreidimh 's dòchas gheibh sinn
neart,
Is théid gach geilt air chùl.
- 3 Gu borb cha bhuin ri laigse dhaoi'n,
Caomh-Shagart àrd an aigh;
Tha 'chridhe làn do thruacantachd,
Tha 'anam làn do ghràdh.
- 4 Co-fhulangas tha aig an Triath
Air iarguin 's laigs' a shluaigh;
Oir dh'fhiosraich e 'na phearsa féin
Gach deuchainn agus truaigh'.
- 5 Seadh dh'fhiosraich e 'na phearsa
féin,
Gidheadh as eugmhais lochd:
Oir nàdur duine ge do ghabh,
Cha b'aithne dha-san olc.
- 6 Bu tuirseach deurach air ar son,
A chaith e 'làith' fo 'n ghréin;
'S ge h-àrd e nis air deas-làimh
Co-mhothaichidh ar péin. Dhé,
- 7 Le dànachd naomha, uime sin,
Théid sinn gu 'chaithir-ghràis;
Is fàth gach gearain doirtidh sinn
'Na fhianuis anns gach cas:
- 8 A chum gu'n còmhnaidh esan leinn
Réir saobhireachd a ghràis;
'S gu'n tugadh e d'ar n-an'maibh lag
Neart agus fois gu bràth.

LVIII. AIR DHOIGH EILE.

- 1 SAN teampull am bheil Dia 'na
thàmh;
(Tigh nach do thogadh rianh le
làimh.)
Tha Sagart àrd a' chinne-daoi'n,
Ar Slànuighear 's ar caraid caoin.
- 2 Esan a sheas an àit a shluaigh,
Dhoirt 'fhuil 'nan riochd, 's a luidh
san uaigh,
Tha cuimhneach orra fòs air néamh,
An Slànuighear 's an caraid sèimh.
- 3 Ge h-àrd e nissna nèamhaibh shuas,
Tha 'shùil a' dearcadh oirn a nuas;
Làn sgeadaichte le nàdur dhaoi'n,
Tha e min-eòlach air an saoth'r.
- 4 Co-fhulangas tha aige ghnàth,
'S co-mhothachadh ri 'n n-uile chràdh;
Tha cuimhn' aig air a thrioblaid féin,
A dheoir, a ghoimh, is 'osnaich gheur.
- 5 Gach dòrainn dh' fheudas oirne
teachd,
Fo shamhuil sin rinn esan gleachd;
D'ar n-uile bhronn tha 'chuid-san mòr,
Is bheir e cabhair dhuinn gu leòr.
- 6 Fa'n aobhar sin théid sinn gu dàn
Le 'r n-uile ghearan gus a làth'r;
Is guidhidh sinn a chòmhnaidh treun,
G'ar cuideachadh an uair ar feim.

- 2 Through life, through death, let us
With constancy adhere; [to him
Faith shall supply new strength, and
Shall banish ev'ry fear. [hope
- 3 To human weakness not severe
Is our High Priest above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 4 With sympathetic feelings touch'd,
He knows our feeble frame:
He knows what sore temptations
For he has felt the same. [are,
- 5 But though he felt temptation's
Unconquer'd he remain'd; [pow'r,
Nor, 'midst the frailty of our frame,
By sin was ever stain'd.
- 6 As, in the days of feeble flesh,
He pour'd forth cries and tears;
So, though exalted, still he feels
What ev'ry Christian bears.
- 7 Then let us, with a filial heart,
Come boldly to the throne
Of grace supreme, to tell our griefs,
And all our wants make known:
- 8 That mercy we may there obtain
For sins and errors past,
And grace to help in time of need,
While days of trial last.

LVIII.

Another version of the same passage.

- 1 WHERE high the heav'nly temple
stands,
The house of God not made with
hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious
blood,
Pursues his heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high;
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the
throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

LIX. Eabh. xii. 1—13.

- 1 FEUCH neoil ro-thiugh do fhianuisibh
Ag iadhadh oirn mu 'n cuairt ;
An déigh, mar sinne, fulang cian,
Thug Dia leis iad a suas.
- 2 Air lorg nan naomh so ruitheamaid,
Chum Chriosd, le foighid bhuaibh ;
Gach leth-trom 's peacadh leanailt-
Grad-thilgeamaid fad uainn. [each
- 3 Ach riaghailt-stiùraidh 's fearr na so,
'S ion thoirt fa'near air tús ;
Eisempleir Ios' a stiùras sinn,
Tre chreidimh chum ar crùin.
- 4 Ri 'r Ceannard, suas sior-dhearcam-
aid,
Neach, air son aoibhneis mhòir
Bha roimhe, dh'fhuiling ceusadh 's
nàir'
'S an tras tha riaghladh 'n glòir.
- 5 Ma ghinlan Criosd gu foighidneach
Droch chainnt is fanoid sluaigh,
'N ion duinne, 'nuair ar sàruchaidh,
Bhì gearan cràidh no truaigh'?
- 6 Ri deuchainn ghairbh an d'rinn sibh
Mar Ios', gu fuil is bàs ? [strì
Is focal Dé 'n do dhearmaid sibh,
Tha gealltuinn duibh a ghràis.
- 7 A mhic, deir e, le foighidinn,
Sior-fhuiling mo chaomh-smachd,
Is creid, 'nuair dhearbhas àmhghar
Gu bheil aig Dia dhìot tlachd. [thu,
- 8 Teagaisgidh 'n t-Athair caomh mar
A naomh-chlann dhileas féin, [so
G' am fiosrachadh le docair chruaidh,
'S le iomadh truaigh is péin.
- 9 Chi sinn mar so gur toigh leis sinn,
Tràth smachdaichear sinn leis,
'S nach leig e naith air seachran sinn,
Gun swim air bith d'ar leas.
- 10 Do ghuth ar n-Athar thalmhaidh
bhios,
Nach tric a thug sinn géill ?
'S do thoil ar n-Athar nèamhaidh
shuas
Nach toir sinn snas sinn fein ?
- 11 Bheir athair talmhaidh smachd gu
tric,
Gun fhios e'ar son d'a chloinn ;
Ach Dia a mhàin a chum ar leas,
Bheir docair 's euslaint dhuinn.
- 12 Is deacair leinne achmhasan
Is smachdachadh ar Dé ;
Ach toradh sìth' is fireantachd
Gu sìorruidh thig 'nan déigh.
- 13 A nis ma ta na meathar sinn
Le misnich lag ni 's mò ;
Ach earbamaid a tròcair Dhé,
'S dha géilleamaid r'ar beò.

LIX. Heb. xii. 1—13.

- 1 BEHOLD what witnesses unseen
Encompass us around ;
Men, once like us, with soff'ring
tried,
But now with glory crown'd.
- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
Begin the Christian race,
And, freed from each encumb'ring
weight,
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, at once the finisher
And author of our faith.
- 4 He for the joy before him set,
So gen'rous was his love,
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the
shame,
And now he reigns above.
- 5 If he the scorn of wicked men
With patience did sustain,
Becomes it those for whom he died
To murmur or complain ?
- 6 Have ye like him to blood, to death,
The cause of truth maintain'd ?
And is your heav'nly Father's voice
Forgotten or disdain'd ?
- 7 My son, saith he, with patient mind
Endure the chast'ning rod ;
Believe, when by afflictions tried,
That thou art lov'd by God.
- 8 His children thus most dear to him,
Their heav'nly Father trains,
Through all the hard experience led
Of sorrows and of pains.
- 9 We know he owns us for his sons,
When we correction share ;
Nor wander as a bastard race,
Without our Father's care.
- 10 A father's voice with rev'ence we
On earth have often heard ;
The Father of our spirits now
Demands the same regard.
- 11 Parents may err ; but he is wise,
Nor lifts the rod in vain ;
His chast'nings serve to cure the soul
By salutary pain.
- 12 Affliction, when it spreads around,
May seem a field of woe ;
Yet there, at last, the happy fruits
Of righteousness shall grow.
- 13 Then let our hearts no more de-
spond,
Our hands be weak no more ;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
His wisdom still adore.

- 1 **ATHAIR** na sith', 's a Dhé na seirc!
Do d' neart bheir sinne cliu;
An neart a dhùisg ar n-Aodhair suas,
Le buaidh, o ghlais na h-ùir'.
- 2 O'n ùir thog thu ar Triath an àird,
Gun spàirn o chuibhreach bàis;
Mar sin le 'fhuil is 'aiseirigh,
Shior naisg e 'n cùmhnant gràis.
- 3 Le d' spiorad seulaich sinn, a Dhé,
Is dean sinn ùmh'l do d' thoil;
Chum as o d' naomh-reachd nach bi
Air seachran truagh a' dol. [sinn
- 4 O! sgriobh do lagh air clàr ar cridh',
'Nar gnìomh sior-dhealradh e!
'N sin ruigidh sinn, fo cheannsal
Chriosd,
Air seilbh an rioghachd nèimh.

LXI. 1 Pead. i. 3—4.

- 1 **BEANNAICHT'** gu robh ar Dia gu
sior,
Caomh-Athair Chriosd ar Triath;
Beannaicht' gu robh a thròcair mhòr,
'S a mhòrachd feadh gach ial.
- 2 O'n uaigh tràth thog thu ris do Mhac,
'S a ghlac thu e gu nèamh,
Làn-chinnteach rinn thu sinne fòs
Gu'n toir thu beò sinn féin.
- 3 Ri oighreachd shiorruidh ann an
glòir
Beò dhòchas thug thu dhuinn;
Oighreachd neo-thruaillidh saor o
A mhaireas feadh gach linn. [smal,
- 4 Gu ruige sin, le d' chumhachd treun,
Làn thearuint' bidh gach naomh;
Tre chreidimh stiùrar sinn gu slàint'
Le gràs do Spioraid Naoimh.

LXII. 2 Pead. iii. 3—14.

- 1 **FEUCH!** anns na làithibh deireann-
Suas eiridh gineal olc; [ach
D'am miannaibh peacach bheir iad
srian,
'S 'nam briathraibh their mar so:
- 2 C' àit bheil an gealladh thuirt o shean
Gu robh am breitheamh dlùth?
O linn ar sinnsear gus a so,
Cha'n fhaic sinn gnè do mhùth.
- 3 Tha bliadhn' air bhliadhnaiibh ruith
gun tàmh,
Mar bha o thùs an t-sao'il: [traigh,
'S mar thonn air thuinn a' ruith gu
Gu bràth bidh gineal dhaoin'.
- 4 So deir iad, aineolach d'an dedin
Gu'n d' dhòirteadh tuil a nuas,
A sgrios an saoghal ceannairceach
A chaidh air seachran truagh.

- 1 **FATHER** of peace, and God of love!
We own thy pow'r to save,
That pow'r by which our Shepherd
Victorious o'er the grave. [rose
- 2 Him from the dead thou brought'st
again,
When, by his sacred blood,
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
Th' eternal cov'nant stood.
- 3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may
But keep thy precepts still; [stray,
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

LXI. 1 Pet. i. 3—5.

- 1 **BLESS'D** be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his
Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
Unfading in the skies.
- 4 Saints by the pow'r of God are
kept
Till the salvation come:
We walk by faith as strangers here;
But Christ shall call us home.

LXII. 2 Pet. iii. 3—14.

- 1 **LO!** in the last of days behold
A faithless race arise;
Their lawless lust their only rule;
And thus the scoffer cries:
- 2 Where is the promise, deem'd so
true,
That spoke the Saviour near?
E'er since our fathers slept in dust,
No change has reach'd our ear.
- 3 Years roll'd on years successive glide,
Since first the world began,
And on the tide of time still floats,
Secure, the bark of man.
- 4 Thus speaks the scoffer; but his
words
Conceal the truth he knows,
That from the waters' dark abyss
The earth at first arose.

- 5 Ach sgrios nach ionnan gheibh an
saogh'l-s'
'S na daoine olc a t' ann ;
Le teine lasrach millear iad,
'S is gearr gu ruig an t-àm.
- 6 Ge fada leis na naomh an ùin',
'S an dùil ri teachd an Triath,
'Na shealladh-san is ionnan là
Is linn, no mìle bliadhn'.
- 7 Cha dìchuimhn' geallaidh rug air
Criosd,
Ach gaol bhi 'n sìth ri daoine ;
A' feitheamh dh'fheuch am pillcar
leo,
'S an iarr iad tràceair chaoine.
- 8 Gidheadh mar ghaduich' anns an
oidhch',
Nach cum na croinn a mach,
Grad-thuirlingidh an Triath a nuas,
'S thig fuathas air gach neach.
- 9 Le tairneanaich 's le dealan speur,
Na nàmhach teichidh as ;
'Na dùilean leaghaidh, 's théid an
saogh'l
'Na chaoiribh le dian theas.
- 10 O'n théid gach ni mar so a sgrios,
Mar fhuair sinn fios o Dhia,
Nach iomchuidh dhuinne deasachadh
Fa chomhair teachd ar Triath.
- 11 Cia naomh bu chòir dhuinn bhi
gach uair
'Nar sinuain, 'nar cainnt, 's 'nar
gnìomh,
'Nuair tha ar sùil ri crìch an t-
saogh'l,
'S ri caochladh gach aoine ni ?

LXIII. 1 Eoin iii. 1—4.

- 1 FEUCH! saoihbheas iongantach a
ghràidh
Thug Dia ar slàinte dhuinn,
Peacach is truaillidh fòs ged bha,
Clann dha-san rinneadh dhinn.
- 2 Folaicht' tha 'n t-urram so an tràs
'S ro-àrd á sealladh dhaoine ;
Mar so air Criosd e féin san fheòil
Neo-eòlach bha an saogh'l.
- 3 Is àrd ar n-inbhe cheana 'n so,
Ach 's àirde bhios sinn shuas ;
Gidheadh an inbhe sin cha léir
Do neach fo 'n ghréin san uairs'.
- 4 Ach 's léir dhuinn so, gu faic sinn Dia,
Ar Triath, seadh gnùis ri gnùis ;

- 5 But when the sons of men began
With one consent to stray,
At Heav'n's command a deluge swept
The godless race away.
- 6 A diff'rent fate is now prepar'd
For Nature's trembling frame ;
Soon shall her orbs be all enwrapt
In one devouring flame.
- 7 Reserv'd are sinners for the hour
When to the gulf below, [pow'r,
Arm'd with the hand of sov'reign
The Judge consigns his foe.
- 8 Though now, ye just, the time ap-
Protracted, dark, unknown, [pears
An hour, a day, a thousand years,
To heav'n's great Lord are one.
- 9 Still all may share his sov'reign
In ev'ry change secure ; [grace,
The meek, the suppliant contrite
Shall find his mercy sure. [race
- 10 The contrite race he counts his
friends,
Forbids the suppliant's fall ;
Condemns reluctant, but extends
The hope of grace to all.
- 11 Yet as the night-wrapt thief who
To seize th' expected prize, [lurks
Thus steals the hour, when Christ
shall come,
And thunder rend the skies.
- 12 Then at the loud, the solemn peal,
The heav'ns shall burst away ;
The elements shall melt in flame
At Nature's final day.
- 13 Since all this frame of things must
As Heav'n has so decreed, [end,
How wise our inmost thoughts to
And watch o'er ev'ry deed ; [guard,
- 14 Expecting calm th' appointed hour,
When, Nature's conflict o'er,
A new and better world shall rise,
Where sin is known no more.

LXIII. 1 John iii. 1—4.

- 1 BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestow'd
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God !
- 2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when he
Ev'n God's eternal Son. [came,
- 3 High is the rank we now possess ;
But higher we shall rise ;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes.
- 4 Our souls, we know, when he ap-
pears,
Shall bear his image bright ;

'S gu'n iompaichear gu 'choslas sinn
Tràth mhosglas sinn o'n ùir.

- 5 Gach neach 'gam bheil an dòchas so,
'Na chòmhradh is 'na ghlòimh
Biodh déigh aig air bhi naomh is glan,
Ceart amhuil a bha Chrìosd.

LXIV. Taisb. i. 5—9.

- 1 DHASAN a ghràdhaich an'ma dhaoin',
'S a dhòirt gach braon d'a fhuil,
A chum ar ciont' a ghlanadh uainn,
'S ar deanamh naomh gu tur :
2 Hasan rinn sagairt 's righrean dhinn,
Air feadh gach linn, do Dhia,
Biodh moladh, urram, agus gràdh,
Gu bràth air feadh gach ial.
3 Lìonar gach beul le binn-cheòl da,
'S gach cridh' le teas-ghradh caomh,
Air talamh canar moladh dha,
'S gu h-àrd le ainglibh naomh' !
4 Feuch teachd Mhic Dhé air neulaibh
'S ro-ait le 'shluagh an là ; [tiugh',
Ach guilidh a luchd-casgraidh truagh,
Le àmhghar is le cràdh.
5 'S tu 'n ceud-neach, 's an neach deir-
eannach,
'S leat bith gun tùs gun chrìoch ;
Maith, glic, is uile-chumhachdach
Bha, tha thu, 's bithidh chaoidh.

LXV. Taisb. v. 6.

- 1 AIR caithir rioghail 'Athar féin,
Feuch dealradh glòir' an Uain ;
Ur-urram deasaichibh d'a ainm,
Is bibh le taing 'ga luadh.
2 Feuch, ìosal aig a chosaibh strìochd'
Tha'n Eaglais shìorruidh shuas,
Le boltrach cùbhraidh ìobairt thùis',
'S le clàraibh ciùil ri fuaim.
3 Is iad so urnuighean nan naomh,
'S na laoidhean tha iad seinn ;
Ri 'n urnuigh cromaidh Crìosd a
chluas,
Do'n luathghair gabhaidh suim.
4 Rùn dìomhair sìorruidh do thoil'
O Athair, cò d'an léir ? [naoimh,
Cò ach do Mhac a leughas sin,
'S a dh'fhuasgaileas gach seul !
5 Cluinn ! armailt nèimh le'n luathghair
Timchioll na caithreach-rìgh ; [ait,
Mìlte do mhìltibh 's àireamh dhoibh,
Ach 's aon a mhàin an cridh'.
6 'S airidh an t-Uan a dh' ìobaireadh,
Deir iad, air inbh' ro-àrd !
'S airidh, oir b'e ar n-ìobairt-ne,
Co-fhreagradh daoine 's gach àit !
7 Is airidh 'n t-Uan, a strìochd do'n bhàs,
Air àgh is beannachd buan ;

For all his glory, full disclos'd,
Shall open to our sight.

- 5 A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure ;
And purge the soul from sense and
As Christ himself is pure. {sin,

LXIV. Rev. i. 5—9.

- 1 TO him that lov'd the souls of
men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
And made us priests to God ;
2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love !
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above !
3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes !
His saints shall bless the day ;
While they that pierc'd him sadly
mourn
In anguish and dismay.
4 I am the First, and I the Last ;
Time centres all in me ;
Th'Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

LXV. Rev. v. 6, to the end.

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne ;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
2 Lo ! elders worship at his feet ;
The church adores around,
With vials full of odours rich,
And harps of sweetest sound.
3 These odours are the pray'rs of
saints,
These sounds the hymns they
raise ;
God bends his ear to their requests,
He loves to hear their praise.
4 Who shall the Father's record
And hidden things reveal ? [search,
Behold the Son that record takes,
And opens ev'ry seal !
5 Hark how th' adoring hosts above
With songs surround the throne !
Ten thousand thousand are their
tongues ;
But all their hearts are one.
6 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they
To be exalted thus ; {cry,
Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
For he was slain for us.

- Biodh slàinte, glòir, is aoibhneas
 Àrd
 Gu bràth air ceann an Uain !
 8 O'r cionta shaor e sinn le 'fhuil,
 'S thug braighde truagh' á péin ;
 Riun sagairt 's rìghrean dhinn do
 Dhia,
 Gu riaghladh shuas leis féin.
 9 As gach aon teangaidh agus tir,
 Thionail 's thug Criosd a shliochd ;
 Gach dùthaich chéin is innis cuain,
 Fios fhuair air saoihbreas 'iochd.
 10 'S airidh air géill 's air ceannsal
 Criosd,
 Air talamh 's nèamh gu bràth ;
 Is cliu ni 's fearr na 's urrainn
 daoin',
 Thugadh naomh-aingle dha !
 11 Gach neach tha 'g àiteachadh nan
 No chruinne-chà a bhos ; [nèamh,
 Gach dùil air bith, do Rìgh nan
 sluagh,
 Seinnibh gach uair gun fhois.
 12 An cruthach' aontaicheadh gu léir,
 Thoirte géill is cliu do 'n Triath,
 Tha riaghladh anns na nèamhaibh
 shuas,
 'S do 'n Uan air feadh gach ial.

LXVI. Taisb. vii. 13.

- 1 CIA dealrach glòir a' mhaith-shluaigh
 An trusgain ùr' cia geal ! [ud !
 Cionnus a thàinig iad gu soills',
 'S cò dh'ionnlaid dhiubh gach sal ?
 2 Feuch, sud an dream a ràinig nèamh,
 Troimh dheuchainn ghairbh is
 chruaidh,
 'S a nigh an trusgain ann am fuil,
 Fuil ioc-slainnteach an Uain.
 3 Nis sleuchdar leo le glùnaibh lùbt'
 Gu h-ùmh'l aig caithir Dhia ;
 'S le an'maibh cràbhach molaidh iad
 A mhòrachd feadh gach ial. [Dhé,
 4 Gach cridh' bidh ait le làth'reachd
 'S gach beul am fonn gu seinn ;
 Co-threagraidh 'n teampull naomh
 gach tràth
 D'an àrd hosana bhinn.
 5 Ocras no tart cha chlaoidh an sin,
 No boisge loisgeach gréin' ;
 'S e Dia an grian, 's o dhealradh
 Sior-sgaolaidh là an céin. [caomh,
 6 Stiùraidh an t-Uan a naomh-threud
 féin
 Gu tobar slàint' nach traigh ;
 Is tiormaichidh gu bràth o 'n gruaidh
 Deur, truaighe, bròin is cràidh.

- 7 To him be pow'r divine ascrib'd,
 And endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on his head !
 8 Thou hast redeem'd us with thy
 And set the pris'ners free ; [blood,
 Thou mad'st us kings and priests to
 And we shall reign with thee. [God,
 9 From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
 Thou brought'st thy chosen race ;
 And distant lands and isles have
 shar'd
 The riches of thy grace.
 10 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 Or on the earth below,
 With fields, and floods, and ocean's
 shores,
 To thee their homage show.
 11 To Him who sits upon the throne,
 The God whom we adore,
 And to the Lamb that once was
 Be glory evermore. [slain,

LXVI. Rev. vii. 13, to the end.

- 1 HOW bright these glorious spirits
 shine !
 Whence all their white array ?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day ? [great,
 2 Lo ! these are they from suff'rings
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have
 wash'd
 Those robes which shine so bright.
 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they
 Before the throne on high, [stand
 And serve the God they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.
 4 His presence fills each heart with
 Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing : [joy,
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannahs ring.
 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
 Nor suns with scorching ray ;
 God is their sun, whose cheering
 Diffuse eternal day. [beams
 6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the
 throne,
 Shall o'er them still preside ;
 Feed them with nourishment divine,
 And all their footsteps guide.
 7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his
 flock,
 Where living streams appear ;
 And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
 Shall wipe off every tear.

LXVII. Taisb. xxi. 1—9.

- 1 NACH glòrmhor àrd an sealladh so,
Chithear le sùilibh dhaoin'!
Am fonn 's an fhaire gabhail stach,
'S na speura sean maraon.
- 2 O nàmh thig Nuadh Ierusalem,
Làn ulluichte d'a Rìgh;
Feuch nis gach nì ath-nuadhaichte;
Is shuair sinn àgh gu sìor.
- 3 Cliu seinnidh aingle coimheadachd,
Is armailt fhilathail nèimh;
Feuch, chì gach sùil a' chaithir-rìgh
Air an suidh Iosa féin.
- 4 Dh' atharraich Dia chum dhaoin' a
A phàilliu uasal naomh: [nuas
Le daoine tha còmhnuidh: 's iad
a shluagh;
'S d'a shluagh 's e 'n tearmun
caomh.
- 5 Deur mulaid siabaidh e le 'làimh
Gu cairdeal bhàrr an gruaidh;
Is eugaidh eagal, caoidh, is cràdh,
Is àmhghar, bàs, is uaigh.
- 6 Feuch, gach nì saoghail caochlaidh
So deir an Rìgh sìor-bheò; [mì!
An domhan as an amharc théid,
'S cha ruith ùin' féin nì 's mò.
- 7 'S mì'n ceud neach, 's an neach deir-
eanuach,
Gun ath'rrachadh, gu bràth;
ATAIM: so m' ainm 's mo chuimh-
neachan
Air feadh gach linn gu bràth.
- 8 Do dhaoineibh bheir mo ghràsa pailt
Nì maith, gun luach, gu saor;
O dhuine thartmhoir, òl do dhiol
Do 'n ioc-shlaint so nach traogh.
- 9 Do'n tì bheir buaidh air eusaontas,
Bheir mise oighreachd mic;
Is aidichidh mì 'n làth'r gach
A ghluasad naomba glic. [sluaigh,
- 10 Ach daoine neòghlan 's breugair-
ean,
'S luchd-muirt thug spéis do bhàs,
Le mbeud 's a dhiùlt gu h-amaid-
each
Mo ghràs, le fanoid 's tàir;
- 11 A' m' fhianuis tilgear fada sìos,
An cuibhreigh shiorruidh chruaidh,
Gu builsgéin fairge lasaraich,
Sam faigh iad peanas buan.
- 120 bitheam-sa air deas làimh Chrìosd,
Tràth dhiobras fonn is cuan;
Is faigheam fàilte uaith air m'ainm
Gu sonas anmhor buan!

LXVII. Rev. xxi. 1—9.

- 1 LO! what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes!
The former seas have pass'd away,
The former earth and skies.
- 2 From heav'n, the New Jerus'lem
comes,
All worthy of its Lord;
See all things now at last renew'd,
And paradise restor'd!
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing;
Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!
- 4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode:
He dwells with men; his people
they,
And he his people's God.
- 5 His gracious hand shall wipe the
tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs
and fears,
And death itself, shall die.
- 6 Behold, I change all human things,
Saith He, whose words are true;
Lo! what was old is pass'd away,
And all things are made new!
- 7 I am the First, and I the Last,
Through endless years the same;
I AM, is my memorial still,
And my eternal name.
- 8 Ho, ye that thirst! to you my grace
Shall hidden streams disclose,
And open full the sacred spring,
Whence life for ever flows.
- 9 Bless'd is the man that overcomes;
I'll own him for a son;
A rich inheritance rewards
The conquests he hath won.
- 10 But bloody hands and hearts un-
clean,
And all the lying race,
The faithless, and the scoffing crew,
Who spurn at offer'd grace;
- 11 They, seiz'd by justice, shall be
In dark abyss to lie. [doom'd
And in the fiery burning lake
The second death shall die.
- 12 O may we stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled,
And hear the Judge pronounce our
name,
With blessings on our head!

DANA SPIORADAIL.

DAN I.

- 1 AIR t'uile thrècair, O mo Dhia,
Tràth dhearcas mi gu dlùth,
A' mosgladh suas tha m'anam blàth,
Le h-ìoghnadh gràdh, is cliu.
- 2 Cha 'n urrainn mi leo briathraibh
An taing a chur an céill, [beòil,
Tha lasadh ann am chridhe stigh,
Ach dhuits' an sin is léir :
- 3 Do fhreasdal chum mo bheatha beò,
Gun uireasbhuidh, gun dith,
Ri àm dhomh bhi sa' bhroinn a'm'
'S an crochadh ris a' chliù. [thosd,
- 4 Ri m' ghearan is ri m'osnaich
mhaoth,
Chrom thu gu caomh do chluas,
'S mu'm b'urraim mi aon urnuigh
dhealbh,
Do 'n bhalbh ghabh thusa truas.
- 5 Tiodhlaca lionmhor dheònaich
Gu tric do m'anam maoth, [t'iochd
Mun robh a'm' chridhe leanbaidh
A thoirt fa'near a h-aon. [neart,
- 6 Tràth ruith mi dian, gun mhoth-
achadh,
An ceumaibh sleamhna m' òig :
Do làmh nach facas, dhion is stiùir,
Is chum, gu so, mi beò.
- 7 O iomadh slochd do léirsinn leam,
O rib is eangach bàis,
'S o bhuairibh cealgach blasd' an
Thug thu mi tèaruint' slàn. [uile,
- 8 Tràth shearg mo ghruaidh fo an-
shocair
Rinn thus' i nuadh le slàint';
'S tràth bha mi bàith' am peacadh
's bròn,
Do m'anam dheanaich gràs.
- 9 Shruth mìle sochair shaoghalta,
O d' làimh ro thaoilidh chaoiu ;
Is ann an caraid dìleas dlùth,
Dhùblaich thu m' uile mhaoin.
- 10 Deich mìle mhìlte comhar' gràidh
Fhuair mi gach là o m' Dhia ;
Is nì nach lugha, cridhe ait,
A mheal le tlachd iad riamh.
- 11 Am fad is beò mi molaidh mi
Ard-rìgh mo bheatha 's m' iùil ;
'S an deigh mo bhàis, an saoghal cèin
Cuiridh mi 'n céill a chlu. [tir,
- 12 Tràth theirgeas nèamh, is mair, is
'S thig crìoch air là is oidhch',
Mo chridhe taingeil seinnidh cliu
Do Dhia nan dùl a chaoidh.

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words, with equal
warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd
heart !
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had
learn'd,
To form themselves in pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom these comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran ;
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me
And led me up to man. [safe,
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
It gently clear'd my way ; [deaths,
And through the pleasing snares of
vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness oft hast
thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly
Hath made my cup run o'er ; [bliss
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Hath doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious
My daily thanks employ ; [gifts
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes these gifts with joy.
- 11 Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll proclaim ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and
Divide thy works no more. [night
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Feadh linnte bith-bhuantachd gu
Togaigh mi òran binn ; [léir
Ach O! 's roghoirid bith-bhuantachd,
Gu moladh Dhé a sheinn.

DAN II.

1 NA speuran àrd a's àille dreach,
'S a sgaoil an gorm-bhrat cian a mach,
Le 'n reultaibh dealrach maiseach
grinn, [bhinn.
Tha seinn d' an Cruithear co-sheirm
2 Tha ghrian gun sgios o là gu là,
A' sgaoileadh cliu a Dia 's gach àit,
'S a glaothaich feadh gach tìr' fa leth,
"Cia treun an Dia thug dhomh mo
bhith!"

3 An-moch, tràth dh' aomas neòil nan
spear,
Togaigh a' ghealach ait an sgeul ;
'S do 'n talamh, chluinn le tosd a guth,
Innsidh i cò thug dhi a cruth.
4 Na milte reul tha dh'ise dlùth,
Gach solus eile 's lòchran iùil,
Canaidh an sgeul so fad' is cian,
O 'n àird an ear gu ruig an iar.

5 Samhach is ciùin ged tha an triall,
Mu 'n talamh dhorchais so ag iadh ;
Guth ged nach cluinnear fòs no fuaim,
'Nan imeachd dealrach tosdach shuas ;
6 Gidheadh le cluaisibh tuigse glic,
Cluinnear am fonn 's an ceòl gu tric,
A' seinugun tàmh air feadh gach liun,
"Is tusa, Dhia, a chruthaich sinn."

DAN III.

1 TRATH dh'éireas mi le ciont' isgeilt,
O leabaighd dhoirch a' bhàis,
'S a chi mi 'm Breitheamh gnùis ri
Cò ghiulainneas a lath'r. [gnùis :
2 Ma 's e 'sgu bheil mo chridh' fogheilt,
Seadh cheana leis an smuain
Tràth dh'fheudar trócair shàotainn
Is maitheanas gu saor ; [pailt,

3 O cionnus idir sheasas mi,
Tràth dh'fhoillsichear thu, Rìgh,
A'd' shuidh' air caithir breitheanais,
A thoirt air m'anam binn'?

4 Ach dh'innis thu do luchd a' bhròin,
Tha lednt' air son an lochd,
Gu faigh an urnuigh is an caoidh
Sàr èisdeachd uait gu beachd.

5 O seall ma ta air bròn mo chridh'
Mu 'm bi e tuilleadh 's mall,
'S éisd acaìn bàis mo Shlanuighir
A ghuidh dhomb slàint' gu teann.

6 Mo dhùil ri maitheanas, a Dhé,
Cha chaill mi féin gu bràth ;
Oir 's ann a chosnadh maitheanas
A fhuair do Mhac am bàs.

13 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For, oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN II.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining
frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to
day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display ;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
4 While all the stars that round her
burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What tho' no real voice nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN III.

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear !

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought ;

3 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand
In majesty severe, [disclos'd
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear ?

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who doth her sins lament,
That timely grief for errors past
Shall future woe prevent.

5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
Of mercy at thy throne,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
Thy justice to atone.

- 1 **FAILTE** do 'n là san d'éirich Crìosd,
Le cumhachd nìos o'n uaigh;
'S an d'fhuair e air gach uile nàmh,
Air ifrinn 's bàs làn-bhuaidh.
- 2 'Na leabaidh thosdaich anns an ùir
Ghabh Rìgh nan dùl a thàmh,
Gu ruig an treas là ghlòrmhoir sin
A shonraich e roimh làimh.
- 3 Chuir ifrinn 's uaigh an làmh r'a
chéil',
G'a chumail shìos fo ghblais;
Ach bhris an gaisgeach dheth gach
Is dhùisg e'n àird gu cas. [sàs,
- 4 Do t'ainm ro àrd, a Thriath nam
buadh,
Gach uair bheir sinne cliu;
'S le 'r n-ait hosana fàiltichidh
An là san d'éirich thu.
- 5 Slàinte is cliu gun chrìch d'ar Dia,
An Triath le'n d' shaoradh sinn;
Dha seinneadh nàmh is fonn is cuan
Gach uair hosana bhinn.
- 6 Do'n Ath'r, do'n Mhac, 's do'n
Spiorad Naomh,
An t aon Dia beò is fìor,
Biodh glòir mar bha, a ta, 's a bhios,
O so a mach gu stor.

DAN V.

- 1 **THAINIG** an uair: 's tha mis' a' triall;
Chual mi 'n guth ta ga m' ghairm gu
Dia;
Sguireadh m' uil' àmhghar nis, a Rìgh,
'S ceadaich do t'òglach triall an sìth.
- 2 Chrìochnaich mi nis mo chath 's mo
réis, [réidh;
Mo dhuais tha cinnteach, 's m'anam
Tha m'fhianuis shuas le Dia nan gràs,
Mo theisteach anns na nàmhaidh àrd'.
- 3 M' earbsa cha 'n eil a'm' neòchiont
féin;
Strìochdam san dus am fianuis Dé:
Tre fuil is fearta Chrìosd a mhàin,
Tha m' earbs a' d'ìochd, O Dhia, 's a'
d'shlàint. [saogh'l,
- 4 Cha chruaidh leam dealach' ris an t-
Mur cruaidh bhi fàgail luchd mo ghaoil;
Leighis am bròn, a Dhia nan gràs,
'S ri call dhoibh caraid, cùm riu baigh.
- 5 Air t'iarrrus tha mi falbh gun dàil,
Mo spiorad tiomnam suas do d'làimh;
O! sin a mach do ghairdean treun,
'S oghath a' bhàis dìon mi le d' sgéith.
- 6 Thàinig an uair: 's tha mis' a' triall;
Chual mi 'n guth ta ga m' ghairm gu
Dia;
Sguireadh m' uil' àmhghar nis, a Rìgh,
'S ceadaich do t'òglach triall an sìth.

A' CHRIOCH.

- 1 **BLEST** morning! whose first dawn-
ing rays
Beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave his dark abode.
- 2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave combin'd their
force
To hold our Lord in vain;
Sudden the Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord!
We sacred honours pay,
And loud hosannahs shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and
seas,
With glad hosannahs ring.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

HYMN V.

- 1 **THE** hour of my departure's
come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is
won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.
- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood
alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.
- 4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, de-
scend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.
- 5 I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
- 6 The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God! let trouble cease!
Now let thy servant die in peace.

END.

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